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46.

1261.









TRANSLATED BY
MARY HOWITT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

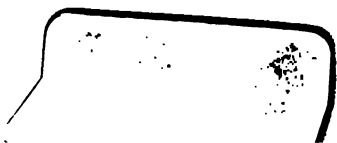
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THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA.

1818

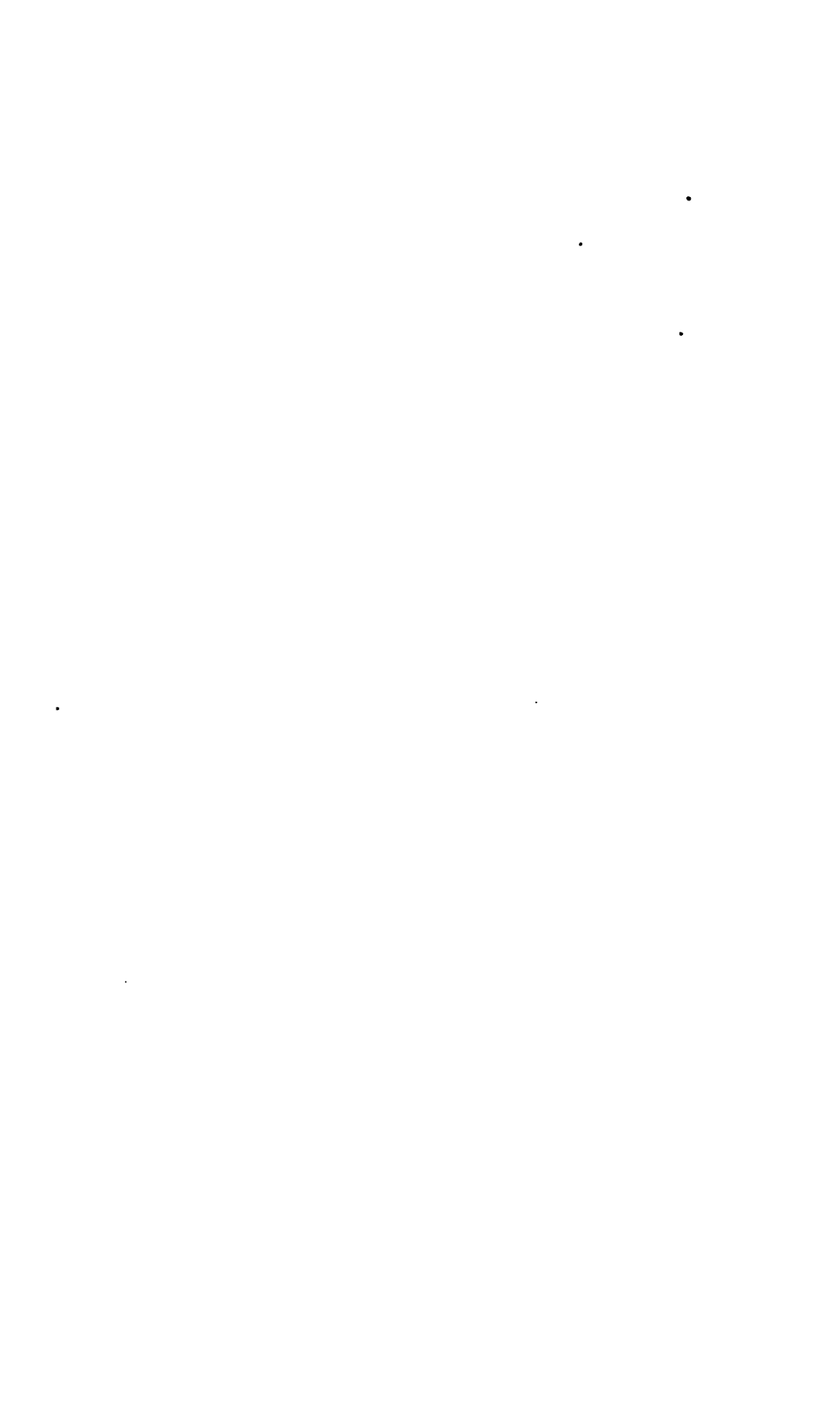
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THE
CITIZEN OF PRAGUE.

TRANSLATED BY
MARY HOWITT.

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THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

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P R E F A C E.

I CANNOT let this noble Work go out of my hands without endeavouring by a few words to draw the reader's attention to the singular coincidence between the relative positions of Austria and Bohemia, as demonstrated in the story, and those of England and Ireland at the present moment. Neither is this coincidence confined to the countries themselves; it extends equally to the most eminent and active personages in both cases;—a Queen upon the throne,—a distinguished advocate and agitator implicated,—the public trial for high treason,—and the great national effort for a suffering country.

It strikes me, that in these volumes there lies a profound moral lesson, which both the monarch and the subjects of these islands may read and apply to the happy advan-

tage of the public weal. Independently, however, of this curious coincidence, which must force itself on every reader's attention, the beautiful and elevated spirit which breathes through the whole work, and animates its leading characters, makes this splendid romance an honour to human nature.

M. H.

Clapton, December 1845.

THE
CITIZEN OF PRAGUE.

CHAPTER I.

IN a turret-chamber of the old palace in Vienna, which in its princely yet simple style of decoration shewed itself worthy of its inhabitants, sat, in the year 1755, in the recess of a window, the Empress Maria Theresa, and read with attention, in a tolerably thick roll of manuscripts, apparently taken from the writing-table which stood before her, and upon which lay in great order papers, books, maps, and rolls of parchment, shewing this to be the study of the noble lady.

She was in the full maturity of middle life, and the beauty which distinguished her bore especially the firm and strong expression of a noble, assured self-respect, lending to each feature a plastic repose and a purity of form which made one almost believe in the imperishableness of these charms. The fashion

of the times permitted none of the little graceful arts by means of which defects of form may be concealed by curls, or by the advantageous arrangement of different styles of head-dress. The Empress, like all the ladies of that age, having her hair put back, left her whole countenance open to observation, whilst the high and arched curls upon the head were crowned by waving plumes or ornaments, varying according to the rank and fortune of the wearer.

In Maria Theresa this arrangement of the hair revealed the most purely oval form of countenance which, through the exuberance of health, was strongly marked in the cheeks and double chin, without, however, destroying its symmetry of beauty. She had precisely that exterior which we are accustomed to term historical. Whoever had seen her standing upright, with that dignified and erect carriage of her head, which rested upon the beautiful round neck as upon a pillar, had seen the clear glance of her sparkling blue eyes, and the eloquent fulness of the well-cut mouth, must have felt that she was one of the loftiest characters of the age in which she lived, an active and operating instrument in the advancement of her country, and that her acute capacity for knowledge possessed, in her determined will, that support which makes thoughts become deeds.

The point of time in which we now find the noble lady was a moment of repose in her active life. She could with a proud consciousness look round on the results of her firm determination

and in an unusual manner could confess that she was indebted to herself for this victory over the most disheartening impediments.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had recognised her hereditary rights, had secured her frontiers, and lulled to rest the martial excitement of the whole of Europe; and Maria Theresa could confess that she, through her own energy, had risen to be the feared and revered head of Germany—had made her husband Emperor—and now, in the enjoyment of so many real advantages, possessed a guarantee for the success of her proud future plans.

Yet she was not deceived in this apparent momentary peace of Europe. Too well informed of all by Kaunitz, her worthy representative at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, she already saw, in the weak compacts there entered into, fresh seeds of future and inevitable contention; and, awaiting war, she employed this deceitful calm, which at least permitted her to cast a glance into the internal life of her realm, in touching with a courageous and salutary hand those wounds which the long and ravaging war had every where occasioned.

The magnitude of the difficulties did not dishearten this ruler, who, in the full consciousness of her strength, glancing round the circle of her subjects, soon discovered thousands who must form her support, whilst she guided and employed their powers.

Already might she rejoice in the returning symptoms of prosperity, which, through the rich resources of her country, had shewn themselves

during these last five years of peace. With motherly zeal supporting every endeavour offered any lasting benefit to her country, she her far-seeing mind recognised those evils which through an imperfect government, the want of well-regulated administration of justice and a legislation, spread a thousand calamities and disorders; thus preventing the well-being of the people and leaving an open field to lawlessness and arbitrary power.

The various elements of which her realm composed increased the difficulty of redressing grievances. The provinces of the empire almost be termed independent countries; each with its old privileges, which, frequently being upon some national necessity, must be exacted with indulgence. The interested parties, it is felt, at various times, oppressions; but they had education enough to recognise the cause, and of all, were people inclined to ascribe them to usages to which they had grown accustomed were rather inclined to protect these privileges: to question any alleviation which in the beginning must necessarily be an innovation. The various languages, also, prevented a general understanding. The great Empress, however, did not give up plans of conquering these difficulties, and of uniting her whole empire under the blessing of an equitable legislation, one calculated to protect the rights of every individual.

She, therefore, set to work, like a good mother with her spoiled children; she strove to bring

acquainted with their real necessities of all kinds, and carefully compared the reports which she procured from people of the most opposite views, in order to decide upon that assistance which she considered best for those who were unconsciously struggling against evils. So soon, however, as she had come to this decision, she acted with the proud determination which characterised her; she declared what she would give and receive, demanded obedience, and enforced it where it was imprudently refused.

The roll of manuscript which at this moment so fully occupied the attention of the Empress contained the views of a young Bohemian nobleman. Bohemia was a country which especially claimed the attention of the Empress, since it had suffered much from the wars, and, spite of the existing remedies, seemed prevented by internal causes from a more rapid advancement.

She had ended her careful revision of the manuscript, and, as she rose, her features beamed with that calm, clear expression, arising from inward satisfaction, which beautifies every countenance. Her bright eyes turned towards a door, as if questioning why it did not open; and one might well have ascribed that magical power to her glance which was brought about by accident, for the door really did open, and Count von Kaunitz, this great and worthy participator in her exalted plans of government, entered, as was permitted to him, unannounced into the *sanctum* of his mistress.

“You come at the right moment,” exclaimed

the Empress; "I have finished my perusal of the memorial you brought me: it is indeed good; there is much acuteness of conception in it—no useless wordiness—the ideas stand forth; it is not the author, or this person or the other, who observes this or does that, it is the thing itself, which speaks and explains itself."

During this address, the Count (who never allowed one thing to interfere with another) had ended the three prescribed bows, and now stood with his erect, firm figure before the writing-table of the Empress, which separated the two; and whilst his eyes glanced from his pale, expressionless countenance with the keenness of an eagle's, he said, with his peculiarly clear and distinct accentuation, "I thought so, and therefore ventured to add this essay (which has no official character, but is merely to be called a study, an exercise of the young man's) to the other documents, which your majesty has already collected relative to the subject."

"It is, perhaps, the more useful," said Maria Theresa, "from its having been written without any intention of its coming before our eyes. The young man must be kept in view, Kaunitz—must be employed; you should take him yourself—he must be susceptible of good instruction; his head is a clear one!"

"He accompanied me to Paris and Aix-la-Chapelle," replied the Count. "I was inclined to employ him in such business as required my personal and entire confidence. He knew how to

arrange in order the notes which I took down on my tablets during the conferences."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Empress, "then he has already found his place! And may we know his name?"

"It is Count von Lacy," returned Kaunitz.

"How?" asked the Empress; "Lacy?—Lacy? A brother of our valiant captain? Is this family so rich in distinguished men?"

"He is only distantly related to our valiant captain of horse," said Kaunitz. "His ancestors also traced their family down from the time of William the Conqueror, and the family of the young man must have dwelt long in England. It was his great-grandfather who, leaving England with all his family, first took possession of the property in Bohemia which had descended to him from his mother, who was a Bohemian, the Princess Wratislaw. Excepting these early and similar family traditions, the two families have no further claim to relationship."

Sunk in thought, the Empress continued repeating the name, as if to herself. "I believe," said she, in a louder tone of voice, "Princess Theresa has mentioned the young man to me, and I believe he is handsome, or gallant, or something of that kind?"

"Her highness the Princess is certainly a judge in such matters, otherwise I should only consider him young and handsome; but then almost too grave—at all events, an oddity," returned Kaunitz.

“ But why does the young man shew himself so little at court, that we really find ourselves unable to remember him ?”

“ Because he is an oddity, your majesty, but one of the useful ones, who, on this very account, have learned to overlook a wider field, in which, by their own exertions, they desire to feel themselves at home. He makes pedantic demands upon himself; and if I will make use of him, I must let him have his own way. I cannot chain him, like other people; he is too independent, and has the unpleasant characteristic of wishing for nothing.”

The Empress smiled, although there was no expression in the Count's face to call forth a smile. “ In truth, that is an inconvenient characteristic,” said she; “ yet, on account of its rarity, we are inclined to grant him our attention. You will tell him that I have read this essay, and that I desire to speak with him concerning it. His views on the partial abolition of serfdom in Bohemia win all the more weight, since he, as a landed proprietor, would suffer all the disadvantages, if that cry be correct with which those great lords always silence any mention of these affairs.”

“ It certainly is an important thing to see one from the midst of their body, one whose interests are the same as theirs, differ with regard to this view of the question, which they, considering it justified by all their claims, wish to make authority. He also, I believe, will know how to defend his opinions.”

“ Strange, Count Kaunitz,” said the Empress,

and a crimson flush, well understood by the Count, and which betrayed every slight agitation of the sanguine lady, mounted to her high forehead,—“strange that you should only now remember how much we desired in so difficult a task, and after repeated opposition, to find support among the nobles of the country. You partook, I believe, our joy in the hope given us by a venerable Bohemian prelate, that, perhaps, later he might lead the way with his good example, and you looked round with us for some nobleman who would afford an equal support; and yet you had already found realised that which your empress was forced to believe a difficulty.”

“One thing after another, your majesty,” returned Kaunitz, unmoved. “The trial to which I subjected the young man, in order to learn the degree of his truthfulness, and to discover whether his views were worthy of your majesty’s attention, were, I must think, a suitable occupation for your majesty’s servant. Now that I have found the young man worthy, that I have encouraged him to write this essay, and have found reason to be satisfied by his clear representations of the truth of his conviction,—now have I thought him worthy of your majesty’s attention.”

The Empress listened to the firm reply of her minister with a slight movement of her head. Her own noble heart was thoroughly penetrated with the pre-eminently German national characteristic of truthfulness and candour, and wheresoever she perceived this characteristic present itself without

arrogance or rudeness, it was sure of her indulgence, nay, even enjoyed her approbation.

“ It seems, also, to us the most advisable,” said she, with a smile of approbation, “ and we will now see, my dear Count, whether we can employ this man as cleverly as you have prepared him for us. Perhaps he will not decline from our hands some post which will conveniently place him nearer our person.”

“ Of that at this moment there is little prospect,” said the Count. “ He is, although independent through his considerable possessions, not independent through family connexions, as it seems. These impose upon him singular conditions, and I have not yet learned whether they are really veiled in mystery to himself, or whether he merely allows them to appear so to me.”

“ Now, how does that happen?” cried the Empress, eagerly bending forward. “ What do you think, then, or what does he say about them? Has he parents, or brothers, or sisters?”

“ Neither one nor the other,” returned Kaunitz; “ Baron Binder first recommended him to me. He then was studying law at Regensburg, for which he had already laid a good foundation at Leipsic and Leyden; and as he intended to complete his studies in Vienna, Baron Binder invited him to his house, where he, upon further acquaintance, became so well pleased with him that he introduced him to me. I also soon partook in the Baron’s predilection for the young man, and he having an extreme inclination to travel, I proposed that he should accom-

pany me to Paris. He agreed, and a more intimate personal connexion arising between us, I was induced to take him with me to Aix-la-Chapelle. In order to be more useful to me, he assumed, at my desire, a kind of title, and it was then upon his decided refusal to receive any salary, that I learned he dared not enter upon any binding duties, owing to certain commands in the testament of his uncle, whose immediate heir he is; his father and the only son of his uncle being already dead. Since our return, he has confessed more to me, and my intelligence concerning him sounds singular enough. He has devoted himself to a lady whom one should scarcely believe capable of captivating this handsome cavalier, this young man of eight-and-twenty."

"A love history, then," said the Empress, coldly. "The old impediment of all young men."

"Whether one may call it such, I scarcely dare to say. Your majesty shall judge yourself: the lady is the only daughter left of Prince Morani, chamberlain to his late majesty the Emperor."

"The Princess Morani!" cried the Empress, clasping her hands together in her lively manner: "Nay, nay, Kaunitz! Where is your prudent head? She is older than I—was a play-fellow of mine—never was handsome, scarcely pretty! SHE will not carry off our young gentleman; for neither has she fortune, and that you know better than any one, for, you see, she receives the pension granted her, and referred all bills for building expenses in the old palace of Morani to my privy-purse, in order that the old place might not tumble down upon

her head. Therefore, how can a love-affair arise there?"

"Your majesty has certainly lost sight of the lady?"

"She requested permission to withdraw herself from court after the death of her father; since then I have not seen her. Princess Theresa is my *cousin-germaine* on the mother's side. She visits her, and often tells me about her. She seems to enjoy being with her. But, my dear count, time has never improved the defects of a woman's plain face; time even makes ravages with us who have been endowed with beauty."

"Your majesty knows," returned the Count, with a low reverence, "that I am quite inexperienced in such matters. But I hear from Father Franz and George Prey, that she has occupied herself much with her intellectual improvement, and I thought that this might be her charm."

"A learned lady, then!" cried the Empress, in a tone of mockery. "Oh, Count Kaunitz! whatever may have once been said of your tender heart, it must be long since you have bestowed your attention upon our sex, else you must have known that Van Swieten himself could have written no better recipe against love than the learning of a woman. Yet enough, my lord chancellor," said she, suddenly becoming the complete empress, "we will not occupy ourselves with this miracle to the detriment of our day's business—we await your report."

The Count arranged the papers he had brought, and the report commenced.

CHAPTER II.

THE subject of the foregoing conversation, the young Count von Lacy Wratislaw, as the family now called itself in honour of its ancestress's Bohemian possessions, was on the same day in his study, and read, with wrinkled brow, a long, closely written letter, the contents of which could be of no light or joyous description, for his handsome and youthful countenance expressed every sign of an unpleasant excitement. Now he seemed to have ended it, gloomily arose, opened a window, and gazed thoughtfully into the small garden of the house; he then walked through the room, sat down again, and referred to certain passages in the letter, but it still appeared the same.

He, however, not possessing the peculiarity of relieving himself by soliloquy, his state of mind remained a mystery to the uninitiated, until a door of the cabinet opened quickly, and the young Baron von Pölten entered with a light and joyous air.

"For me, the message you have given your valet is of no avail!" cried he, gaily; "for me you are at home, are you not?"

“If you do not of your own accord flee before my gloomy visage,” returned Lacy, evidently relieved by the Baron’s entrance. “But I am in a mood which I must, in truth, hesitate to impart to another, and, least of all, does one invite dear friends to share such enjoyment.”

“Share!” laughed the Baron; “God defend me from it if sharing be the question? Take the half? No! I will not have the slightest portion of your forehead-wrinkles; but help you to chase them away; for that I am the man! Therefore, confess, confess! I bet, the eternally croaking old owl, your guardian, has written again, and now that for a whole year and a day I have merely learned that he torments you, I will learn *wherefore* he torments you—where he receives his authority over the man of eight-and-twenty! Ha! will you confess and convince yourself that I am the merriest, most extravagant, and yet the most faithful friend to my friends?”

“Of that I am firmly persuaded,” answered Lacy; “yet I think,” added he, smiling, “I am not to blame if you have not learned before as much as I myself know regarding my connexions, but your volatile mood has never made you really desire to learn these particulars.”

“Now, however, I wish to learn more, for these wrinkles must away from your brow before you wait this evening upon the beautiful Baroness Binder. Therefore what right has this old advocate over you?”

Lacy took the letter from the table and said,—

“The right of making me a poor man if I do

not return and marry his sixteen-year-old grand-daughter!"

The Baron threw himself, with a loud burst of laughter, into a seat. "Pardon!" cried he, then. "Are not you the Count Lacy? Rightful heir to the lordship of Wratislaw? That is really too mad!"

"It is a riddle," said Lacy. "But you will easily believe that I did not remain meek as a lamb. Upon coming of age I received, together with the surrender of the principal revenues, a clear and exemplary statement of my affairs, and all the bills and rules of management since the death of my uncle. I say together with these I received the codicil to the will of my uncle,—who was the proudest man in the world, and one who thought most of ancestry—which codicil commanded me to raise the grand-daughter of this old Mr. Thomas Thyrnau to be Countess von Lacy, and my wife, or to expect that Thomas Thyrnau would reveal to me certain circumstances which would deprive me of the greater portion of my possessions. It was not in vain that I, in the meantime, had visited three universities to study the principles of law. Fully decided, I cast aside the demand of this codicil, which excited me to the highest degree, as was only to be expected in a young and proud man, who, at the very moment when he believed he had attained the greatest freedom, found himself subjected to a new and unbearable restraint—a restraint offensive, unjust, dishonouring, and whatsoever else was wanting to complete the measure of an intolerable

condition. I called upon Mr. Thomas Thyrnau to explain himself more explicitly, whilst I at the same time declared my own good right. This right he did not combat; but he warned me against resistance, and repeated that the right of fulfilling the declaration of the will was nevertheless there, but that he would never bring it forward if I would marry his grand-daughter."

"Rather would I let myself be hewn to pieces and trampled upon," cried the Baron, "or tramp through the land as a ballad-singer, or become one of Trenk's Pandures, or mend pens for the illustrious Count von Kaunitz, and wind up his twenty French watches! You will surely not be intimidated by this wily advocate? not be cheated of your rightful property?"

The brow of the young Count was somewhat flushed.

"I do not feel myself intimidated," said he, with a suppressed voice, "and believe that I shall always remain a stranger to this sentiment. Do not confound with it reluctance to attack the last will of a man whom I must thank for every thing which I am. My uncle was the most noble, most magnanimous man the earth ever bore. His very failing, the hot blood of the Lacys, was, as it were, a forcing-heat for his virtues. But at the same time he was a man most proud of nobility, buried beneath genealogical-trees and family-archives, and surrounded by his ancestors as by a host of mail-clad spirits. But if the feeling of being able to look back upon a long line of distinguished ancestors

may tend to ennoble one of their descendants, I certainly saw it realised in the old man, whose society I enjoyed until my eighteenth year; and every impression of youth, and each of his words having tended to this proud position, you can better understand the impression which his last will must have made upon me, this will so directly opposed to all the convictions of his life."

"And therefore all the more should I doubt the truth of this will—all the more ascribe every thing to this Thomas Thyrnau! Precisely what you have just now told me inclines me still more to regard the whole affair as a lawyer's trick, especially as you were absent at his death, and the whole testament may have been drawn up when his mind was enfeebled."

The young Count walked several times thoughtfully through the room, then paused before his friend and said quickly, glancing up at him with his grave eyes,—

"I cannot! It is impossible for me to ascribe such a crime to this Thomas Thyrnau! We are not personally acquainted, for, although he was the legal agent for our family so long as he had ever practised, during the earlier years of my abode with my uncle a coldness had arisen between the two, which put an end to all social intercourse. But, spite of this, my uncle never spoke of Thomas Thyrnau as other than as a dear friend of his youth; never but with the greatest esteem for his character, his abilities, his high virtues! Truly he often pointed out one single fault, a fault which he never

failed to string to the long chain of laudatory epithets which he always added to his name; and this single fault makes me now, spite of the disinclination I feel to this suspicion, distrustful of a man in whom one can find no other stain. This fault is *pride!* Vanity, even, my uncle called it; an unbounded struggle against the prerogatives of our class; an arrogant elevation of personal merit, an under these conditions a certain equalising of rank which my uncle, proud of his noble descent, was not always in a humour to bear. Whether the coldness and distance which then existed between these two men had their origin in such contests, or might be occasioned, as I am inclined to believe, by a more important disagreement, I have never learned. Yet my uncle often told me, how in earlier times the advocate's family and his own had lived in such unity that, although Thomas Thyrnau was often, owing to business, obliged to take up his abode in Prague, his family had at length become quite at home with my uncle on the old family estate, and the advocate always returned thither with the old joy. I still remember well the old house in which they had dwelt; it lay at the end of the park, and in my time stood empty. When we were out hunting or walking, my uncle always pointed toward this house from a distance but he never passed it, or approached nearer. Had he been relating to me how happily he had once lived with its inhabitants, he would be then all the more silent, and when I began to pay attention, I observed how at such times the most pensive thought lay

upon his brow, and he always on those days withdrew to his own room. Only once I asked him where all these beloved persons were gone? And he then said, with every sign of unrepressed grief, 'Dead! dead! all dead! I and Thomas have both of us seen our wives and children buried, and have grown old beneath a thousand sorrows!' After this I never again questioned him, for I could not forget the sorrow his countenance expressed as he spoke these words."

"These are really strange and contradictory circumstances!" cried the young Baron, with more gravity than was his wont; "for this separation of the two friends scarcely allows the suspicion that this extraordinary testament was drawn up under the personal influence of Thomas Thyrnau."

"I left my uncle in my eighteenth year, and commenced my studies at the university of Leipzig, and my uncle made me promise to visit, uninterruptedly, the three universities which he had chosen for me. I was to separate myself from him and my home as long as the duration of my studies."

"Had he then devoted you to the service of the state?" asked the Baron.

"Quite the contrary! He made me promise never to accept an office in the state which should be either binding or of long continuance. He desired that, at some future time, I should carry out the great work which had originated in his mind; he desired, in one word, that I should partially abolish serfdom on our great domain, according to the wise principles which he had developed in his

mind. And to provide me with all relative legal knowledge, he made me study, and so arranged my course of learning, that at some future time I might be able to counsel both myself and my dependants according to the laws of the land."

The Baron smiled. "He wished them to make you independent of advocates and courts of justice. He thus prepared you, by your own knowledge of law, to combat injustice! Does not this indicate mistrust of the counsel of Thomas Thyrnau, to which he himself bowed, and of which he would make you independent?"

"I am inclined to believe this all the less, as their intimacy *after* my departure resumed its former confidence. Thomas Thyrnau gave up Prague and his business there, and retired to the old Dohlen Nest [Jackdaw Nest]; and my uncle was soon as much at home there as in his own castle."

"Now!" cried the Baron, "do you not see that here again the suspicion arises? Did he regain his former powerful influence, how easily could he misuse it: and, doubtless, in the present case, there lies his peculiar fault—even let it be his only one—clearly revealed. His vanity drove him to elevate his grand-daughter to the rank of Countess von Lacy; or his citizen's pride, to prove that his personal merit could attain that privilege which rank and high descent can give."

Again Lacy, sunk in thought, paced the room; but at length, as if speaking to himself, he said, "I also thought this, or, rather, I still think so,—yes, must continue to think so, in order to remain firm

against the unreasonable demands of his will. But I will dissemble as little with you as with myself: I do not believe it, after all!"

"Well!" cried Pölten, laughing, "my best friend! then go down and marry,—marry the rosy-cheeked village beauty of sixteen,—she is, perhaps, not so much amiss after all! With regard to the nobility in which she is wanting, you will not be more rigid than your old uncle!"

"Who knows," said the Count, thoughtfully, "what I might have done, had the strange old man been formerly as pressing as he is now become! But after his first communication, which the testament rendered necessary, he maintained for a long time a proud silence, which soothed me with the hope that he himself gave up a demand which is so utterly opposed to all the usages and customs of our noble families, that I never let this condition become a trouble to me. I never doubted my own personal liberty; I have therefore acted in accordance with it—been independent, decided. Now I can no longer fulfil the demand of Thomas Thyrnau—neither inclination nor honour permit me!"

With an almost impetuous air the young Count had turned from his friend. He stood at a window, and looked over the Danube, enjoying the gay prospect of the imposing city, which lay extended beyond the small garden. Suddenly he turned again to his friend, and said, "You have already often asked me to present you to the Princess Morani; if you have time and inclination to-day I am ready to introduce you."

Pölten looked laughingly into his eyes, then bowed very low, and said, "It is a favour for which I have already so often besought in vain, that I no longer dared to count upon it; and now I know all the more how to value it, since at length your firm heart is breaking, and you will allow your dear friend to partake in your good fortune, in which it seems until now you would permit no one to share."

Without choosing to observe this ironical speech, the Count slightly remarked, that the Princess led a very retired life, seeing no one except a few learned friends, and that therefore he was not at liberty to introduce his acquaintance. "But now," exclaimed he, with a warm glance towards his friend, "now I myself wish that you should become acquainted with her."

He quickly interrupted the Baron's attempt to reply, by pursuing his relation as though an explanation were naturally expected. "My acquaintance with the Princess commenced during the lifetime of her father. I had an introduction to him from my uncle; but at that time he no longer left the chamber out of which a year after he was borne a corpse. Here I became acquainted with the noble daughter whose youth had spent its bloom in the sick-chamber of her father. But by the side of this highly educated man, who had grown old amidst the most trying political events at foreign courts, and in honourable and important embassies, she had exchanged it for a treasure of accomplishments and knowledge which seldom becomes the portion of women, and had attained in this solitude a touching

excellence and purity of thought, together with a wonderful knowledge of the world. I have seen her in the midst of very complicated circumstances, and, whilst suffering gnawing cares of all kinds, act with the courage of a man and the tenderness of a woman; and," added he, with emotion, "I have much to thank her for! When the Prince first received me, it was through love to his old friend, whose nephew I was. But soon he accustomed himself to me, and as now he was only able at noon to see a circle of old friends around him, his evenings were left to his daughter and myself; and I often assisted her through the long night to amuse the sufferer by reading or conversation."

The Baron honoured the earnest and respectful manner in which his friend spoke: at length he said, "In what do the great difficulties of the daughter consist? Her own noble and grave aim cannot, I think, make this life so very heavy."

"The Prince was one of the jovial old school, who will not understand that people must not expend more than they possess. He only asked, What is proper for me, as Prince Morani, to spend? That must be there, and he hoped, at the same time, for a balance, which, now that age and sickness deprived him of all those public offices which in former times had defrayed his various debts, was no longer to be met with. At the time when I became acquainted with the father and the daughter, the latter had undertaken the management of all affairs. Secretly, she paid off debts, and yet retained for him, in the confined circle which he could still overlook, all

appearance of former splendour, without which he would not have thought himself other than disgraced. She, with quiet consciousness, robbed her future of every support, every prospect of a pleasurable life, free from care, and even at that time gave up every superfluity which it was possible to conceal from the suspicious eye of her father. Thus did she attain her magnanimous aim! He died, surrounded by all the accustomed luxuries of his long life; and, when she had paid for the princely funeral he himself had ordered, she was left in the Morani palace—a beggar!”

At these words the Baron quickly drew his chair nearer his friend, and gazed at him with such eager attention, that his handsome youthful countenance glowed with a deeper colour. Count Lacy, on the contrary, rose and said, as he again began to pace the room, “The noble Count von Kaunitz learned the situation of the Princess; he felt the obligation of the Empress, who in kind terms assured her of her pension, and who continues to relieve the condition of the orphaned Princess.”

Baron Pölten also now rose. The two friends made an appointment for the evening, and took leave, giving a warmth of expression to their unimportant words which, without their noticing it, impelled them to embrace, a thing which otherwise they were never in the habit of doing.

CHAPTER III.

THE July evening was far advanced when the Count Lacy at length terminated his walk, and turned towards the row of houses which, on the rampart-side towards the Neu-thor (New Gate), ceases to form a connected street. Here were situated several of the most important palaces of the nobility resident in Vienna, surrounded by their far-spreading gardens, and low buildings used for the accommodation of the domestics.

The Count approached the Morani Palace, which distinguished itself by its gloomy, heavy style of architecture, and by the over-grown luxuriance of its trees, which, no longer disturbed by gardeners' hands, rose above the iron-gate of the entrance-court, and seemed to make the place appear still older. He pulled the bell, and as a porter no longer dwelt in the little empty entrance lodge, and as he also knew that the sole and aged servant of the house could only traverse with slow steps the paved court, he leaned against the trellis of the courtyard, and gazed, protected by an old linden-tree, thoughtfully over the extended landscape.

The warm summer's day now gave place to the
of evening, but all nature still paused in breath
stillness, exhausted by the glowing sunbeams, w
the cloudless heaven had without intermission po
down the whole day. The branches of the old li
trees, which in a half-circle surrounded the inte
of the court-yard, hung down on all sides, he
with their odorous flowers; the bees, departing,
thered the last drop to their rich booty with a w
satisfied hum, and one saw them then comme
their journey towards the clear evening heav
which the sinking sun on the horizon glowin
bordered. On the other side of the carriage-ro
in the little garden before the hunter's house, st
roses in full bloom; over the low roof one loo
upon a clover-field, where the violet flowers breat
forth a refreshing odour of water and coolness.
yond shewed itself a narrow strip of a corn-fi
the rich ears of which glittered like gold in the
sunbeam. Every where were the signs of lu
riantly rich nature. Every thing seemed comp
—seemed to have attained the highest point of
developement; and at the same time that one
almost intoxicated by the extravagant fulness
beauty, one felt a kind of melancholy: summer
with all its charms attained its height, and now,
rounded by its perfection, there was nothing n
to await beyond the gradual disappearance of
treasures. The young Count enjoyed the beaut
moment to its full extent; and whilst he felt
exaltation which a deep conception for the beaut
in nature seldom fails to call forth, the sha

vanished from his brow, and the old enlivening feeling of his happy and important station in the world returned. Powerfully all his magnificent plans and wishes rose within him, and caused him a joyful exultation. He turned once more to the gateway, and as the old servant seemed not to have heard the first ring, he rang once more, and rested his eye upon the entrance of the palace which rose beyond. This was an old possession of the Morani family, who proclaimed themselves of Venetian origin. It was built at the commencement of the seventeenth century by Octavio Burnaccini, and in the character of that time. The principal front, the one towards the court, and the opposite one which looked immediately into the garden, were of red Salzburg marble, and the heavy ornaments of grey and white marble. Time had not delayed to change this sharp contrast into a harmonising hue, and contributed, by this equally diffused colouring, and the over-laden ornament of each architectural line, to melt the whole into one large mass. Wave-like arched itself the principal front of the building, in the middle and at the sides, forming within half-circular rooms and giving an oval form to the ground-floor in which ran the artistically constructed steps. The entrance-doors were supported by stout pillars, the mingled order of which betrayed no very severe taste; but they were embellished by such a weight of heraldic emblems, and such heavy wreaths of flames and forms of angels, that but little was seen of them by the observer. In the same taste were all the windows of the first and second story deco-

rated, whilst beneath a flat roof here and there a small *œuil de bœuf* was introduced, and above the heavy moulding of the flat roof innumerable marble figures raised their charmless forms in regular groups.

On all sides, the garden which lay beyond looked forth, and, although divided by its trellis, joined its foliage to the lime-trees which surrounded the court. The palace, although not one of the largest, for it was without wings and only two stories high, spoke of the love of splendour and former pretensions of its possessors, and always made a peculiar impression on Count Lacy, for it was to him a sign how unrelentingly Time transforms those things which the proud spirit of man has deemed imperishable.

The Count had gained the most valuable experience in the palace which now lay desolate before him; and his uncle—that true man of honour who knew no relation in life able to seduce him from the strictness and justice which penetrated his whole being—did not dream that the Prince Morani, whom he supposed pervaded by the same sentiments, would teach his nephew how behind an amiable and intellectual exterior, a hard heart and the greatest want of conscientiousness may lie concealed. When the sold and mortgaged possessions of the once so rich house of Morani no longer offered any remedy for the sums of money which were ever being borrowed in order to maintain the accustomed splendour, the most unworthy delusions were employed with a laughing mien, and the creditors were thus robbed of their property, and innumerable persons precipitat-

into undeserved misfortune. His noble daughter, who was obliged to decline many offers of marriage in order not to lay bare the condition of her father to the eyes of strangers, he saw fade before him without a single reproach, thinking only that for the moment she was his most agreeable and convenient companion; and when chained by sickness he was forced to resign his affairs into the hands of his daughter, he demanded from her the maintenance of the same criminal expense, although he well knew he should thus rob her of every support for the future, and at his death, which he foresaw, leave her in beggary. Yet, together with this shady side, he possessed fascinating, amiable qualities, and, through his liberality and complaisance, his gentleness and apparent kindness, was an object of love and reverence.

Whilst the Count, with the speed of thought, ran over this picture of the deceased prince, which had revealed itself in an almost daily intercourse of many years, he directed his glance towards the high windows which had once been lighted by a thousand tapers, but which now only thanked the glowing beams of the sun for a brief illumination. He knew that behind their illusive brightness were concealed bare walls, the library, the collections of pictures and statues, splendid furniture, articles of *vertù* and antiquities, as well as the articles of a luxurious table, all had gradually disappeared during the lifetime of the Prince. Illness prevented him from entering these apartments, and only the few rooms on the ground-floor remained in their old

splendour from which he was sometimes carried to the gardens, or enjoyed, through the open windows, the perfume of his orangery. After his death these last splendidly furnished apartments became empty, and the cloister-like simplicity, which had long distinguished the rooms of the Princess, was now the sole decoration of the proud abode.

In the midst of these reflections of the Count the old domestic opened with difficulty the heavy iron gate, and received with deep and reverential bows the welcome guest of this desolate house, the sole protector of the two sorrowing domestics, their secret benefactor, and the object of their hopes and wishes.

“My dear old man,” said the Count, “remain a moment at the gate; a friend will soon follow me whom the Princess has permitted me to introduce to her. I can find my way alone.”

“As your lordship commands,” returned the old servant: “her highness is walking in the garden.”

The Count stepped past with a friendly salutation, and entered the entrance-hall of the palace at the same moment that the Princess’s woman, with a gloomy and sorrowful expression in her sickly countenance, slowly glided along. She immediately paused when she recognised the Count, doubtless expecting he would speak to her, ask her something, or have some consoling word to say to her.

“You will tell me how all affairs are here, my good Gertrude,” said the Count, confidentially; “you will not pass an old friend without a salutation?”

“Ah, no!” said Gertrude, slowly, “the dear

countenance of your lordship is the best consolation that I have, poor woman !”

“ May you only speak truly ! But of what use are your good words either to you or me, when you keep yourself concealed, and will not shew me by full confidence that my countenance is the countenance of a friend ? ”

He bent towards her, hoping to win a smile from her, but he saw that she drooped her head lower, and tears, which were seldom shed by the grave woman, flowed down her cheeks.

“ What is the matter ? ” cried the Count, now seriously alarmed. “ Are there fresh causes for care and sorrow, and are these to be concealed from me ? Am I still a stranger here ? ”

“ Do not be angry, my lord ! ” returned Gertrude ; “ I well know what you are to us all here, — our protecting spirit, — our saving angel ! ”

“ Enough ! ” cried the Count, impatiently ; “ I am neither the one nor the other ! Has anything happened to the Princess ? Speak, I will know ! ”

“ Be not so violent, my lord, ” said Gertrude ; “ things daily occur to grieve her, daily — daily. Do you not see how she is sinking towards the grave ? And how can it be otherwise ? Did she did not discharge a month ago Hieronymus, the honest old cook who served her without wages, merely for the honour ? ‘ Hieronymus, ’ said she, ‘ thou art too clever for my service : thou dost cook too well ; I cannot digest thy cookery ; I may only taste the simplest food ! ’ But let him cook ever so simply, it was still too good for her, too difficult to digest.

At length she surprised him one day; secretly had procured for him a place in the imp kitchen. But you should have seen old Hieronymus. He wept like a child, and although the Princess peared unmoved—I know better!”

“Good God!” cried the Count; “must then endure want?”

“Almost,” returned the other; “all my time I have done nothing beyond ironing and p ing, and dressing the Princess. But what m do? She would almost have forgotten to have any food cooked at all, though every day she whether we have enough. Therefore, inexpert am, I now do the cooking; and every day we move the small meal from the table just as we served it up, although she never neglects to some upon her plate; and, when she rises, t ‘Where hast thou learned the art of cookery? T art as clever as Hieronymus.’ How such a t cuts one to the heart!” cried she, sobbing. “Princess Morani, for whom her maid cooks,— never happened before! She cannot make me st by her unconcerned face. Father Prey mus through the whole city, and inquire where his ceased highness has left any arrears; and t when the white sheets arrive, she puts on su friendly air, just as if some good fortune had pened to her, and immediately says, ‘Do not chase any thing for my dress without asking m have already so many superfluous articles by Heaven help one! that I cannot see. But t truly, the diamond shoe-buckles press heavily,

George Prey carries them off. And the egrettes and breast-knots, the large real pearls, all belonging to her deceased mother, and grown as if into her very heart, where are they? There certainly are the caskets, but where are the contents?"

Ever paler and paler became the countenance of the young Count during these words. He saw himself opposed powerlessly against the increasing sorrows of this sufferer, and he felt such impetuous grief, that it deprived him of speech. Passionately pressing his hands together, he stared at the sorrowful narrator, who, now being assured of the interest of her young favourite, approaching nearer, continued, "And these means will not be sufficient! Other plans are formed! Yes, yes! And yet the very opposite is needful for her; she ought to go into the country at this time of the year, as she used to do with the deceased Princess. That did her good; your lordship should have seen the roses on her round cheeks. Since it has been her custom to live the whole year through in the city, she is not to be recognised; and then, to go into a convent in Vienna!"

"A convent!" cried the Count, whose lips were unsealed by this terror. "What does that mean? The Princess will enter a convent?"

"Do not shout so loud!" pursued Gertrude, with animation. "If it be possible, do not consent, —do not agree to it, or do what you will, only do not consent, for in a few years she would be dead!"

They were here interrupted by the entrance of Baron Pölten, who restored that self-control to the

Count of which he stood in need. Gertrude vanished through a side-door; and, although the Baron in the first moment had observed the deep emotion of his friend, the Count was too soon again master of himself to afford the Baron an opportunity of questioning him. The old domestic opened a folding-door which was situated between the two beautiful flights of steps, and the two friends entered a large garden-hall, the opposite open doors of which permitted you to glance out upon the old garden, laid out in the French style, which the sun now illuminated with the ruddy, odorous glow of a summer's evening. Yet the Baron von Pölten did not follow his friend as quickly as the Count's inquiring gaze towards the garden seemed to demand; for, now that no one was present, it seemed to him desirable to cast a glance over this hall, the former witness of many splendid festivals, of which he had heard much, but which had taken place before his time. The Count, also, checking his desire, immediately complied, and became himself the cicerone when he observed the Baron's roving eyes.

"That painted ceiling," said the Count, "is considered a masterpiece, by Daniel Gran. It is one of the frequently repeated representations of Bacchus and Ariadne seated in a car drawn by panthers. The Prince," pursued he, with a certain bitterness unobserved by Pölten, "loved to immortalise the attributes of his life in suitable allegories. You will find the whole hall in accordance with the bacchanalian train of this revelling royal pair above us!"

The Baron observed that the walls were de-

decorated in the same style as the vaulted roof. Between costly mirrors, which in rich gold frames were fixed to the walls, were frescoes, which, in accordance with the frivolous spirit of the prevailing French taste, represented in a very free manner the well-known love-scenes of the heathen gods and goddesses. Where the walls were not covered with these pictures was seen the purest Carrara marble, from which the eye, glancing down, remained fixed upon the floor, a rich artistical mosaic of various-coloured marbles. But these walls, which, with their voluptuous decorations, promised still for a while to brave the ravages of time, were the sole remains of ornament in the vast space. This was the only furniture, except that just within the garden-doors lay a small, mean carpet, on which stood an old chair, and a small ebony table which had once had gilded legs.

“What a kingly space!” cried the Baron, sunk in contemplation; “and what a contrast lies in this desolation!”

“Yes,” said the Count, with a suppressed voice, which shewed his great emotion; “a contrast which makes the blood freeze in one’s veins, and transforms the old joke, ‘that every man has one side which inclines to madness,’ into a sad reality. You should have seen the Prince; so long as he lived it was impossible to hate him. Even then I did not entirely overlook his errors; but now—now I consider him either a villain or a madman; and now,” added he, with excitement, “I feel a lively desire to make up for my neglected hatred.”

Pölten smiled in an embarrassed manner. He did not quite understand his friend's mood; the ground on which he found himself with him was new: it was therefore a relief when his glance fell upon a lady, who, with a gentleman, quietly walked beside a fountain, which, in the middle of well-wooded gardens, on an open parterre, sent forth its cooling streams.

"Is that the Princess Morani?" cried he, and drew his friend towards the door.

"It is she!" said the Count, with an altered countenance, and hastened into the garden, followed by his friend, in no small astonishment.

The Princess, from a turn in the walk, perceived her two guests, and directed her steps towards them. The Baron von Pölten thus gained an opportunity of observing the person of the lady before he was presented to her.

The Princess was something above the middle size, and might perhaps appear still taller from the erectness of her carriage, which made her head especially seem high. She had a small foot, that in walking rose and sank with great regularity, at the same time that her figure remained almost immovable. Already at this distance he could remark that all pretensions to youth were past; later, he came to the conclusion that she must be about six or eight-and-thirty. She wore a heavy black camlet dress, and, although in her solitude she had laid aside the small hoop, without which no one could appear in company, her dress still retained the swelling roundness which to a certain degree imi-

ated the fashion. Her countenance had strong marked features; her brow was high, and without roundness, bold at the sides, on which account it appeared broader; her nose was large, and aquiline, and stood forth considerably from her face. Like all people with large noses, she had a small mouth; but her thin lips gave no charm to this beauty. The whole face was long and narrow, although the contour and the fine chin were the handsomest part about it. She only wore her hair simply dressed in the prevailing mode, with powder, and some curls on her neck; over this was placed a small black gauze handkerchief, lightly tied beneath the chin; a white, three-cornered handkerchief was pinned neatly round her throat; and from beneath the white cuffs of her sleeves came forth round, well-formed arms, their whiteness, no doubt, unintentionally increased by black silk mittens, from which peeped forth large but handsomely shaped hands. She carried the never-failing fan; and, although every ornament was wanting without which at that time you rarely saw a lady, and though neither youth nor beauty compensated for the want, the Baron still felt that her whole appearance had something imposing, noble, and attractive in it. As he approached nearer this feeling was increased by sympathy for her sickly appearance. Her skin had the yellow whiteness and dead colouring of a wax mask, and in her deep-set soft eyes lay an expression of suffering which was still more increased by her dark, low eyebrows, which almost joined on the forehead.

The Count had hastened on before; he saw how

she received him with a gentle smile and sudden blush; and, as soon as she had heard his words, approached the new guest with a quickened step.

“It is difficult for me,” said the Princess, when she had approached near enough for him to hear, “to pardon Count Lacy his long neglect of my wish to form your acquaintance. You, I fear, in your desire to defend your friend, will be obliged to confess that you yourself have refused to enter this solitary home.”

“What a punishment must this moment then be which makes me feel the full weight of such neglect!” cried the Baron, with lowly reverence in tone and glance. “I do not venture even to accuse my friend, if he thought me so long unworthy of this happiness; for I myself at this moment must disclaim my right to it.”

“You are too courteous to be true,” returned the Princess, smiling. “We will rather say, that our mediating friend has told us enough of each other for our new acquaintance to commence with a friendly feeling. Therefore let me welcome you, and permit me to present to you the reverend priest of the order of Jesus, Mr. George Prey von Luseneck.”

The gentlemen bowed, and the Princess continued, “We shall some time have to thank the reverend gentleman for presenting in its full truth to our descendants the glorious history of a portion of our fatherland,—I mean our beautiful Hungary. The father is busied in uniting the various sources of information contained in our libraries and ar-

dives in one work, which will afford us a more complete view of Hungarian history,—a pressing and long-felt want of this country!”

The Baron Pölten commenced a conversation with the father, whose gentle and timid bearing, as well as his worn appearance, betrayed the great price he paid for his uninterrupted application to the composition of the most meritorious historical work of the age. The Baron, having spent some time in Hungary, and cherishing an especial predilection for this beautiful land, which was his mother's native country, was soon deep in discourse with this worthy man of letters. Meantime, they had ascended the low flight of steps which led to the terrace where stood the palace. Thus the Count and Princess, proceeding first, were naturally separated somewhat from the two who followed; and whilst they paced up and down in the increasing coolness, the Count found opportunity of speaking to the Princess with more freedom.

“Dear Claudia,” said he, “this evening which in its almost lavish beauty spreads before us all the treasures of summer, reminds me that we have passed its height, and still you have not decided upon the important plans which I laid before you some weeks since. Owing to the state of your health they are become still more important; and it is with sorrow, nay, I might almost say with reproach, that I see them thus carelessly regarded by you.”

The Princess was silent a moment, and the change of her colour, which was observed by the Count's watchful eye, betrayed her emotion.

"My dear, noble friend," said she after a pause in a low voice, "I believe the time is past these plans; I also thought that you yourself perceived this; and if I did not mention them must I therefore fear that you also could misunderstand me?"

"Claudia," said the Count, "for some time I have no longer received me alone. I am either not received, or else I find Father Franz or Geo Prey with you. With a full heart I come, and as a sorrowful one I leave you. Have I lost all right over you? Have you withdrawn your confidence and will you not even tell me why I have deserved so painful a fate?"

"I have not withdrawn my confidence from you," returned the Princess, quietly. "It is firmly rooted in all the sorrowful, yet dear experience we have had together. When I see you in the presence of our noble and learned friends I feel equally the pleasure of your presence."

The Count sighed and was silent. He felt an endeavour to keep him removed from her, and a feeling of impatience, an impetuosity seized upon him such as he had rarely experienced. Before he could find time to reply she had turned towards the gentlemen who followed them, and addressing herself to Baron Pölten, pointed out to him the beautiful prospect they enjoyed from the terrace. "This is an advantage the palace possesses through its position without the city itself, and in this direction where the Danube presents so beautiful a view. When the palace was built these suburbs were not

fortified. Around lay fields and meadows and a small hamlet which belonged to the castle. But your friends, the Hungarians, in one of their former and not unfrequent discontented moods had penetrated to the very gates of the city, and the poor defenceless suburbs had to endure a similar fate to that endured by them during the Turkish war. In 1704 the Emperor Leopold therefore had these suburbs fortified, and although we thus lost much of our ground, and our little village has vanished, this terrace yet commands some very pretty points of view over the bastions—and a few fields and meadows we have still retained.”

“I am, alas! more unacquainted with my native city than with any other place in which I have resided,” returned the Baron, “and I am therefore especially grateful for any information.”

“Of that I was aware,” returned the Princess; “but will you tell me how it happened that your father preferred completing your education in Paris?”

“Because my father had lived in Paris during the close of the splendour of Louis the Fourteenth’s reign, and therefore upon his return declared his own country to be fit for the baiting of bears and the chasing of wild animals, but not for the education of man. My father married according to the will of his family; but a few years after my birth he returned with his wife and me to Paris, where I was forcibly made a Frenchman, and have since only paid occasional visits to my fatherland.”

“Have our enemies really been able to accomplish this?” said the Princess, smiling. “Then we ought

to have included you in the treaty of peace, as belonging to unlawful property to be returned."

"It would have been, then, as with the whole of the Aix-la-Chapelle treaty," remarked the Count, endeavouring to overcome his excitement. "Disputes of boundary would have arisen, and it would have been difficult to decide to whom the right must be conceded, seeing the present possessor could scarcely himself give any explanation."

"Do you think so, my dear Count?" said the Princess, perceiving with a certain relief that he had joined in the conversation, "then we must do the same as our great Empress has done for HER frontiers,—endeavour to collect together and make of avail whatsoever insures our right to your friend; and I am now so proud of my fatherland, that I hope the means at our command are anything but small."

"That, in truth, they are!" cried the Count, with animation, "and they increase daily in the mind of our exalted Empress, in the assistance of the most distinguished statesman, the noblest of human beings, the glorious Kaunitz. His mind unites the characteristics of Colbert and Richelieu, he is the bearer of the great thoughts which arise in the beautiful brow of our Pallas Theresa. He knows, when he receives them, in which earth they will take root, and plants them according to his knowledge—and soon we shall see their fruits, if we enjoy peace."

"Yes, peace!" said George Prey—"peace is not much secured by the Prince von Kaunitz's

method of going to work ; I think this mingling of worldly matters in education and in the sciences will punish itself; they should have been left unrestricted to spiritual care, which never permits enlightenment to spread at the expense of the universal power of the Church, and knows how to keep the curb of obedience on the minds of men."

"We can only become strong, and powerfully oppose ourselves against the encroaching spirit of the age when we diffuse the elements of activity," cried the Count. "Kaunitz is also unsurpassably great, because he does not consider a condition of bearable ease as one not to be improved ; and because himself, fearless as a lion, he still considers the enemy great, WHEN HE IS SO! For instance, how beautiful is his admiration of Frederick, King of Prussia ! He knows that Frederick is our greatest enemy, our most dangerous one, but this does not prevent him from acknowledging his extraordinary genius ; yes, if there were one with whom he would choose to divide the government of Germany, it would be with him, for it is not necessary to make his enemy appear insignificant ; he rejoices in his greatness !"

"We shall see whither this strife after innovation will lead," again remarked George Prey. "Rome and her exalted head bear the fate of the European nations on their heart as a mother does her child."

"But Rome cannot be equally near her children," said the Count, "and at a distance the true necessities of a people are so easily mistaken either

in one respect or another. The pious Empress and Kaunitz, who deny no greatness, will certainly never withdraw from the protection of Rome which they honour as a fatherly authority. But at the same time they must assume that every thing which they propose and accomplish for the well-being of their own country will be certain of the approbation of this authority, since Rome professes only to desire the well-being of her children in Christ!"

"Sir Count! you have not spent so much time in France in vain!" said George Prey, with an ironical smile.

"That may be!" returned the Count.

The Princess, who, with uneasiness, saw how the conversation was becoming a dispute, approached the old servant who was coming from the palace and who seemed to have some message for her. He, however, bowing, passed by and addressed himself to Count Lacy.

"There is an imperial lackey in the ante-room who requires the presence of your lordship at nine o'clock to-morrow morning at the palace, to wait upon her majesty."

One could see for a moment that the Count was surprised, but he returned a reverential answer and was about to renew the conversation; when the old servant added, that the Prince von Kaunitz had also sent and requested him to go that evening to the office-of-state. This shewed the Count that he could not spend the evening with the Princess, and he really felt so excited that he scarcely knew whether he desired to do so or not. After a short

tion he determined to withdraw. His eye sought the Princess ; hers already rested upon him with an expression of sorrow which did his wounded heart good.

“I must beg permission to leave you,” said he, approaching her respectfully. “Yet I cannot retire without requesting an hour, in which I can communicate to your highness certain pieces of intelligence, regarding which I require counsel.”

The Princess was silent and embarrassed, at length she said evasively, “Why should I appoint an hour? You well know that my house is always open to you!”

Again the Count felt that she would withdraw herself from him, and the look of anguish and reproach which he cast upon her so affected her that she cast down her eyes. The Count, however, overcoming this discouragement, and quickly forming a determination, replied in haste, “Then let me find you alone to-morrow after my audience with the Empress!” Without awaiting her reply he bowed, and as Baron von Pölten took leave at the same time he was able to approach George Prey, and whilst heartily shaking his hand said, “My good Prey, we dispute and boldly oppose each other, but we still remain friends, do we not?”

The gentle and benevolent George Prey stammered eagerly in a low tone, as the Count let go his hand, “I also find myself constrained to speak a confidential word to you about the Princess Claudia!”

“And when?” returned the Count in an equally

low voice, for Pölten, now in the act of taking leave, approached with the Princess.

“To-morrow, before you go to the Princess ~~after~~ the audience—in the college—in the court of Maria queen of the angels.” He then turned round quicker than was his wont, and asked permission of the Princess to make some astronomical observations on the roof that night. The Princess ~~grace~~ fully bowed her head in assent, and the gentleman ~~met~~ took leave at the same moment.

When the doors were closed and the Princess found herself alone, she slowly pursued her walk along the open terrace; and he who had thus ~~seen~~ her must have wrongly judged the deepest and most feeling heart, and have imagined she was without sympathy for the beauty of nature, without susceptibility for the charms of this day, which now, with its enchanting transition into a star-light night, lavishly diffused the odours from innumerable blossoms, and refreshing breezes which pressed along from the river over fields and meadows. The full moon shewed herself above the tree-tops in the garden, and Claudia waited with suppressed breath until the bright disk had risen fully into the clear vault of heaven. At the same moment there stole upon her ear through the silent night the distant tones of soft music. Horns and flutes now terminated, now accompanied a song of several voices. Listening, the Princess turned towards the edge of the terrace.

Along the full moat of the fortification, which lay at the foot of the gentle declivity of the garden, and was concealed from above by a low wall, there

glided in the bright moonlight a large open boat, containing a gay company, who enjoyed the beautiful evening in the midst of song and music. The Princess heard distinctly every note of the pleasant music; she even fancied she understood some words of the song; and when the singers ceased, the sound of merry talking and gay laughter reached her. A long time did the Princess remain leaning, silent and immovable, against a large flower-vase. Suddenly her excitement seemed to reach its height, and, quickly turning round, she wrung her hands with agony, and cried, "And I am alone!—forlorn, deprived of all bands which love and nature wind around a thousand human beings! Like a shade which lived centuries ago, and has returned into a world where all is strange, where it no longer finds a response, do I stand here!"

Her eyes glanced over the palace, which shewed itself strongly illuminated in the moonlight. The Princess covered her face. "Empty! empty!" sighed she; "the whole world empty, like this palace! Oh, my God! wherefore didst thou give me this warm, love-requiring heart?"

At this moment again floated up to her the soft tones from the distant boat. She broke forth into tears. "And he," said she, as softly as if accompanying the tones of the song, "he who offers me a heart, a home—ah, more than that, the bliss of living with him, for him!—he who teaches me the secret of a deep, warm love—he whom I must thank for the warm pulse-beats of youth, for the bloom of a crushed heart,—him must I give up!—give up,

because I must pronounce myself unworthy of th
happiness, because I am so poor, am become so ve
of youth, beauty, happiness, that I must blush ev
to think of having any common interest with hi
Oh, my God! how do I stand in need of Thy assi
ance, if I am to conquer! Oh, let this feeling
my own unworthiness remain within my soul, clea
and livingly, and forgive the bitter grief which
now suffer! Joyful I cannot be—only obedient!”

Soft tears now flowed unrestrainedly down h
pale cheeks; ever lower and more distant sound
the music. At length the beautiful night rested
its awful stillness around the mourner: tears co
quered, and she felt her devoted heart beat me
calmly; and the great project of an eternal renu
ciation, which she would raise as a kind of separati
boundary between herself and the tumult of h
feelings, again rose within her, and she again vow
to remain faithful to it.

“Thee shall I still retain there!” cried sh
stretching forth her arms towards Nature; “tho
also wilt thou blossom and grow green, gloric
Nature! and thy stars will remain over me, and t
moonlight illumine each unfortunate. In anot
scene I shall feel calmer, for the consuming angu
of yearning cleaves to every stone, every tree-top,
the cup of every flower, to each leaping drop of t
fountain; for this enchantment, which thou in cr
beauty spreadest out before me, first through h
revealed its existence to me—through this deep, s
illuminating love! and this enchantment I sh
retain, and in time without agony!”

"Do not deceive thyself, my daughter!" suddenly spoke a low voice of emotion; and when the Princess started and looked up, there stood George Prey in such an humble attitude beside her, and with such a grave and melancholy air, that the Princess, overcoming her momentary embarrassment, extended, in a childlike manner, her hand towards him. Earnestly pursued the spiritual teacher, "Thou dost struggle in vain against the wishes of thy awakened heart; and they resist thee, because they are innocent, and because the reasons thou opposest to them are artificial, and equally removed from nature and truth."

"Oh, reverend father!" cried the Princess, "do not again repeat your seductive words. This is the sole point in which I cannot confide in you, for you know not the world; you know not how every unequal union, in course of time, avenges itself for this violation of nature; you have not seen how the world, with its scorn and tyrannical custom, is ready to chastise any deviation from its established rules, and how by degrees it undermines and overthrows your better conviction, however opposed this may have been at first. But what is the world in comparison to the pang I might endure, did I feel that I had cheated him of those joys which only youth can offer to the youthful—if I saw him suffer, he who is called to the richest gain of life?"

"And yet thou lovest him, my daughter! and he loves thee with the full and beautiful energy which characterises all his feelings, all his actions! And is not that the first requisite of a holy marriage?"

Shall it not suffice for two human beings who possess so much for its preservation ?”

“ Yes, for me,” cried the Princess ; “ yes, in me this love will endure till the close of my life ; for I have often seen what I now myself experience,—that when love seizes upon one’s heart at a more advanced time of life, it is stronger and more imperishable than at an earlier period. No expectation, no hopes, no new experiences (which in youth mingle in our feelings, draw off our thoughts, or dissipate them through other hopes), oppose themselves in later life, when all these prospects lie behind us. Our riper experience, on the contrary, gives to this sentiment a consciousness which renders every change impossible.”

George Prey sighed when the Princess, at the conclusion of this fiery discussion, burst into tears. “ And with this passionate sentiment of thy heart, thou wilt enter a convent ? What does that mean ? And what ? dost thou think thou shalt do good or praiseworthy by this act ? Examine thyself—I repeat it to thee, examine thyself, for thou art in every way in error ! Thy renunciation is penetrated with the pride and vanity of the world. Thou wilt not make happy the man whom thou lovest, because thou fearest the world might point at thee, and make thy want of youth, riches, and beauty, a reproach ! Thy desire for the holy quiet of the cloisters is not an humble yearning after undisturbed communion with God and His saints : even there thou wilt serve the idol of thy heart, and, sunk in earthly sorrow, merely dwell in God’s holy sanctuary to guard thyself from

the outward temptations of thy heart. But do not hope for peace! Passions, those curses of our hereditary sin, follow us to all places of the earth; and it is not to any place we are indebted to our salvation from them. Claudia, my spiritual daughter, with fatherly love I tell thee that I will not give my consent to thy assumption of the veil—much sooner to thy marriage with noble Lacy!”

“Father! father!” said the Princess, trembling, “what a struggle do you again make within my mind! From you, my father confessor, I hoped for strength and encouragement in my resolutions; and you turn away from me—you take the side of my weak heart!”

“I may err,” replied George Prey, gently and calmly, “for I am a man, spite of my venerable priest’s garb. But thou hast confided in my judgment: I have given thee its decision. Act now as thy mind directs thee, and pray God to enlighten thee!”

He gave her his blessing, and departed. The Princess was once more alone, and raised her head: she again looked around her—it was the same magnificent and silent nature. The boats returned; the horns sounded in gay measures, and in the intervals were heard laughter and jesting. This also was the same as at a few moments earlier. But the Princess no longer wept; her heart beat loudly; she bent over the parapet of the terrace in search of the happy party, and a smile played about her lips. She no longer felt herself alone, for we quickly listen to that doctrine which preaches consolation to our heart, and believe before our reason assents to it.

CHAPTER IV.

IN a simple but splendid court-dress, waited the Count von Lacy before the cabinet of the Empress Maria Theresa. Informed by the Count von Kaunitz, the evening before, of the views of the Empress, he felt, at the thought of being permitted to lay before the exalted lady his holiest and dearest desires, and of enjoying her protection when they should be realised in the future, a warm and joyous glow diffuse itself through his frame; and there stood beside him the form of the noble and glorified old man who had awoke this throb within him. He felt that he would combat with him, and that his memory would speak, through him, as his noble uncle had imagined.

Persons summoned by the Empress were never long kept waiting, for she employed that wise division of time which leaves to each occupation its uncontested share; and thus the door was opened, and the Count was ushered in.

Again the Empress was resting in an arm-chair before a writing-table; but having, after this audience, to appear in the state-council, she was in

full costume, which gave something so august to her natural and majestic beauty, that every one who beheld her must have felt that in her Nature had united all charms to form a perfect ruler. Lacy felt this impression with delight. The full enthusiasm of a subject swelled his heart; and the searching glance of the Empress was, perhaps, not less satisfied with her subject, whose features lost nothing through the warm language of the heart.

“Lacy!” commenced the Empress — “Count Lacy! The name sounds well in our ears; we are inclined to draw from it favourable inferences. Yet I hear you have no claim of relationship with the brave Lacy, the terror of my foes?”

“We find the roots of our genealogical tree in England, and our ancestors fought with William the Conqueror,” returned the Count. “I hear that the brave Count von Lacy has the same statements regarding the origin of his family. Inquiries were neglected concerning the degree of our relationship, and in later times this becomes still more difficult: we consider ourselves now merely as related by name.”

“And it appears,” said the Empress, graciously smiling, “that in peace I shall find in the name of Lacy an equally bold champion as I have done in war. The Chancellor will have told you that I have read your essay upon serfdom: it accords with the plans which I, in course of time, hope to carry out for my beautiful Bohemia; and I see with satisfaction that the good spirit which I must first discover in the rich proprietors, and which until now has

been much wanting, has at least begun to sh itself in a few instances. Could you name to others of your countrymen among whom honours sentiments of the same kind prevail, or in wh they might by any means be excited?"

"If one cannot exactly say the sentiment expressed, and even if it were impossible to na individuals," returned the Count, "the spirit of people may be confided in—the true sentiment loyalty—which is spread throughout Bohemia."

The Empress slowly moved her head from side to the other. "We are always inclined suppose the best regarding our beloved Bohem she then said; "yet, according to our experience is not advisable to judge the whole by one exam which, as it seems, you and your uncle were incli to do. Confess! you will have found but sr response from persons of your own rank? Otl wise we must have been falsely informed, and command you not to deal with us, even although would by that means nourish our hopes for well-being of our subjects."

Colouring to the brow, the young Count in luntarily stepped back; he raised his hands countenance towards the Empress, and his emo had given him an unusual colour. Soon recover himself, he said calmly, "My opinion, which y majesty graciously asked me to give, is the opi just pronounced: that there exists that spirit am my countrymen which, when called forth, will able to recognise the blessings which your maj proposes. I would not by this imply that the v

for these reforms, or even ideas of that tendency, are already in existence. If this were implied by my words, I have expressed myself falsely, and your majesty will ascribe it to my words and not to my intention; for I should abhor a deception in any part of the earth."

"How now?" said the Empress, smiling; "we are easily offended, as I observe; we have warlike blood in our veins, although a pen instead of a dagger in the hand."

She was about to proceed, when the door behind her opened, and a tall, handsome man entered, whom Lacy immediately recognised as the Emperor.

"You are come at the right moment, my husband," said Maria Theresa, with the most sweet and friendly manner, at the same time rising and approaching him. "We have here one of our Bohemian nobles, Count Lacy, who will persuade us that his countrymen only await our gracious hand to lay down their old rusty rights and privileges. But he does not, at the same time, belie the hot blood of the Bohemians; for I fear we have offended him, and he will demand justice against us from your majesty."

The undisturbed good-humour of the noble lady could leave no doubt regarding the meaning of her words. The Emperor graciously bowed his head, and, seizing the hand of his consort, said, "Now, Count Lacy, in what way can I obtain justice for you with my wife?"

They now stood beside each other, and perhaps

there never was a more perfect pair than Francis I. and Maria Theresa. The most perfect beauty, the highest dignity, and the indescribable magic which a fine mind and noble heart diffuse over the exterior, were here united; and the young Count, who had never before been so near to them, or seen them together, was forced to pay them that tribute of admiration which existed in the hearts of all their subjects. Perhaps he had been silent too long; but the imperial pair looked with pleasure on the young man, and neither of them was inclined to interpret this silence to his disadvantage. The Count, however, let them wait no longer; he had already bowed to the Emperor; his heart overflowed with an indescribable sentiment of enthusiasm. "I can expect from your majesties no judgment upon the only sentiment on earth which is withheld from you!"

"How?" said the Empress, a little surprised; "you are not bashful? and we will rather cease speaking in enigmas, if it please you; we shall then, perhaps, learn what feeling this is to which we can make no claim."

"It is that of loyalty!" cried the Count, hastily, and with a glowing glance from his expressive eyes, "the most beautiful and purest feeling of the human breast! It is a love which exists without requiring the usual nourishment of return—a feeling void of every shade of egotism—that desires and requires nothing but the happiness of loving—that causes him joyfully to sacrifice life and property for the exalted object whose voice, perhaps, never

reached his ear. This feeling, in its highest purity, I consider the triumph of human capacity; this is the feeling on account of which I venture at this moment, in the presence of your majesties, to envy myself; although I, at the same time, conceive that the power of *inspiring* this sentiment may counter-balance my proudly enjoyed privilege!"

The eye of the Empress glanced with a gentle smile at her husband. She had accompanied the Count's last words with the time-beating movement of her hand, and she said, "You are an enthusiast, Count! What shall we do with you? I expected to find a calm, prudent man of business; I wished to hear of your writings and study of our national constitution; and now, I believe, I must inquire after your verses?"

"I should only be able to answer this question by a confession of my incapacity. Pardon, your majesty, the lively expression of this holy feeling! I was carried away by the thought, that were your majesties but acquainted with the sentiment of loyalty, I should never have excited the suspicion of wishing to deceive you."

"To this, then, tends all your beautiful pathos!" cried the Empress, turning towards her husband, and looking lovingly into his eyes. "You have a proud, excitable heart; but," pursued she, in a friendly tone, and suddenly approached him, "you are of a good kind, and every variety of character finds favour with us, if pure intentions may be inferred. An honest heart is unwilling to doubt the honesty of others. Your Empress will no

longer be inclined to chastise you for deception! We have decided to consult you regarding the affairs of our kingdom of Bohemia," pursued she, "and have thought of finding you a post in our office of state, since the Count von Kaunitz has described you to us as having already experience in the official style, and being educated at the suitable universities. What say you to our proposal?"

"That I must lament my fate!" cried the Count; and who would have doubted but that he did lament it? "Yet," continued he, reverently approaching the Empress, "owing to a disposal—nay, more, to a solemn promise—I dare not enter into any binding connexion with the state."

The Empress, as we know, heard what she expected; yet this short conversation with the young man had rather increased than diminished her desire to employ him.

"Is this, then, the practical interpretation of your patriotic enthusiasm?" said she, sharply, with the intent to draw him out.

"I believe it is, your majesty," returned the young man; "it is certainly this loyalty which requires nothing for its nourishment, and yet at a far distance remains a warm-hearted labourer for the monarch on every occasion where the activity of the faithful is required—to usher great thoughts into life."

The Empress now paced slowly up and down, her bright eyes glancing now towards her husband, now towards the Count. "You mean to imply," said she, after a short pause, "that we require, in

every place, subjects who are able to understand us so as to execute our wishes! We have ourselves experienced something of that kind, and it is time to remind us of it."

"Yet it seems to me," remarked the Emperor, "that such a good subject as you, Count Lacy, must readily permit the Empress to decide where she considers you the most useful."

"Your majesty, I have lost the liberty of granting this right over me to any one whomsoever! Your majesties will not, therefore, be angry with their faithful subject!"

"Your uncle brought you up, did he not?" inquired the Empress; "wherefore did you not remain with your parents?"

"I lost them both in my childhood," returned the Count.

"We will," said the Empress, turning towards her husband, "if you, my beloved, have no objection, hear a relation of these family affairs."

They both seated themselves; and the young Count must now arrange these, to him, seemingly simple events in a narrative form for his royal auditors.

"My grandfather had two sons, of whom the youngest was my father; he married, early, my mother, a Countess Protikoh. My parents lived principally in Italy, and only a few years previously to their death returned with me to Germany, where we either resided at Thein, with my uncle, or at Prague, where they died. Before their decease they delivered me over to the care of my uncle, with whom

his only son, my cousin, lived at that time. I cannot say why my cousin refused to marry; but there arose out of this, and other circumstances which are unknown to me, a difference between father and son; and my cousin, whom I loved unspeakably, resided on a distant estate, withdrawn from all social intercourse; and whilst I studied at Regensburg the news of his death reached me.

“From this time forth the bereaved father conferred all the rights of a son upon me, and since I became his heir he imparted to me all the great and noble plans which he had formed, and partially carried into execution, for the ennobling and enlightenment of his dependants, and required that I should devote myself exclusively to this mission, and should never accept any other post, but solely prepare myself for this calling.”

“Thus it seems,” remarked the Emperor, “that these views regarding the necessary and partial abolition of serfdom originated with your uncle?”

“This thought was the cherished project of his life!” cried the Count, with warmth, “and he sought to awaken on his estates a feeling for its reception.”

“And have you carried on the work in the same good spirit?” said the Emperor. “May this unfolded plan already be confided in? Do your dependants recognise the advantage which would be thus conferred?”

“I have not been for ten years upon my estates, your majesty. Rigid as was my uncle in all his resolutions, he required from me an uninterrupted

application to the study of law, which he had prescribed for me. Even his decease was not permitted to recall me ; and he approved of my travelling with the Lord Chancellor, because he considered this as no binding engagement, and was satisfied with every means conducive to my intellectual developement ?”

“ However, your personal acquaintance with your estates,” said the Emperor, “ may be more needful than your inexperience leads you to imagine. You may find that great changes have taken place, and, as is to be expected, unfavourable ones ; for the absence of the master, when innovations are proposed, cannot be advantageous.”

“ My absence, I must acknowledge, has been perhaps crowned with greater success than my young experience would have been able to attain. I have not remained a stranger to the condition of my dependants : a distinguished man, a friend of my uncle’s, stood at the head of all my affairs, and he has been able to pursue the work in the spirit of my uncle. I shall only have to imitate him when I take his place.”

“ Are you certain of this man ? Do you place such implicit confidence in him ?” asked the Empress hastily. “ Do we know him ?”

“ He is an advocate, your majesty, Thomas Thyrnau is his name.”

“ The name is known to us,” continued the Empress. “ He must have some claim upon our memory. It hink he belongs to those men, who, like Horneck, Justi, and Sonnenfels, applied themselves, much to our satisfaction, to political economy, and

the higher branches of industry. Yet now I must know in what relation you stand with him."

The Count was silent a moment, and then said in a stifled voice, "I know not. There is a secret between us which thrusts me from him, and makes me suspicious and cold towards him; whilst at the same time I feel myself attracted by his mind and his noble character."

"May we be let into your confidence?" asked the Empress. "Until the hand has reached the hour," pursued she, pointing to a time-piece, "we can grant you time."

The Count felt surprised. He did not belong to that class of persons who speak freely and with pleasure about their private concerns, and he would in any other case have evaded doing so now; but, in the presence of these two exalted personages, lay a feeling of isolation, which seemed to inspire confidence, more than any other situation; for every connexion must cease where such a difference of condition exists. This small, secure apartment, safe from any listeners, seemed the home for every secret.

The Count soon felt himself prepared; and, with the candour which was equally natural to him, he related the substance of his conversation with Baron Pölten, with which we are acquainted.

The astonishment of his two royal auditors was very great; and there was something so kind in it, that the Count rejoiced in having imparted to them his confidence. The lively Empress, soon, however, interrupted him with the question of, "What he had determined upon?"

"I will in no wise marry the grand-daughter of Thomas Thyrnau!" cried the Count, with more warmth than was needful. "My uncle never personally spoke to me of this plan—no promise to him binds me."

The sage Empress looked searchingly at the Count, and then said, "Probably you have ties elsewhere—have already chosen a wife without the assistance of Thomas Thyrnau?"

This was too much for the Count. A deep crimson overspread his countenance. Raising his eyes without replying, they glanced towards the time-piece; the hand just then struck the appointed hour; he bowed low. The Empress understood him—she smiled. "The welcome time-piece, you would say, exempts you from answering. Thus, withdraw for to-day. I wish, however, to see you in ten days—announce yourself to the Chamberlain. I will arrange a time to hear you with regard to the affairs of Bohemia. Will my beloved have the grace to receive the Count?"

"This recommendation of the Empress gives me much pleasure, and we shall remain kindly disposed to assist you, whenever you may require assistance from us."

The royal personages released the Count.

CHAPTER V.

THE audience had lasted longer than was to be expected. The Count ordered his coachman to drive towards the Viennese quarter, to the court of the Jesuits' College; and, in spite of what he had just passed through, and, in spite of the animation with which he had passed through it, every thing relating to it had entirely vanished from his mind as he pursued his way towards the college; and his soul was only busied with conjectures as to what George Prey could have to say to him respecting the Princess Morani.

But George Prey had been unable to await the Count. He delivered a discourse upon polemics and might only leave his audience in the customary pause. The Count waited in the ante-room, filled with the most painful disquiet, watching with his eyes the door through which George Prey would appear.

At length the door opened; but with him came several of his hearers, who were at the same time acquaintances of the Count's; for these lectures were also attended by the laity. George Prey, who did not possess the least skill in extricating himself from embarrassments, stood with uneasy mien and gesture in the midst of the circle. The bell already rang for the second part of the lecture, when the Count

quietly disengaging himself from his acquaintance, went straight up to George Prey, took him by the arm, and led him into the recess of a window.

“God be praised that you have released me!” cried the poor tormented priest. “We have only too little time for our weighty business: therefore, listen to me quickly. The Princess has applied, behind my back, to the Archbishop of Vienna, to employ his influence for her reception among the Carmelite nuns. But an order from the Empress, and secular certificates, as well as certificates from her present confessor, being necessary, the Princess was obliged to apply to me, and thus I learned—as, I hope, in time—her intention. This intention I have ever since candidly combated; for it is against my conscience, that she should, in the present state of her heart, enter this pious community. Believing that you, Count Lacy, from your long-existing friendship, might take a more lively interest in this intelligence, I did not wish to withhold it from you.”

Once, again, rang the bell. The ante-room was already empty; and the Count, squeezing almost painfully the hand of his faithful friend, said, “Stand by me—I hasten to her now: it is to be hoped that I shall persuade her to renounce the cloister, and then we shall all be happy!”

A smile, a rare appearance on the honest face of George Prey, glided over it, and with short and hurried steps he hastened from the Count back to the lecture-room. The Count entered his carriage, and soon found himself in the Princess Morani’s garden-hall, with which we are acquainted.

The Princess sat at the end of the hall, on which the sun cast his glowing rays. But the cool marble of the walls and floor afforded, even in the hottest season, an agreeable retreat. The Princess sat in the same dress which she had worn the night before, at a small table, and appeared to read; but no longer feigning this appearance, on the Count's entrance, she turned towards him her blushing countenance.

"Claudia! dear Claudia!" cried he with animation and tenderness, at the same moment seating himself beside her, and kissing the hand which she extended towards him. "Thank Heaven that I find you alone!" continued he. "I have much to say to you.

"Oh! first, about the Empress!" said the Princess. "I hope nothing unpleasant has happened to you. I have been anxious,—I could not avoid it," added she; and her eyes swam with tears.

The Count observed these signs of deep feeling with a sweet satisfaction; and, before she had time to recover herself, he exclaimed with emotion: "Claudia, you wish to leave me, and yet you love me! You wish to enter a convent, and yet you know that I should be miserable were my fate separate from yours!"

The Princess concealed her face, and sobbed aloud. "I am determined," pursued the Count, "not to leave you, until I have gained your consent to our betrothal. I already possess what is dearest and most necessary; you cannot take back, and you will not be so cruel as to desire to take back that which you have given me in your love. You cannot doubt

mine! you know that it is founded upon your worth, and secured through the firmness of my character. What scruples are they with which you always delay my happiness, now when the necessity of revealing to the world our connexion increases day by day, when the necessity for my protection and assistance even becomes more apparent?"

"Ah!" cried the Princess, "that it is which carries you away! you feel how miserable, how unhappy, how forlorn, I am in the world; and compassion deceives you with regard to our connexion!"

"No, Claudia!" said the Count, firmly; "not compassion, but the selfish feeling of not being able to live without you! My understanding, my heart, my way of thinking, are so interwoven with yours, that I scarcely know whether certain thoughts are yours or mine; and to separate us, is to unloose the most perfect union of soul which ever bound together human beings who were not united by the bands of relationship!"

"This I also feel," stammered the Princess; "and, therefore, I have gone so far as to confess the weakness of my heart to you. But this sentiment does not yet demand a nearer connexion; for it would shew the external inequality of our union. My age, my indifferent health, the want of every external charm; yes, and permit me to add, my poverty! Whence shall I gain the strength to despise these things? to endure seeing your life, your future, endangered by them?"

"Claudia!" said the Count, calmly, "I do not hear these reproaches of an unselfish heart for the

first time. Oh! do not be too proud at my expense for I will repeat once more what you already know it would be impossible for me to love a young woman without maturity of mind and character. The arrogant desire of most men to choose a young creature with an undeveloped mind, as a plaything for their whims, or to assure for themselves in the less educated mind of such a young inexperienced being a tribute of respect and admiration, which a mature and noble woman would deny them; this wish I have never cherished, and with such characteristics, were the highest exterior charms combined, I should never find happiness in its gratification. Yes, I am proud enough to believe, that by the side of a mature and distinguished woman, I have nothing to fear! Oh Claudia, will you teach me otherwise?"

The Princess was silent, and the Count proceeded "Your health will improve, when you permit the most tender and attentive husband to care for it. Whether you are handsome or not, I cannot say dear Claudia; but this I know, that I look upon you with indescribable pleasure, and that your character is expressed in your features, this beautiful noble character which assures me of my happiness, if you will only consent to belong to me."

The Princess still preserved silence; but her heart was conquered. The Count again resumed, "Have you then at length overcome your objections? Will you at length find every doubt removed, or will you still regret that you cannot increase my princely fortune?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the Princess, with animation, "this undeserved misfortune I will not charge

myself with! My possessions were once equal to yours, and such as my rank demanded. But my dear friend, you—you are eight-and-twenty. That is a reproach for which you yourself are not answerable! Now you feel all that you express, all is truth with you. But I am eight-and-thirty, and as a woman have gained experience which tells me that a man after this age first attains his complete development; experience of life commences when the years of study are past."

The young man struggled with evident emotion against his rising irritability. Soon recovering himself, he said with animation,—

"If this were the case,—if you only grant me the experience of a school-boy, what has that to do with my wooing? Why cannot I at your side gain that experience of life which you believe is now approaching me?"

"Because this experience might easily shew itself inimical to a binding union with me, and this would be then indissoluble."

"It is enough, Claudia!" said the Count, and started up almost with violence, "I feel to what you refer; I have lived in vain at your side; you recall that testimony of your love which you were once wont to give me, and that voice which once pleaded for me in your heart has vanished!"

He had risen and turned away from her. His eye gazed into the sun-lit garden which lay there with its drooping blossoms beneath the hot rays of the burning sun. Not a breeze stirred. Along the horizon floated a yellowish vapour, which indicated

the glowing atmosphere. Only above the tree-tops was seen the deep blue of heaven without a single cloudlet. The Count had such a deep feeling for the beauty of nature that under all circumstances he still retained an eye for it. Even now, this mature and consummated picture of summer wrapt him in a soothing dream. A flock of pigeons now flew like glittering snow-flakes over the garden, and in the deep silence which reigned around, one heard the innumerable buzzing insects which visited each leaf and flower. Nothing else moved near these agitated human beings, who, like the flowers before them, and prostrated by the glow of their feeling, bowed their heads in silent sorrow. The Count heard by the rustling of her dress that the Princess had risen. He turned himself quickly round.

“Lacy!” said she, in a scarcely audible voice, and extended her hand towards him with an indescribable expression of love and grief, “Lacy! shall I be your fate?”

“If you wish that it should be a happy one!” cried he, seizing her hand with joy-beaming eyes.

The Princess answered nothing, but trembled so violently that he must support her, and now she was no longer alone! The man whom she loved with the fire of a youthful first love supported her failing strength, and her head rested upon his breast.

“To-day I shall not leave you again,” exclaimed Lacy, after the holy solemnity of the first moment had passed into youthful gaiety, “Let us go to Gertrude and good old Bernhard; they must learn

my good fortune, and Gertrude must increase her bill of fare for the small appetite which joy has left me."

"Then I have been wholly betrayed!" said the Princess, smiling. "You already know my new cook?"

The Count sent his equipage to the college for George Prey, for happy old Gertrude desired to satiate the reverend father with joy. After the two faithful servants had offered their congratulations, through the Count's mediation, to their beloved mistress, they were seized by the old spirit of the house, extravagance; for whilst Gertrude commenced roasting and boiling every thing that came in her way, Bernhard collected together the remains of the former splendour of the table; and China jars, it is true of unequal sizes, filled with the rich flowers of the garden, stood beside plates of Sèvres china and small figures of Meissen porcelain which held in garlanded baskets salt and pepper; between these lay the remains of plate, and "Heaven be praised," sighed he, "there are still three silver covers."

The beautiful fruits from the garden caused the table to appear even richly supplied, and in the ice which the long-forgotten ice-cellar afforded, were cooled two dusty bottles of wine from a small corner of the once well-filled cellar.

"I am surprised at my own wealth!" said the Princess, with a friendly smile, when she had taken her place between Lacy and George Prey. "Count Lacy will have a rich bride!"

"You are joking," cried Lacy, "but I must con-

ness that I rejoice greatly in the dowry which I hope you will not withhold from me,—I mean the Morani Palace! I love this beautiful little palace exceedingly, and never see it without bringing into connexion with my building and other plans. I am an enthusiast for these old-fashioned, costly styles of architecture, and however willingly I listen to a competent judge who censures the surcharge of ornament, the mingling of orders, the wants of proportion, it does not deprive me of the internal pleasure with which I delight myself in the happy humour of the builder, who appeared to think of nothing beyond combining together all the beautiful ideas as well as forms and materials which the world afforded, and without troubling himself as they take their place one beside the other, a variegated and yet not charmless memory of every known beauty. These heavy angels, who stretch out the clumsy legs into the air, and who holding flower garlands like quoits, seem as if aiming at us with them, are ludicrous, nay, even frightful; but they produce, as a whole, a rich and lively effect upon the misshapen doomed roof which slopes down upon them. I dwell with pleasure on the rich masses which are introduced between them like escutcheons and are taken from the most beautiful ideas of antiquity. These decorations of the door-ways which correspond with the ceilings, their rich scrolls of white or grey marble, upon a coloured ground, surrounding some family portraits, about whose beauty or resemblance the artist seems little to have troubled himself, appear abruptly between these insu-

allegorical attributes and these decorations in the manner of Raphael, stolen from the Vatican, and which entwine themselves with the greatest grace and beauty. Yes, even the undulating lines of the façades which seem unfinished temples, and which throw the architect of cultivated taste into convulsions, how agreeable they are within! One could imagine that some comfort-loving possessor had in his desire to look around him from the interior of his apartment, carried on the walls just so far as to obtain a view on three sides, yet so little as to escape the disadvantages of our climate. Yes, our climate; and at the same time our German knowledge, which was acquainted with every foreign superiority, has given rise to these peculiarities of taste, I imagine! The Gothic castles with walls of ten feet thick, in which our ancestors shielded themselves on rocky peaks against storm and tempest, must have ceased to exist when our forefathers settled in cities where all necessity for that style of architecture ceased. With the lighter and more spacious rooms of these more modern buildings arose a necessity for ornament which was already to be found in Italy, favoured by its ever-clear heaven and long civilisation. We, therefore, introduced whatever pleased us, and it was only here that, owing to our climate and its requirements, certain limits arose to which we must submit.

“To me such a building, and precisely such a one as the Morani Palace, appears a history of our civilisation written in the pleasantly entwined language of these mingled ideas.”

“You remind me,” said the Princess, “how after my return from Italy, I was surprised at the sight of this palace, although I had resided in it from my childhood, and was become accustomed to its peculiarities. My eye was now sharpened by this odd mixture, and I often amused myself with discovering the beautiful types which were swallowed up in this trash of preposterous conceptions. But do you know that I have scarcely now a secure claim to it? The noble Count von Kaunitz, to whose gracious intercession I owe my pension from the Empress, felt clearly that this pension would not suffice to keep up the palace. He, therefore, told me, that as the Empress desired to preserve this beautiful house as an ornament to Vienna, and as I, being a woman, could not understand much about building affairs, she had commanded her society of architects to take it under their inspection. And, in consequence of this, at various times, workmen of all descriptions have been seen here working and hammering away to preserve the whole in a habitable condition.”

“Now,” said the Count, smiling, “when the Empress hears my claim upon the proprietress, she will not, I imagine, be disinclined to acknowledge me also as a building-connoisseur.”

“Oh, Count! of what do you remind me?” cried the Princess; “how shall I support the unbearable excitement which the news of our union will occasion?”

“Accept my former proposal, and retire to the castle of Tein, where you can remain in the undisturbed

urbed quiet of the country during the first announcement of our engagement."

"Do so!" said George Prey; "and, in order to remove any possible scruple which you may have regarding the propriety of such a step, I will offer myself as your companion; for I have, precisely to-day, received permission from my reverend superiors to retire from my post as instructor, in order to devote myself uninterruptedly to the study of documents yet to be collected."

The Princess heard this proposal with sincere pleasure. She desired to withdraw herself from the first astonishment, and yet feared that, by choosing the castle of the Count as her country residence, she should be taking an improper step which might expose her to slander.

"This will be still less the case," pursued the Count, persuasively, "if all the world sees me at court, which my present position requires. Nevertheless, we must not omit to gain the approval of the Empress, and then every one will be immediately of the same opinion. Only permit me to guide you in this one most important step, and you shall be exempt from all else."

The Princess consented to confide all to the Empress, and the Count now besought that he might lay before her a more minute account of his situation, as some singular circumstances had arisen, with which, although exercising no exact influence, his beloved bride should be made acquainted.

The sun having meanwhile withdrawn from the garden, and a gentle east wind cooled the air, the

little company left the dining-hall, and descended into the garden, the gentle declivity of which was terminated by a parapet, and over this one looked down upon the broad, well-filled moat. On the opposite side were seen fields, meadows, and small dwellings, lying pleasantly among fruit-trees and low willow-bushes.

In a shady part of the garden was a sort of temple-balcony, built out from the parapet, which the deceased Prince had used as a place for angling. It was still a resort of his daughter's, and old Bernhard did not fail carefully to clean it, to adorn it with blooming plants, to preserve with forethought the old brocade cushions which covered the marble seats, and only to lay them out when the Princess herself was expected there. The party who now slowly wandered towards this favourite seat, found old Bernhard already awaiting them with excellent, odorous coffee.

They took their places, and when Bernhard was dismissed, the Count related to his attentive auditors the extraordinary claims of Mr. Thomas Thyrnau and his accompanying threat.

This intelligence affected the Princess far less than we may, perhaps, deem consistent with her scrupulous and anxious character. But whoever will reflect upon the age in which the Princess had been educated, and still lived, will understand that the marriage of Count Lacy with the grand-daughter of advocate Thyrnau appeared so utterly impossible that she could scarcely regard it as worthy of consideration. She did not even refer to this circum-

stance in her conversation, but only expressed her astonishment at the singularity of a man such as Thomas Thyrnau, whose worth was already known to her through the Count.

Their discourse was suddenly interrupted by a song of three voices, which was heard slowly approaching from the water-side. They soon heard that these were children's voices, which, without having been cultivated, still sang correctly. And yet there lay a magic in the song! The youthful power of the tones, softened by no art, and rushing forth like the warblings of the nightingale, seemed scarcely satisfied with the whole outpouring of its melody, and the youthful joyousness which lay in it held the listeners entranced! It was one of the peculiar Austrian popular songs, a union of jesting *saïveté* and [sentimental gravity. The refrain was always,—

“ Ask only the cuckoo, he'll tell thee thy luck !”

The Princess, smiling, beat time to the song with her fan ; but when it echoed from beneath the balcony, she rose quickly, and her whole countenance lit up as she gazed down towards the waters.

“ May we? May we?” resounded from below.

“ Oh, yes! Come up quickly!” cried the Princess ; whilst Lacy stood already at her side, and gazed with astonishment at the group seated in a small boat, which seemed so small and frail, so unsteady and unsafe, that he perfectly understood the anxious face of good Claudia, who, half-scolding,

half-warning, watched with uneasiness the landing of the little party.

They were three children of different ages—boy, and a younger and an elder girl. The little girl was first lifted out, and then a dispute arose between the two who remained behind, who might have been about the same age, but the girl seemed to consider herself the elder, and desired that the boy should go first—which was the easiest—she, meanwhile, would hold the boat firm with the oar. But with his whole boyish impetuosity he set her at defiance, and, after a short struggle for the oar, which they both held, the boy suddenly let go his hold, and, whilst the girl reeled back, he at the same moment, with strength and skill, flung his arm round her, and, in spite of the loud cry which burst from her lips, made a fortunate leap with her to the first step of the marble-stairs which led to the balcony.

“Thou wilt kill her!” shrieked the little one.
“I will tell Mrs. Barbara how shamefully thou behavest towards poor Magda; she will be very angry!”

“Children have nothing to do with it!” cried the boy, looking joyfully and triumphantly around him. “No harm has happened to her, and she shall soon see what my arms can accomplish.”

“Be polite!” cried Magda, the eldest. “It is all well now! But in future Mr. Egon will not forget with whom he has to deal.”

“With a girl!” cried the boy, laughing, “who certainly will not be stronger than I am.”

All laughed like children who are soon satisfied with their wit, then flew up the steps towards the Princess. The girls stood beaming with joy, and curtesying before the Princess, whilst the boy, holding one foot in his hand, hopped about on the other for pleasure.

The Count could now observe the group on level ground, and his astonishment was great on more than one account. The children appeared to be of the lowest class. Their apparel was mean, although that of the eldest girl seemed the costume of the citizen-class. But, on the contrary, what wealth Nature had showered down upon them! The little girl might be about ten years old. She was of a very delicate and slender form, and her angelic countenance had that traitorous delicacy of colouring which announces the seeds of physical weakness. But who could think of future danger when gazing at her countenance? This white brow, over which meander the blue veins; the transparent, delicate nose joining the brow with plastic sharpness; this angelic mouth, so full and red; the dimples in chin and cheeks, almost concealed by the thick, bright golden locks, which were unconfined by a small red cloth cap placed upon them. But beautiful beyond all were her blue eyes, with their large black pupils, and their round, full form, and laughing glance! Her skirt was short, of black and grey woollen, such as poor people are accustomed to spin and weave for themselves; her boddice was of coarse, blue cloth, but she had no jacket; a chemise, white, but coarse, was fastened round her throat, the sleeves turned up

above the elbow. Coarse blue stockings, and heavy shoes, with thick soles, completed her costume which one felt, at the same time, was her best armor for it was neither worn nor soiled. The child was clean, even to the blackened soles of the heavy shoes!

One immediately perceived that the boy was his brother. The likeness was striking; he also was fair, but his was the colouring of health which people acquire in the open air, and his sun-burnt face contrasted still more remarkably with the dazzlingly white and powerful throat, which his open shirt-collar revealed. He had not, like his sister, a high, calm brow; in fact his peculiarity consisted in a strongly-formed forehead, but low one which seemed to press upon his glowing blue eyes. It was this precisely which gave him something unusual—something mysterious. It was this peculiarity by which through many generations the members of a family might be recognised. Laska also questioned himself where he had seen these features? The boy wore a short pair of breeches and a little jacket of the same woollen cloth as his sister; his stockings also were of blue worsted, and his shoes thick, and made for wear. He also wore without the most trifling ornament; he had no buckles at his knees, or on his shoes, not even bright buttons, which at that time the very poorest person rarely failed to possess. These children derived no advantage from dress, and yet the beauty was all the more striking!

It was the same with the elder of the girls. She

was older than her companions, and in the first bloom of maiden beauty, but strangely muffled up in an almost Puritanical dress. She wore a large, stiff cambric cap, with large quilled borders reaching almost to the throat. Out of this bulwark looked forth an enchanting, dark-complexioned countenance, surrounded by a braid of bright raven-black hair, the luxuriance of which occasioned the large, swelled-out cap crown, through which one saw richly entwined plaits of hair. Her whole face, from brow to chin, as if chiselled, had the oval form, the beauty of which the antiques have taught us; all the features were delicate and regular; the nose especially was straight and perfectly beautiful; the lips alone seemed almost too firmly compressed, and the corners of the month were rather drawn down. One only understood this firm mouth, when one saw the deeply set, grave brown eyes, which, with an intelligent and feeling glance, seemed to announce an uncommon character. Her dress was of black serge; it was tolerably long, and laid in stiff plaits; the bodice appeared too wide for the slender form, and over the finely rounded bust a clean white handkerchief of stiffened linen was firmly pinned. The sleeves reached to the hands, which, although brown and accustomed to labour, were beautiful, small and with taper fingers.

“But,” cried the good Princess, extending her hand to be reverently kissed by the three, “you are again come in that frail boat! Were you not afraid of being scolded?”

“It is not frail!” cried the boy. “You only

think so because you don't understand it. My father Guntram would not lend it us if it were not safe!"

"And that you should not scold us," cried Hedwiga, the younger girl, gently pressing her lit head against the Princess, "we sang! Was it not that beautiful?"

The Princess smiled in such a conciliatory manner, that it was impossible to doubt the perfect good understanding which existed between them; but turning from Hedwiga, she perceived with some astonishment that Magda stood, as if rooted to the ground, staring at the Count von Lacy with her grave, dark eyes, whilst a mysterious expression of inquiry, terror, and bewilderment, raised and set her quivering eyelids.

"Magda! Magda!" cried the Princess twice before the girl heard her. Then she started with terror, glanced quickly round the circle, turned away, and attempted to run down the steps which led to the water.

But Egon threw himself before her, the Princess and Hedwiga called after her, and, as if returning to consciousness, one saw—although she still stood with her back towards the party—that she drew herself up, as if taking breath; turned quickly round on her heel, and once more gazed at Count von Lacy, and then a deep blush suffused her face; she looked towards the earth, and her struggling bosom revealed a violent inward agitation.

Compassionately, although with a little astonishment, the Princess stood before her, and softly raised her

lovely face, over which played a chaos of varied feelings. "Thou hast, doubtless, something to ask from me for the Lady Abbess," said she kindly, and throwing her arm round her, she conducted the trembling girl into the shade of the near shrubbery.

Meanwhile the Count was not less surprised by this little occurrence; his eyes followed the two, and, seeing from behind this owl-like dress of the young girl, he exclaimed aloud, "Who would look for that angelic countenance in this mad mummer?"

But George Prey, who was zealously economical of time, had brought forth a small book and a silver pencil, for it seemed to him that he was quite a supernumerary here. Thus the Count found himself alone with his exclamation and the two children, whom he quickly approached, for they all appeared to him charming beings. The boy leaned back against the parapet of the balcony, and cut strokes with a willow-branch in the air. His expression was gloomy and full of defiance, and his eyes were riveted upon the shrubbery where his young companion had just vanished with the Princess. Hedwiga had bent down beside him and tried to gather a spray of white convolvulus through the balustrades.

"Art thou, then, an old acquaintance of the Princess Morani?" the Count asked the boy, at the same time playfully pulling Hedwiga's thick curls.

The boy looked up towards the Count, so wildly and full of defiance, as if he would not answer.

"Long enough!" said he, after a short pause, in a rough and ill-humoured tone, tossing his head at the same time.

The Count smiled. He stooped and assisted

Hedwiga in drawing in the spray. The little girl clapped her hands with joy when he gave her the gathered flower, and then seating himself he drew the little one towards him.

"Tell me, Hedwiga, hast thou any parents? Where dost thou live?"

"Beside the ramparts," cried Hedwiga, "with Mrs. Bábili, the convent dairywoman, she who has the cows. We have Mora, but not our mother."

"But Egon is thy brother, is he not?" pursued the Count.

"Come, Hedwiga!" cried the boy, starting up, "we will return home!"

"Without Magda?" asked the little one terrified, and seized the Count's arm. "Thou wilt not go without Magda?"

"Yes! yes!" and he stared with sparkling eyes towards the shrubbery. "Magda is quite foolish—I have done nothing to her—no! no! I have not pinched her once—and there she runs away, and is so angry with us!"

"Magda was not angry;" said Lacy, soothingly, "she will return immediately."

"Then why did she stare so at you?" broke forth the boy; "what have you to do with her? Why was she so terrified at you?"

The Count looked with astonishment at the impetuous boy, who suddenly betrayed his inward feelings, and perhaps more than he was himself aware of, and who, with the quick-sightedness of his childish love of Magda, was jealous of the look she had bestowed upon the Count.

"Thou art a tyrannical fellow!" said the Count,

laughing. "It would do thee good to come under severe discipline! Hast thou a master, or what dost thou do? Thou art yet wanting in manners!"

The boy looked up with his gloomy eyes, perhaps again to return an answer of defiance. But there lay in the Count's exterior an air of mingled severity and kindness which suppressed all arrogance. He therefore merely turned half away, and looked silently at his sister.

"Oh, do speak!" said Hedwiga. "We live with Mora, and Egon learns reading from the bailiff of the convent; and then we help Mora to card wool; and Guntram, the armourer, teaches him how to forge weapons, and then they fence with the swords which Guntram has made."

"Indeed!" said the Count, and gazed down into the heavenly eyes of the child, whose angelic glance had quite fascinated him. He now fancied that he understood all—this helpless poverty of the children which the Princess was unable to relieve—and yet on whom, attracted by their beauty, she had bestowed her love. He quickly thought of some means by which he could assist her; he glanced again at the daring boy, and their eyes met. His handsome, attractive countenance was become calm; this mysterious brow excited the Count's attention, and he felt impelled to investigate it. There lay so much strength and power in this boy, and his experienced glance recognised the true spirit of the youth! He chose his words—to win an answer from him seemed to be the most important thing.

“Then thou dost love to forge weapons?” said he kindly.

“Yes, sir!” returned the boy, “but I love much more to fight with them than to forge them!”

“Thou art wise!” said the Count, laughing. “But thou wilt not do much of that in thy profession! Art thou apprenticed to Master Guntram?”

“Apprenticed?” cried the boy, with astonishment. “What are you thinking about? No, I visit him, and learn many things from him, and when he rests from his work we fence.”

“Wilt thou not then learn something useful? Thou art old enough! Hast thou no male relations?”

“That is the very thing. Mora will hear about nothing of the kind,” returned the boy, becoming even more interested. “If she were a man, she would before now have had me taught the military exercise, so that I might be ready when the Prussian and French gentlemen come again. That would be something!”

“I am Count Lacy—wilt thou enter my service?” said he, suddenly decided.

“Your service?” asked the boy, quite astonished. “I do not serve any one,” added he firmly.

“Well! thou art an extraordinary fellow!” cried Lacy, almost unpleasantly surprised.

“But,” interrupted the boy, “I will ask Mora if I may serve a count.”

“Do so!” returned Lacy, “learn whether thy exalted person may condescend so far.”

The boy felt the mockery, and became crimson.

The Princess now shewed herself with Magda ; he perceived her sooner than the Count, and at the same moment seemed to forget every thing else.

Magda had exchanged her brown complexion for crimson cheeks. The eyelashes glittered with scarcely dried tears, and the lovely peculiarity of these long eyes—the quivering of the half-closed lids, as of little flashes of lightning darted forth—was still more remarkable after traces of tears.

She went up to Egon, laid her hand upon his arm and said, “Egon, wilt thou return home immediately with me? I—I have something to attend to.”

The Count listened to each word spoken by this little mystery. The voice was painfully stifled, but of such melody that he felt every word ring. He approached her, and said, “My dear girl, thou hast an insolent young friend! Wilt not thou try to make him friendly towards me! Thou hast certainly more power over him than any one else?”

The girl at Lacy’s words again became a statue. Then hastily shaking her head, said, “No!—no! I have no power over him! He is silly—not insolent: one can easily fall out with him.”

The Princess approached.

“Go now, dear children,” said she. They looked round for Hedwiga. She sat beside George Prey, and her liveliness had even disturbed this shut-up dreamer. He shewed her the title-page of the little book he had been reading, which presented, in gilding and gay colours, a beautiful coat-of-arms and large letters. Delighted at each ex-

planation, she gazed up at him, and he, astonished, looked into her blue eyes, his petrified features beaming smooth and soft with pleasure. He carefully held the spray of convolvulus which she had given him to hold, and supported her, so that she could look comfortably at the book.

Lacy and the Princess exchanged looks when they perceived these two. George coloured to the temples when he thus found himself observed, and wished to lift Hedwiga to the ground, when the child, hearing that she must leave, threw her arms round his neck, and pressed a kiss upon his brow.

George Prey started back as though he had received a sting. But Hedwiga continued heartily to thank him, and asked whether he were always there, said she should soon come again, and a many more such childish things, smiling so sweetly at the same time, that George Prey forgot all, and, nodding his head, replied, "Only come, I shall be here."

She now ran to the Princess, who dismissed her with the other children. But as the little crazy boat sailed away, Egon was the only active one. Magda sat immovable and silent, her back turned towards the balcony: she held Hedwiga firmly before her. In vain did the child beseech her companions to sing; the little party remained silent, and soon vanished from the sight of the spectators.

It seemed as though the eye must first be satisfied; for both Lacy and the Princess remained silent until the little boat had disappeared. Then the Count first asked, "In the name of Heaven,

dear Claudia! where have you found these fairy children? The elves have stolen them from some royal cradle, and have given them to a poor man. Have you ever seen greater beauty, nay, more, a greater intellectual charm? The brown girl, and Hedwiga, this little angel!—and Egon—he treated me as if he were my equal; and he could challenge me!—but what a fine fellow he is! Where have you found these children of the gods?”

“This pleases me!” cried Claudia; “I expected this impression. Equally great was my surprise when I first saw them. They came singing past here in the boat, and whilst looking up at me they lost the direction of the boat, and struck against the steps. I was the only help at hand, and hastened down. Magda in a moment handed Hedwiga out to me, while Egon sought to keep the boat upright. I called Bernhard to their assistance, and made them land. When I saw them before me my astonishment was as great as yours; I was enchanted, and tormented them with questions, which, however, were to little purpose. They are no fairy children; the cradle of the poor man has been enriched by Nature with these gifts. They all live within the circuit of the Ursuline farm; Magda with an aunt, whom she calls Mrs. Barbara; the children call their protectress Mora, probably a childish pronunciation of some other name. Whether Magda is poor I know not, but the brother and sister are so without doubt; but I did not inquire any further—I did not wish to hear of poverty which I could not relieve,” added she, pen-

sively. "But our friendship has been decided since that time, and they often come singing past in their boat; then there is a deal of joy among us, for they are as well-mannered as they are beautiful, and, spite of all their *naïve* ignorance of our forms, they are entirely free from vulgarity."

The Count was silent, for he could ask no more; his thoughts were busied with the past occurrence, and he still wished to ask a question; but a reluctance, unaccountable to himself, restrained him. But suddenly embarrassed by his absence of mind, he glanced from the ground to the Princess, and she, either guessing his thoughts, or driven by the same sentiment, said, "And to-day this strange behaviour of Magda! You certainly observed the strange emotion your appearance excited in her; but I have not learned the cause. She was so embarrassed that she wept, and so decided as she usually is. I could get no reasonable answer from her."

"That is not very flattering for me," said Lacy, colouring; "if my appearance was so terrific, I must form a very bad opinion of my person."

"That was not the reason; and she said several times, 'You were always alone before, and I do not know why I know him, and why he looks like an old acquaintance.' But I soon ceased questioning her, and sought to stop her tears by shewing her flowers which she loves. But still she besought me to let her go—she felt so ashamed. Do you remember having seen her before?" asked the Princess, turning to the Count. .

"No! no! never!" returned the Lacy. "I certainly never saw her before, for one could not forget her if one had ever seen her. I think she is wonderfully beautiful, and yet her complexion is so uncommonly dark."

"But then her dark eyes and hair explain this sufficiently," pursued the Princess; "she is one of Italy's beauties, which we northern people are at first unable to comprehend, because the charm of colour is wanting, which, however, we, by degrees, learn to discover in this brown complexion. How pure is the shape of her face, and, especially, of her antequely formed nose. Hedwiga, on the contrary, is of completely northern blood—this splendour of complexion—these golden locks and large blue eyes!"

"That their enchantment is great," returned the Count, "we saw in George Prey. Confess it, reverend sir, that little angel's face will intrude itself among your pious meditations! And then the kiss—the kiss! You must go and confess, and be commanded to do penance for it!"

George Prey smiled at the good-humoured joke, and then said, "I have not made woman, with her oft-praised beauty, an object of my meditations; but if such eyes were not among the temptations of St. Anthony, he could soon conquer! Hers was a head for a painting of the marriage of St. Catherine that is not often to be met with."

Full of merriment at the especial admiration of the reverend gentleman, they left the garden, and separated for that evening.

CHAPTER VI.

HOWEVER firmly Count Lacy believed in his liberty and independence, still the anxiety which he felt about his situation was ever present, and was caused especially by his fear of meeting with some fantastic plan of Thomas Thyrnau's, in which he had involved the old Count von Lacy, and which, although impracticable, had yet not appeared so to them. Every opposition might, therefore, cause unpleasant excitement, and become an offence, which, with reference to his friend and the memory of his uncle, appeared infinitely painful to him. It would have been the most agreeable to him to have complied with the old man's demand, and betake himself to Tein; but he could not leave Vienna at the very moment when the Empress had unquestionably commanded his presence; and therefore he determined to write an exact statement of affairs to Thomas Thyrnau as he had again received a letter from him.

“Why do you continue to withdraw yourself from me?” ran a portion of this letter. “These are false measures which can in nowise assist you, and spoil

my temper. You must now come here; the opening of the will, and the fulfilment of the conditions contained therein, may no longer be delayed. But, before this takes place, I have important things to communicate to you; and yet, spite of my summons, you oppose me, as if you were threatened with an insult.

“This is not the spirit which your venerable uncle hoped to find in you; and I cannot, thinking and acting in his spirit, be satisfied with it.” Then again came affairs relating to the stewardship; afterwards he says, “As long as I was your guardian, all was quite right; I could and must stand in your place; but, now that you have been so long of age, and every one knows it, I will no longer meet with doubtful fears, which only half acknowledge my right. Thomas Thyrnau does not hold it necessary to give assurance of his truthfulness.”

Although the Count was accustomed to the rough and almost commanding tone of Thomas Thyrnau's letters, and bore it with a certain calmness, yet it excited in him the proudest opposition when employed on those subjects which he considered an undoubted attack upon his liberty. He paced the room with rapid steps, struggling against the ill-humour which he felt so strongly excited within him; and it again appeared to him a pressing necessity this journey to Tein, in order, by his personal appearance, to assure the spoilt old man that it was no longer the youth of eighteen with whom he had to deal. He also hoped by the forbearing, and yet at the same time decided manner in which he had

declined every attempt at interference in his private affairs, and also by explaining his present engagements, to prevent further persecution from this presuming old gentleman. Having, therefore, recognised this as the most necessary thing to be done, it occurred to him to explain his peculiar situation to the Count von Kaunitz, who had shewn him such distinguished kindness, with the hope that the Count would procure him an earlier audience with the Empress, or permission for a short absence.

Having thus far come to a conclusion, he was surprised by the entrance of Baron von Pölten, which was as beneficial as ever; for, spite of the Baron's youthful levity, he knew what an honest and faithful character his was.

"I come from your bride, my dear fellow!" cried he, "and bring you greetings. Take care! I begin to understand your insanity, and shall perhaps myself fall in love with this beauty of the mind, during those hours when you are absent!"

The Count laughed. "You confine your praise within such safe limits, that, in truth, no doubt remains in my mind, how far you grant her the right of her sex—I mean beauty—and, therefore, I consider you but little dangerous; for without the zone of Venus, no woman will be dangerous to you."

"That is true, Lacy! and, you know, I almost hated you when I heard of this mad engagement. Yes, when I do not see the Princess, it always seems to me better to carry you off; to kill you in a duel, or persuade Kaunitz that you had betrayed the country, and thus get you sent for ten years to the

fortress ; for some time or other you must run away from her, and then you will have to bear the blame. Now, all would have to be set down to your mad friend, whose list of sins is already so great, that it does not much matter if others are added."

"Oh!" said the Count, "the shortest way would be for you to betray me to my former presuming guardian, and to bring him and his grand-daughter to me. Look, my friend, here is another specimen of the old gentleman's eloquence; *must* comes in every line; and, if I were only eight years old, and did not attend the school to which he wished to send me, I could scarcely be more severely spoken to!"

With shakes of the head the Baron read the letter of the old gentleman, and then said with more gravity than was his wont, "Old men always forget that the children whom they have brought up become at length men. They desire this, but overlook it when the time arrives, and pursue their course just as if that were not yet arrived, which, in fact, only awaits their recognition."

"It is from this, that so many unhappy differences arise between youth and age," pursued the Count. "A necessary separation from the young, maturing mind, must free itself of that yoke which prevents its individual developement. How beautifully a reverend confidence in age might assist in cherishing the yet scarcely developed germ! The burning desire, for example, which the youth experiences to become a man, and which makes him so excitable, so wild, so eccentric, and which causes power so often to be mistaken for rudeness, liberty

for wildness; how easily might it be led in the right path, were he early met by an honouring and acknowledging confidence which promised his hopes' fulfilment! How many a folly would he give up, did he find his right acknowledged to this dearly-obtained possession! Such a man was my uncle! but, such a man is not Thomas Thyrnau!"

"Shake him from you!" cried the Baron. "His manner becomes ever more unbearable!" The Count told him what he had determined upon, and asked for his advice.

"Do not hope to be released," returned Pölten. "If the Empress have once fixed her eye upon any one, he must stay. And this is only reasonable, for she has many schemes in her head, and she, as well as her great minister, are only enabled to accomplish so much, through possessing the power to recognise the most needful, that which must first take place, and never permit anything to remove it from the circuit of their activity. When your turn comes, you will be listened to, but not earlier, or later; believe me that you must wait, in order that the Empress, not you, lose not a moment of time."

"I fear it is so!" said the Count. "But it brings for me undeniable embarrassments with it, and makes my connexion with the old despot ever worse."

"Do you think," said the Baron, "that it would assist you if I were to go to Tein? Perhaps I might bring the old man to reason; perhaps it might be of use to you to hear from me how things stand there. Besides, I wanted to go to Prague; I can easily obtain permission of leave, for Count Nadast

does not collect his cavalry regiment before autumn, and all the officers have leave 'of absence.'"

Both friends were much excited by this thought. It seemed to promise much good, and appeared, at least, a kind of mediating step. Before they separated, the Baron's journey was determined upon. The Count begged him to take a view of his palace in Prague, and wished him, without naming the one who was going there, to command every thing to be set in order.

CHAPTER VII.

The illustrious house of Habsburg had sought to make known its great character of piety by yielding up a vast space within the capital of its realm to religious communities of the most varied denominations, and by endowing these possessions, which were dispersed in various parts of Vienna, with all kinds of privileges, which raised this class above every other one. Between one busy part of the city and another were seen these far-stretching cloister settlements, their vast possessions protected by secure walls, and, although within the most active industry was exercised, still, from their separation from the street, they destroyed somewhat the appearance of population and animation one expects to meet in a capital city. In later years, from increasing wants, and the trading spirit of these spiritual corporations, the land belonging to these convents and monasteries was found more profitable when employed for building upon. A wall was raised within the enclosure which surrounded the religious houses, itself, the church, garden, and the necessary offices, and then arose in the space lying between the

walls, larger and smaller dwellings, which, with their gardens, paid very good interest; and as the opening of the outer convent-gate was occasioned by this change, by degrees these possessions also assumed the character of city life. In proportion to the wealth of these estates were the dwellings in the outer courts more or less respectable. But they were generally sought by the indigent, as, in general, the rents were low, and small articles of trade found a ready sale, either in the convent itself, or among its numerous visitors; for scarcely a single convent was without its peculiar festival of a saint, or did not possess miraculous pictures or relics. These buildings were named after the religious house to which they belonged: for example, the Capuchine, Benedictine, or Jesuits' Courts; and it is precisely into such a court—the Ursuline Court—that our story leads us.

The Ursuline foundation was not rich, but the land belonging to the convent, and lying near the walls, was extensive; and after the pious women had retained a considerable portion for themselves, there yet remained for their financial speculations a large space merely occupied by small booths, the dwellings of artisans, and the row of stalls, upon which during festival-days—no rare occurrences—might be found a variety of small wares brought thither by the artificers and shop-keepers of the neighbouring quarter, and which were eagerly bought by the country people returning from the convent.

Separated by a well-clipped hedge, the dwelling of the dairy-woman or farmeress of the convent adjoined this row of cottages. The house was built of

stone and provided with a steep slated roof, beneath which lay the granary. The orchard lay in front, and the cow-sheds were beneath the same roof as the house, as was the dairy also, in which the dairy-wife, a Swiss, made celebrated butter and cream-cheese for the pious ladies, and sold it also at certain places in the city. An annual cheese of sweet cream and of peculiar preparation was one of the wonders which formed a subject of thought and gossip for the whole year. This particular cheese, which could only be made in August, was, after permission had been asked and received, sent to the gracious Empress herself, and always in connexion with some new device of the good, childlike nuns, who, with thorough South-German humour, veiled this gift under all kinds of disguises and concealment, in which small and gracefully woven baskets, finely embroidered cloths, and always the splendid flowers from the convent-garden, played the principal part. One or two of the handsomest children from the convent-school were chosen to present it. They were generally transformed into angels, and introduced the present with some verses, either borrowed from their hymn-books, or perhaps proceeding from the head of some gifted sister.

The Empress never failed to receive most graciously the gift herself; and what she then said and did, and what she wore, and where she was, was so repeated over and over again, and at last so metamorphosed that people even fancied they had witnessed miracles, which belief was considerably assisted by the children's fantastic dress. Besides

which the whole neighbourhood enjoyed a highly edifying after-piece; for soon after the reception of this present from the convent, the Empress remembered that the Abbess had been one of her childish playfellows, and upon a festival which was shortly after celebrated did the Empress appear with her ladies following in several carriages; held her devotion there, partook of a small collation with the Abbess, and left behind her a considerable present in the poor-box. Never did Mrs. Bábili Oberhofer, the dairy-wife, in her rich Bern costume, fail to shew herself in the interior court, behind the nuns; and the Empress, who immediately recognised among the dark forms the good woman in her gay and bright-coloured dress, smiled each time with a graceful movement of the head, saying, "Ah! Mrs. Oberhofer! the cheese tasted excellently—no one can make it so good as my good Swiss friend!" After these words several gold pieces fell to the ground, at the very moment that Mrs. Oberhofer, beaming with joy, stooped down to kiss the hem of her majesty's train!

When Mrs. Bábili after such a scene returned with glowing cheeks and her countenance beaming with delight and joy, but with cast-down eyes, as though she could see nothing more, yet, when she re-entered the outer court, she seemed in the eyes of her neighbours to have become such an important personage, that the group of people who awaited at the closed gates the Empress's return respectfully made way for her—each one knew that now the words of the Empress rested upon her, and her lips had touched the train!

She proceeded slowly, and as if borne along by her elevation through the rows of people, but no one could read pride or arrogance in her pretty, smooth face. Only a physiognomist would have perceived that she turned out more than usual her stout feet in their blue and red knitted stockings, and bright leathern shoes with silver buckles, and thus gave behind to her short and wide fine red woollen petticoat, a certain arrogant swing, which betrayed a self-satisfied mood conscious of the space granted to its flights. No one accosted her on the way towards the outer gate, where she took her place near the corner-stone in order once more with low courtesies to present herself before the departing Empress; but did one of her acquaintance, overpowered by curiosity, venture to do this, Mrs. Oberhofer would say, like the Empress herself waving her back with the hand. "Not now, my good neighbour, her imperial majesty is still within our walls."

But scarcely had the last sound of the wheels vanished, before all crowded round the highly favoured one—and then it was no longer "my good neighbour," but "Drückchen, if you had only seen her! Stinchen, such things you will never hear!" and, accompanied by the whole party, she would now go under the lime-trees, and to the set-out stalls, which she examined with searching glances, relating again what had happened to her, and throwing the good trades-people into despair who would thrust themselves half out of their booths to induce Mrs. Oberhofer to enter, for, in the first place, they were aware that this day gold pieces chinked in her pocket, and, secondly, that this day never passed

over without Mrs. Oberhofer's buying for her well-selected toilet something in memory of her imperial majesty, as she herself used to say.

Mrs. Bábili Oberhofer could not fail through this annually repeated scene to attain considerable consideration in this little colony of the Ursuline Court, especially as they must also acknowledge the cause of her distinguished honour. Besides it was not difficult to stand on a good footing with Mrs. Bábili, as she was commonly called, for her strong and decided self-respect was without any petty conceit or odious suspicion. She harmlessly assumed that general precedence was her due, and from this calm position she felt a pious compassion for those around her, and, summoned or not, she distributed counsel and assistance.

Thus Mrs. Bábili's rosy face and her clear voice were an agreeable sight and sound for the whole convent-court, and people overlooked her hasty and imperious manner when anything opposed her wishes, for her words, "the poor fools haven't the understanding," rarely were unaccompanied by active assistance, which better explained her meaning. But when the summer evening came Mrs. Bábili beneath the lime-trees never thought of disputing for precedence. There was assembled the whole colony, old and young, children and hoary-headed men; and in every corner was heard a fiddle or fife calling to the dance.

But here, also, Mrs. Bábili did not love to be overlooked. Her pretty, round form moved with activity and health, and, spite of her five-and-forty

years, with great lightness. Her clean dress, in the cut of which she still remained faithful to the fashion of her beloved country, made her, without doubt, even among the younger men, almost the pleasantest partner; and if the right one only came and drew her into the dance, the merry woman would shoot along like a top from its string, and every one stepped back out of her way, for he must stand on firm feet who could bear a powerful shock from Mrs. Bábili. This right one was a dweller in the little colony without the convent-gates, who in his quarter, as well as Mrs. Oberhofer, enjoyed almost as much consideration as she, and who, like her, besides his own individual character, found a strong argument in his superior circumstances. This was Master Guntram, the armourer, whose smoking forge, from the early morning, spoke of the busy workmen, who, beside the roaring bellows and the sparkling anvil, swung the hammer with vigorous hand.

Master Guntram was considered as a kind of wizard, for he was born with a lucky hand, his men declared. The iron, the fire, the hammer, and the file, all did what he desired; he had only to touch a thing, and it was already done! He laughed with pride at this belief, which often betrayed itself, and did nothing to allay it; whilst before their eyes he completed the coarsest and the most difficult, the finest and the most laborious work, with equal success. He was still unmarried, and yet he was considered about five-and-forty. "The forge left no room for wife and child," he was accustomed to

remark. "The armourer becomes at last a rough fellow, like iron and steel; he no longer knows how to behave towards women!" And at the same time he would laugh with his white teeth, and look forth so kindly with his small bright eyes from beneath his bushy eyebrows, that no one could think that he himself had become hardened by his labour.

This was the one with whom Mrs. Bábili most loved to dance, for he stood firmly on the ground, yet at the same time was light as a steel spring.

Mrs. Oberhofer did not dwell alone in her commodious house; it seemed too large for her, and from the time that she began to reign there had taken an old woman to lodge with her; she took possession of half the house, and her niece being a favourite of Mrs. Oberhofer's, they could not have wished for a better landlady.

This tenant, Mrs. Barbara Hülshofen, had a large apartment on the ground-floor, and above, on the second story, the same room, the windows of which looked over the wall and into the convent-garden, which, with its yew-hedges, stretched down to the moat. This farm-house had been called the Hospitium, when, instead of Ursuline nuns, Pramonstratentian monks had possession of the convent. Since nuns had inhabited it, the Hospitium had been separated by the wall, and given up to the dairy economy; and as behind the house the fat meadows lay which extended down to the moat and belonged to the cloisters, this situation was excellently adapted for the keeping of cattle, without further trouble to the venerable ladies.

The long narrow apartment where Mrs. Hüls-hofen dwelt, year after year, had two large and arched windows situated opposite each other; one looked into Mrs. Bábili's orchard, the other towards the meadows, with the far distance which stretched out beyond the moat; whilst nearer to the house stood a handsome stone fountain, in which rose the figure of St. Christopher. The splashing basin in which the saint stood, with the little springs that bubbled about his feet, was intended to represent the Red Sea; but the small, childish figure of our Saviour, with his crown of golden rays, seated on St. Christopher's shoulders, was a lovely representation; and this saint was, every morning the first thing, greeted by the inhabitants of the house with becoming devotion. Stone benches surrounded the fountain, and not far off stood a table of the same description, all remains of the former Hospitium of the convent. Here did the pilgrims first find rest and refreshment, for this place was cool even at hot noon, since the high convent-church threw upon it its broad shadow.

The other window afforded no view. Mrs. Bábili had covered it from top to bottom with a trellis of vine-leaves; and although it lay towards the south, and the sun sought to penetrate it, it only succeeded in illuminating with its rays this green leafy wall, and in casting a few flashing beams into the interior.

This apartment was the former refectory; it was narrow, but long, for it ran across the whole house; and it had two doors, which both led into the large

house-place, which now served the present inhabitant as both kitchen and dining-room. Between these two doors stood a large stove, below of iron, above a pyramid of gay Dutch tiles. In the middle of the room stood a long oak table, which answered every purpose to which a table may be employed ; and in the windows which looked towards the meadows stood an arm-chair, covered with dark plush ; before it the ever-humming wheel of old Mrs. Hüls-hofen. The walls were bare, and where not of oak, as near the windows, were covered with gay Dutch tiles. The ceiling was the usual beam-work of the earlier style of building ; it seemed black with age, and no one had ever ascended up to refresh it. The long wall opposite the stove and doors exhibited a strange and mingled variety of utensils for the small housekeeping. Originally, beneath a wooden back, had run a series of benches ; but these were now only to be seen here and there, and gradually from the benches had been raised shelves and cupboards, which partly exhibited the household utensils, partly were concealed by curtains.

It was the day on which Count von Lacy had betrothed himself, and the convent-bells had sounded vespers. The sun withdrew ever farther from the meadow-ground, and the cows had been already driven in. After the tumult which this occasioned, after the shouting of the girls and the lowing of the cows, an ever deeper quiet settled down ; for Mrs. Bábili loved alone to hear herself, and soon silenced every unnecessary noise. For some time the milk-pails still clattered, and there was heard the drawing

along of the benches to the supper-table. Mrs. Bábili now raised her voice and pronounced a short grace, at the end of which the girls and Adrian, the old Swiss servant whom she had brought along with her, joined in; and now followed a short silence, for the important moment had arrived in which the wearied servants partook of the excellent soup which their mistress, expert and just in all her actions, had prepared for them.

With quiet attention had Mrs. Barbara Hüls-hofen, whilst sitting in the window of her room, now becoming gloomy with the shades of evening, listened to these distant sounds, and followed the well-known course of household matters; but she seemed to be more occupied by her little wooden clock than by these observations, for she constantly glanced towards it, and her astonishment seemed to increase. Magda-her niece, however, did not return.

Her uneasiness increased when Mrs. Oberhofer, having calmed herself during the meal, and appearing seized with similar anxiety, suddenly opened the door of the room, and glancing on all sides, exclaimed, "Then she is not returned yet?"

"What can be the cause?" now cried Mrs. Barbara, hastily starting up. "Guntram lent the boat to the neighbours' children; surely no misfortune can have happened to them?"

"God forbid! Why a misfortune?" said Mrs. Bábili. "But one can easily learn that; I will go and hear whether the children are come home."

Quick as her thought she went out, whilst Mrs. Barbara entered the large house-place to ascend the

stairs which led to the two sleeping rooms above, where was a more extensive view over a portion of the moat, and as far as the end of the meadows; but all remained quiet and immovable, carefully as she watched. The sun had already set, and one only saw the crimson girdle stretched along the heaven, pointing out the place where he sank.

At the same moment arose the nuns' song from the near convent. Mrs. Barbara turned, and now observed the two large church-windows behind the choir illuminated by the tapers on the altar, whilst the evening heaven cast a ruddy glow upon the grey shafts, with their architectural ornaments. From the high window at which Mrs. Barbara stood, her view extended over the wall and between the yew-hedges into the nuns' flower-garden, where, gracefully, and as if measured by the compasses, its place was assigned to each individual plant, and all shewed themselves in such freshness and perfection, as if here all impediments to their growth and blossoming were powerless. At various spots were seen marble basins, from which arose a larger or smaller piece of sculpture, which either as a fountain permitted the water to fall below, or sent a considerable stream of water high into the air, which was again caught by shells held by other figures. Around these white marble basins the turf shone greenly, and as if interwoven with gold, and threw out the dark blue-green cypresses, which, carefully cut, and thick to the very ground, looked like nuns wrapped in their veils. These cypresses surrounded, at regular distances, each basin, forming, at the same time, backs to the

stone seats which gleamed whitely forth from their feet.

There was a strange calm spread over this little garden, from which ascended the most delicious fragrance. Even the birds were silent—yes, the very water seemed to fall noiselessly, and the ruddy evening lights, with which it was hedged in from without, increased within the freshness of its green. Had Mrs. Barbara known those graceful fables which tell us of enchanted gardens, tended and watched over by fairies, she would, perhaps, have been able to express the astonishment with which she now gazed at this often-admired garden.

This observation had for a moment led her from her uneasiness, and now it entirely vanished, for she recognised the form of her niece, Magda, who sat silent and immovable on one of the stone seats before a fountain, as if she would not disturb the reposing nature which surrounded her.

“Why did she not go to church?” murmured Barbara. Again she looked towards the girl, and now observed that Magda drew forth her white handkerchief from beneath her apron, and concealed her face in it, no doubt in a fit of weeping. “What is the matter then?” continued Barbara,—“what has happened to her?”

A noise must have been heard, for the nuns passed through the garden to supper in the refectory. Magda sprang away like a hunted roe, and in a moment vanished in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile Mrs. Oberhofer had gone out through

the garden-gate, and, to the right, wound along the garden, where a narrow path led between the hedge of her garden and the back of the church to a little hut, which was scarcely more than a mere shed. On the side of the entrance was seen no window, the clay walls had only a narrow wooden door. The hut on the other side also looked towards the meadows, but a half tumbled-down wooden fence divided it from Mrs. Bábili's district, thus leaving a certain space where formerly fire-wood had been piled up, which had, however, now been cleared away. This formed a small court-yard or garden, in which grass and a few flowers flourished extremely well. In the middle stood a lime-tree, spreading out her broad branches, resting them upon the mossy roof of the hut, so that it almost seemed to hide like a nest among the boughs. On this side there was only a small window, and a door which led to this court-yard, and this, as the sole distributor of light and air, stood almost always open.

The interior exhibited the greatest poverty, confined to the very first necessaries of life. The clay walls were as bare within as without; the little hearth, with the open chimney above, was the best place, but only one bench, formed of two logs of wood and a plank, stood before it. On a low shelf were a few jars and plates, beneath a small rickety table. Besides this furniture the room contained three beds of hay, with coverlids and pillows; one was placed behind a rough wooden screen. The floor was but little raised above the road, and consisted of clay trodden hard.

The greatest supply in the hut appeared to be carded wool, which hung from wooden pegs on the wall; a quantity of rough wool also lay heaped upon the floor, awaiting its turn.

Although such great poverty lay plainly before you, this room possessed an advantage seldom found with poverty,—it was remarkably clean, and healthy atmosphere met those who entered.

The fire was burning on the hearth, and a small bubbling kettle contained the hope of three hungry stomachs. But who could fail to think on the attendant of poverty, dejection, when seeing the elderly woman who sat upon the bench? Hedwiga knelt before her on a heap of wool, and, laughing and with animated gesture, related about their sojourn in the little boat.

The woman looked down upon the child with smiling countenance, whilst, with a ladle in one hand, she stirred the pot upon the fire, and never entirely lost sight of it.

“Mora, thou hast never seen Magda in such humour! She behaved like a little child!” were the concluding words of Hedwiga’s narration.

“That was owing to the gentlefolk,” returned Mora, smiling; “and they are also sufficient to make a person bashful.”

Egon now entered from the court-yard, when he had been cutting wood; he bore the load upon his head as lightly and gracefully as if it had been a crown of flowers.

“Here, Mora, thou hast a supply,” cried he “and only see how beautifully I have done it

One piece is like the other, and they are as smooth as if they had been planed. Now I shall see whether you will get splinters in your fingers again!"

"Good!" said Mora, "thou art a clever fellow!—thou dost deserve praise, and, I fancy, wilt not be angry that the soup is just ready."

"Come, Egon," cried Hedwiga, "help me to pile the wood together before we eat our soup!" And they both knelt down and laid the pieces so cleverly and neatly one over the other, that this structure seemed almost a modest ornament in this unadorned dwelling.

Meantime Mora had placed three plates upon the small table, and carefully distributed the coarse bread-soup, the contents of the pot, for the proper estimation of which a youthful appetite was necessary. When the children had completed their work, Mora pronounced a blessing, and they now joyfully busied themselves with their plates, which were emptied in a short time.

At this moment the door was flung open, and Bábili, without further preface, exclaimed, "But if you are here, where have you left Magda?"

All started up, and Hedwiga threw herself into good Mrs. Oberhofer's arms, who folded her within them, whilst, without waiting for an answer, she kept repeating, "Where have you left Magda?"

"Dost thou think, Bábili, that I can take care of that rude girl?" cried Egon, stepping forth. "She spoilt all our fun—we did not move a step: I have not seen the roe, nor Hedwiga the bird. And the Princess is not to blame, she would have

done just the same as ever; but Magda spoilt all! She has almost cried her eyes up—she would be off again directly—and she kept staring at the handsome young gentleman. Then she hurried away to the boat just as if we had been sent off; certainly I returned with her, but I will not speak again with her—I will not look at her again! She may look at her young gentleman if he pleases her so much!”

This angry speech was interrupted by a loud burst of laughter from Mrs. Bábili, who, seating herself, continued to clap her hands.

“Oh! only to think of the absurd young lad! The lad is jealous, as true as Heaven!—that little bit of a heart is all wild and mad!” cried Mrs. Bábili, without a pause, and in the best possible humour; and Mora laughed also, and said, “Yes, indeed, that would be a fine thing, to begin making love!”

Egon was ready to jump out of his skin for anger and shame. He glanced with wild eyes, now at Bábili, now at Mora, and paid no heed to Hedwiga, who, foreseeing the storm, clung terrified to him. With one spring he darted forward, and madly pressing Bábili’s two hands together, he shouted, “Do not laugh, Bábili—be silent, or I will strangle thee!”

“Almighty God!—holy Christopher! protect me!” cried Mrs. Bábili,—“the lad will do me an injury!”

But she had scarcely time for terror, for as quickly as he had seized upon her did he again leave go of her, and, with one leap, had left the house, and in a moment was across the yard, over

the fence, and in the cool meadow which lay before him. Mrs. Bábili, who was accustomed to much attention being paid to her various conditions, glanced after this hasty flight towards Mrs. Mora, hoping to receive her especial sympathy; but she perceived that this sympathy had taken another direction, for quickly, as was this active woman's wont, had she started up, and from the threshold followed with her eyes the fugitive, whose feelings she could well imagine.

The dairy-wife, therefore, made the best of the circumstances, and quietly recovered from her most insignificant fright. When she had learned from Hedwiga that Magda had taken leave of the children at the convent-gate, and was therefore in safety, she remembered that after supper was her gossiping hour, and, therefore, folding her arms, she said to Mora, who still followed the boy with her eyes, —

“Listen, neighbour! The lad grows above your head. Nay, my little woman! that will do no longer, his back grows too straight—there is no burden—no care upon it. What youth gains, age retains. Whenever folk have no power over lads, nature is too strong in their blood. You must seek a yoke elsewhere, and the hand which imposes it must be of the other sex.”

“Yes, yes!” returned Mora, still looking out, “that is easily said, Mrs. Bábili, but where—where is the situation suitable for that boy?”

“Holy Christopher, protect my roof!” cried Mrs. Bábili, and now expressed unlimited astonishment at Mora's answer, although she was accustomed to return similar answers on the same subject several

times every week, and always with the same result, without, however, the friendly understanding of the two neighbours being disturbed by them; for Mrs. Bábili was too much occupied with all the affairs of the convent-court to be able to devote her entire attention to any one affair in particular. But the preservation of this good understanding was more owing to Mrs. Mora having greater decision than Mrs. Bábili, and therefore the latter was accustomed to the free use of her speech, but beyond that was only forced to see how the bold Mrs. Mora managed things in her own way.

Besides Mrs. Mora was indebted in so unusual a degree to the good-natured dairy-wife, that even greater compliance would only have appeared natural. Mrs. Bábili, returning late from a visit one wet and stormy November evening, had heard in the dry moat before the outer wall of the convent-court the weeping voices of some children; approaching nearer, she had found a poor woman who sought to shield two children with her own body from the cold and rain; and the compassionate questions of the good-natured dairy-wife were followed by beseeching prayers from the unfortunate woman for protection and assistance. This woman was Mora, and the half-starved and frozen children were Egon and Hedwiga.

Scarcely had Mrs. Oberhofer by the light of her small dark-lantern perceived the pitiable condition of these helpless sufferers, than with tears she commended herself to her saints, and told Mora to follow with Egon whilst she took the pale little

angelic doll, as she called the little famished Hedwiga under her cloak, and without reflecting farther approached the farm, where the fire already pleasantly warmed the house-place, and now made the various vessels steam in which the ample evening meal awaited them.

Mrs. Bábili was soon able to awake sympathy for her foundlings in Mrs. Barbara also, and Magda was not in the habit of asking questions when any idea swayed her. She brought out linen and clothes, and Hedwiga soon lay wrapt up in some of Magda's linen and a red woollen petticoat of Mrs. Bábili's in the good woman's lap, and devoured a plate of soup, of which she had not tasted for a long time, whilst her beautiful little confiding eyes struggled with sleep, and her little head sought the soft pillow wherein an ever tenderer heart beat for her.

The boy, however, lay in the most violent fever, and his anxious prayers to save Mora and Hedwiga, to let him carry her, and his opposition to drink the warm tea, and to put on the dry clothes, because he wished to give all to Mora and Hedwiga, shewed how he had exerted himself until then to overcome their difficulties. Mrs. Bábili's eyes shed tears, and she cried ever and anon, "The brave little lad! The Lord sent me at the right hour!"

Not before the first violence of the fever had passed away, and when lying on soft hay wrapped up in coverlids, he was overpowered and quieted by sleep, and not before Hedwiga slept in Mrs. Bábili's own bed as calmly as if at home, would Mora accept assistance for herself. How much she stood

in need of it was soon seen, for she also had exerted her strength, and her feet were so cold that her clothes were torn. A humiliating but no longer unbearable feeling of hunger made itself felt so impetuously that the misery of the unfortunate ones was visible to all eyes. Dry clothes were also given to her, her feet were bathed and bandaged, and when her suffering was appeased, she sank overpowered with her head beside the boy on the soft couch of hay.

Much as Mrs. Oberhofer had had to do, still she found time to observe that her fellow-pilgrims were no natives of Austria. They spoke the dialect of another part of the country, and having once passed through Franconia she imagined they must be from thence.

"No doubt, pilgrims!" sighed she, "was it some vow to perform. Piety is a very good thing, but these saints neither spin nor plough, while they travel singing along the highway!" This was her motto, which according to her opinion cast a shadow upon the pious pilgrims.

Busy, methodical people are always an obstacle in balance in some way or other every distraction from their sphere of action, either by freeing the mind from the object, or by so dovetailing it in with the usual course of affairs that the established order is no longer disturbed. The care of this family was soon inserted among Mrs. Bábili's regular duties of the day, and it was almost with unwillingness that she at length consented to Mora's establishment of herself with the children in the little hut. Certainly it was not either Bábili's fault if all

ty did not disappear from it. But with the
ing powers of the industrious and healthy
, returned also her independent spirit, and she
hewed that she could work, and would support
children confided to her care by labour only.
e permitted presents of linen and clothes to
ven to the children, this must be done but sel-
sparingly, and in a prudent manner, otherwise
s sure to meet with her refusal. Mrs. Bábili
ong since discovered that her foundlings were
lgrims; but, at the same time, she had learned
ittle more. Mrs. Mora was not their mother.
e war! the war!" was the constant answer, and
much did not this convey to the imagination of
ood dairy-wife. The most romantic situations
h she might have heard described, would have
l room in her imagination. And, besides this,
; pressed by the inhabitants of the little colony
ve some account of her *protégés*, and feeling it
almost mortifying to be able to say so little
t them, gradually a little history of her own
tion had been drawn from her, which spoke of
misfortune of war, of murder, and conflagra-
and it was readily believed, agreeing as it did
the history of the time which had even then
ely passed over. Thus this oft-told tale at
th became the conviction of the good woman
elf, and after some time it would have been very
alt for her to discover how much was true, and
much had been added by herself. Mrs. Mora
r attempted to clear away this nonsense which
so often repeated in her presence; but with an

unspeakably comic expression in her good-natured countenance she would laugh a little and say,—

“ Yes! yes! whoever speaks German knows what war is!”

Every one considered this a confirmation, and the thing was still believed.

But various peculiarities were observed. Mora worked day and night for the maintenance of the children, but she remained as if imprisoned in her hut. Her nearest neighbours scarcely knew how Mora looked. All kinds of work, consisting of fine needle-work, of peculiarly fine wool-carding, of embroidered stocking-clocks, girdle-pockets, and slippers, passed through Mrs. Bábili's hands. She would never participate in the evening-meetings of the convent colony, still less permit the children to accompany Mrs. Bábili to them. She herself played with the children, taught them songs, and often romped so with them that Mrs. Bábili could hear the laughter as far off as the fountain, and then herself enlivened by it, would thrust her rosy face over the little hedge, thus occasioning a loud cry of joy, and not unfrequently herself would join the merry party. But that Mora could be also grave was most plainly seen when she paid her rare visits to Mrs. Hülshofen. But from all this resulted certain concessions which Bábili saw with pleasure, and ascribed to her own intercession; as well as the intercourse of Magda with the two poor children, Egon and Hedwiga. What Magda learned from the nuns she taught again to the children, and mostly this took place in Mrs. Barbara's presence, and

generally with her assistance. They both learned to read, and after a visit of Mrs. Barbara's to the convent, Egon went one day to the convent-bailiff, and from that time forth participated in the instruction which the latter was permitted to give to a small number of boys, and which, although imperfect, as is ever the case, still contained the elements of knowledge. Hedwiga, meantime, imitated with unwearying industry the graceful letters which Magda wrote for her, and there was hope that in a few years she would learn to write. To these arrangements of the three women for the education of the three hopeful children, Egon added, by his own sovereign will, the instruction afforded him through his acquaintance with Guntram, the armourer. On his way to the convent-bailiff's house, which stood without the inner convent wall, and on the opposite side of the little colony, he daily passed before the forge, stood still and beheld the creation of beautiful works which came forth from the glow of the furnace with what to him appeared a magical power. When he returned, and he related to Mora and Hedwiga what he had just seen, his brow was flushed, and he gesticulated with hands and feet to make more palpable to them the miracle which he imagined he had seen. How could this sharp-sighted Guntram fail to remark the handsome boy, who, leaning against the entrance of the forge, devoured with his sparkling eyes every success, and who soon, forgetful of himself, boldly stood with him and his men, and shouted loudly as the hammer beat the hissing iron?

Guntram soon began to look out for the boys when school-hours were over, and later, it almost seemed as if the master's hours of leisure always fell in with the boy's; and if Egon found Guntram in a merry mood, the good armourer would teach the boy how to wield the hammer, or in the polishing-room the use of the file and of the burnisher. But, at length, their greatest pleasure seemed to consist in fencing with each other; and when the master had forged a rapier suitable for the boy's hands, it was evident that he had learned to wield it in a good school. The men stood looking on with delight when Guntram and Egon, not unlike David and Goliath, strove against each other on the turf of the little garden behind the forge!

Mora permitted these visits of Egon's; yes, she listened too with pleasure, and laughed at his relations, exclaiming, "See, little cock! dost thou begin to crow?" She even confided in Guntram, although she had never seen him, and greater liberty was granted him. Egon partook, after a vigorous exercise of his weapon of Master Guntram's meal, and the hours of relaxation after the repast were devoted to the relations of passages from his former active life, in which were mingled strange histories of the world to which Egon listened with suppressed breath. Guntram had been formerly, in a small principality, the armourer to the hereditary prince, and had the good fortune to be gone to the wars when the little state furnished auxiliary troops for Austria. And then how he was able to describe livingly all that he had experienced in war, and to weave together those pictures of high

minded bravery, of manly strength and perseverance, with those memories of his quiet home which to him were ever so full of emotion, of his early youth, and of the calm condition beneath the protection of a kind and beloved lord!

"And why did you come here?" cried Egon, with such vehemence that the armourer felt the pressure of the small but powerful hand upon his arm. "Why did you leave your kind lord if he was so good to you?"

Guntram's eyes flashed when Egon asked this bold, almost angry question; he seemed inclined to reply as one man does to another's impertinent curiosity. But when he looked at the boy, he forgot himself in the thought of how graceful and young he was, and yet how vigorous and fearless. "Boy," said he, "you have a bold way with you! But I will answer you," added he, gravely, after a short pause.

"What do I know of all you tell me?" said Egon. "But you must tell me why you did not remain faithfully with him who was your lord, who did you good, and whom you loved?"

"Egon," returned Guntram, "my lord did not remain himself in his home—he cursed the earth on which he was born—the paternal home in which he had been bred! He rushed out into the world, and neither would I remain where he had been so deeply wounded; I would not serve the wicked old father of my young master, who still reigned. Therefore I collected all my property, sold the old forge, and set up my new forge here!"

“Then the father was wicked and drove his son away. You would not therefore serve him who had thus injured your lord?” And saying these words Egon clapped his hands joyfully, and then, pressing himself against Guntram, sought to shake the giant with as much effect as if he had embraced the oak beneath which they sat. But Guntram experienced a sentiment of satisfaction in the boy’s applause which shewed his love, and they gazed into each other’s eyes like father and son.

“But what, then, did the bad old man do to thy young lord?” again asked Egon, with the greatest candour.

Guntram, however, started up as if stung by an adder. “Silence!” shouted he, and his face was scarlet, whilst the veins swelled and his lips trembled—“Silence!—and never question me of that!”

The boy looked boldly up. But Guntram was too strong a man not to inspire the boy with respect. All attempt at reply ceased, but their intercourse was disturbed. Guntram arose and went into the forge, and taking the hammer from the hand of the nearest workman, it was only when he saw the glowing iron bend beneath his powerful blows that his heart again became light. He did not look round for the boy; he knew that he was gone, for he could bear no rough word, and he did not love him the less for this. But the day seemed too long without the boy, and he was impatient and uneasy the next morning until the bailiff’s school was over. When he perceived the boy approaching from afar, he placed himself at the door and filed the rapier

which belonged to Egon; the boy remarked this, but would not draw near. But he could not pass the house slowly as he walked, but at length paused and looked up at a stork's nest on the roof, just as if he did not see the master.

"So," said Guntram, who, smiling, observed all, and laid the file aside. "It will be better now, it always used to hurt your hand. Come now, we will try it!"

He went in. Egon could withstand him no longer; he took the rapier and followed him out to the grass-plot where they were accustomed to fence. With the flying and glittering swords flew away the boy's discontent, and he became the very pattern of agility, foresight, and stealthy observation.

Not before the perspiration stood in beads on the brows of both did they rest themselves, and then gazing at each other with their former expression, Guntram said, "I have had a meat-dumpling and puddings made for you; therefore Mrs. Mora must eat her dinner alone to-day."

Egon hung smiling on his arm and entered along with him the cool little room, the windows of which were overhung by vine-leaves, and where there was a smell of walnut-tree wood, for one side was half covered with inlaid walnut-presses. The shining old *commode*, and the dining-table on which stood the bright pewter plates and cups, and the stiff high-backed seats around it, were all of the same smooth-grained wood.

When they now sat beside each other, it was soon evident that their old friendship had lost nothing

through this seeming coolness. Nay, this slight pause had almost awoke a greater love in Egon's mind! He listened, with sparkling eyes, to all that issued from Guntram's knowing lips, and cleverly imitated all the tricks which he played with his knife and fork after they had completed their work upon the meat-dumpling and puddings.

That Guntram had also provided a pleasure in which he could include the girls, we have already seen in their water-excursion, for Guntram's garden also extended to the moat. The boat, belonged to him; he had taught Egon how to guide it, and ventured at length to trust him alone with it, as he shewed sufficient power and ability, and the children having learned together some very sweet songs, it was thus that they became acquainted with the Princess Morani.

However agreeable Mora shewed herself towards Egon's intercourse with Guntram, the armourer, she obstinately opposed Mrs. Bábili, when this good woman advised her to apprentice him to the master; and this was the subject of constant dispute between the two women, which ended each time with the following exclamation of apparent boundless surprise, "Whatever sort of an honourable post does Mrs. Mora expect for the untamed lad?"

"With the time will come the means!" said Mora. "But he shall not serve so long as I have fingers to sew or card with!"

On that evening also when Bábili had experienced Egon's violence, the discourse of the two women soon turned to the subject of their constant

dispute, and the clear voices combated courageously with the repetition of the well-known reasons for and against, by which Mora always appeared to have the worst side of the argument, for her obstinate refusal seemed perfect madness, and to be based on no good reason, whilst Bábili's arguments were strikingly just.

"Listen, Mora!" said Bábili at length; "God preserve you! but on this point you are not right in your mind! On it you are as great a dolt as any one!"

"That may be!" returned Mora. "There is little merit in people keeping their little bit of brain; some people, however, may well lose theirs from the care and trouble they have gone through!"

Such a tone of the conversation never failed to touch good Bábili's heart, and softened the impatient tone with which she had spoken. "Have you then thought of nothing else for the boy?" she would ask in a milder tone.

Mora sighed, and was silent. She then said, as if to herself,—

"He feedeth the ravens beneath the canopy of heaven—He doth clothe the lilies of the field—will He, then, forget the children who have no one but Him? I await the mercy of the Lord! Amen."

Mrs. Bábili dried her tears with the corner of her apron, and drew Hedwiga upon her lap, stroked her hair, and pressed the child to her.

"Peace, Mora, peace! He on whom you call knoweth already what is good. He it was who sent me at the hour of greatest need; He knoweth

the right hour! And now listen to what I did intend to tell you just at present, but I will do to console you. I have something in store for Hedwiga! Yes, yes, my little jewel!" pursued she. "her grace the Lady Abbess wishes to see my little chamois, and—and—and only guess? And what great, beautiful thing is Bábili permitted every year to do?"

"To make a cheese!" shouted Hedwiga, and this event was looked forward to by the child with scarcely less yearning than by Bábili herself for it brought along with it a thousand little joys for them.

"Oh, thou sweet little jewel!" cried Mrs. Bábili, and caressed the child, "how sly it is! But what more, my love? Guess! But what has the Lady Abbess confided to Mrs. Bábili, who has voice in the affair? Well?—now?"

But here was Hedwiga's slyness at an end—she was silent and ashamed.

"Now," pursued Bábili, "what do the good nuns do every year? If we should this year make the little white dress, and the wings, and the garden of roses, for my little treasure, for Hedwiga?"

A loud shout was the answer of the astonished little one. In a moment she had sprung from Bábili's lap, and clung rejoicing round Mora's neck. At first the poor woman laughed at the sight of the happy child, but then other thoughts returned, and she said, mournfully,—

"Put no follies into her head, Mrs. Bábili!"

"Follies! follies!" exclaimed she. "No! from

that God preserve me! Am I a fool? Eh? Where have you heard that? Mrs. Bábili deceives no one! What Bábili says is true, according to Swiss custom! For a long time," pursued she, with warmth, "have I recommended the little chamois here to her grace the Lady Abbess, but her grace was always too much importuned, there was always some one from the convent-school to be preferred; but this time I began in time, and besought the favour of being permitted to choose this little angel, and thus it is all as good as settled. Now, my little love, put on thy best frock to-morrow, and thy little red cap, and then we shall see whether Bábili receives her right, for I myself will conduct thee to her grace the Lady Abbess."

Some change must have passed over Mora's mind; for, although she appeared to pay but little attention to Bábili's words, still her thoughtful mien shewed she had weighed the case. She glanced at the child, who still hung upon her arm, with an expression full of love and sorrow, and then said,—

"Who can keep her when the time arrives? Do I know whither this may lead? There is much good in it!"

"So I think," said Bábili, "and rejoice that your reason has returned. Well, then, it is settled! and you know for what I come and fetch the little sweet one to-morrow." With this she arose and returned to the Hospitium.

Scarcely had she turned her back when a crackling was heard at the wooden fence, and Hedwiga,

who always perceived the slightest noise, flew out of the door and towards Egon, who was climbing over the fence, and helping up the goat after him, which he had fortunately found in the meadow, and now employed to screen his return from that feeling of embarrassment, which he only felt too keenly after his impetuous behaviour. Certainly the good goat, the friend and benefactress of the children, was usually driven through Mrs. Oberhofer's house, there being no gate in the fence, and therefore the poor creature might well be astonished that her conductor should this evening desire her to clamber over the fence. Nevertheless she attempted to do that which Egon desired with boyish impetuosity; she stood reared high upon her hinder feet, and stretched forth her bearded head with a gentle bleating over the fence, whilst Egon required her to take that leap which the stiff old goat was no longer able to make. Hedwiga also spoke to the poor goat, and held clover, and even a crust of bread out towards her; but when she with difficulty raised her stiff legs into the air, she fell back again, and remonstrated with a low bleat. Hedwiga's heart was melted. She desired that Egon would get over again, and lead the goat through Mrs. Oberhofer's house as he usually did. But this proposal was touching Egon's wounds, for in that house was all that had this day mortified him, and which had caused him to sin.

"That I will not do!" cried he; "in that house I will not go—never, never will I again enter that house! The goat shall climb over!"

And saying this, he threw himself again over the fence, and seized the good old goat by the hinder legs, and she, being thus raised, stood once more upon her fore-feet, and with a pitiable bleat looked sorrowfully over to Hedwiga, who continued ever to address the kindest words to her, and enticed her by snapping her small fingers, for she knew Egon well enough to be aware that he would not desist. Suddenly, exerting all his strength behind her, he raised the goat and tumbled her over the fence. Neither Hedwiga nor the goat were prepared for this last act of violence; there was no time for the goat to leap, no time for the little one to spring aside, and thus the stiff old animal was precipitated upon Hedwiga, threw her down, and remained, after some unsuccessful attempts to rise, lying upon her. With one leap Egon was over the fence, and Mora rushed towards him, for she had that moment returned with a pitcher of water from the St. Christopher's well.

"Unhappy child! what hast thou done?" cried she, almost out of her senses, and drew Hedwiga from beneath the goat, which lay immovable upon her, with its quivering body, and made no attempt to free her little favourite from her weight.

Hedwiga's cheek bled; and terror convulsed her tender frame with sobs. Egon had seized her hands, and shrieked her name in such a lamenting and despairing tone, that the poor child sought to overcome her grief, liberated her hands, and flinging her arms round his neck, now wept upon his breast.

Mora withdrew the child from Egon's arms, and, prudently reflecting upon what might console him, asked the boy himself to attend to the cold applications; and when she had ascertained that the wound was not deep, but probably occasioned by the horn or hoof of the goat, she bore the quiet child to her little bed in the hut, ordering Egon to renew the applications. Secretly Mora fancied that she had discovered another patient also, and this was the poor goat herself, for she lay still and immovable upon the spot where she had been thrown through Egon's violence. It was as she feared. In vain Mora sought to bring the goat upon her legs—the fore-legs were broken! What a loss this was! without taking into account her sympathy with this poor beast, which had so long been hers, which was the main support of the family, as well as the joy of the children, the object of their care, their occupation, their best playfellow and patient companion in all their little amusements!

In a moment Mora had thought over the characteristics of the good old goat, and could do no less than feel angry with Egon, whose daring arrogance she immediately perceived had occasioned all this. "The lad grows too insolent under my hands," sighed she; and perhaps Mrs. Bábili's good advice, which she had combated so stoutly before, recurred to her, for, weeping, she carried the gently moaning goat to its little stall, firmly believing that the creature's age would prevent its recovery, and

then there would be this loss without any hope of reparation.

This new misfortune could not be long concealed from Egon, for, when Hedwiga desired some milk, he rushed with a little jug to the goat's stall, and found the poor animal, which he had so grievously injured, lying groaning beneath the kind hands of Mora, and the two bandaged legs shewed what he had occasioned. At first he stood as if turned to stone by this succession of misfortunes, then his proud, daring spirit gave way, and he clung to poor old Mora, and with new violence wept away his deep grief.

"Yes, Egon!" said Mora, "the good creature that nourished us so long we shall now lose. The legs will not be healed again—her milk is already gone—and we have no money to buy another with!"

A severer punishment the boy had never endured! Whatever he might afterwards experience, it is true that he never felt himself more inconsolable or more worthy of punishment than he did at this crisis of his childhood. But we will pass over the further outbreaks of his passionate excitement, and only relate how after the tenderest prayers he persuaded Mora to retire to her bed, and how he remained up the whole night, now sitting beside Mora, now beside the old goat, and how, when the little girl had fallen softly to sleep, and must no longer be disturbed, he became a gentle attendant upon the poor, groaning goat, shaking her down

hay, moistening the bandages, giving her wa
drink, and every quarter of an hour tried wh
she would not eat some clover, which he br
her fresh from the meadow, each time leaping
the fence. The animal also seemed to fee
kind acts of her companion; she, ever and
lifted her eyes to him, and sometimes licke
boy's hand as if to console him for not eatin
clover.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE here leave the hut to return to Mrs. Barbara Wulshofen, who, having assured herself of Magda's safety, had returned with her characteristic quietness to her arm-chair, certain that she should soon see the object of her solicitude enter. It was scarcely one to read the evening-prayer before Magda entered by the door nearest the meadow-window, with a light and firm step, and said immediately,—

"I have remained longer than thou hadst expected—but to-day it could not be otherwise."

Mrs. Barbara was silent; but this very silence commanded a further explanation. Magda, as if she had been called, went up to the chair of the old lady, and then said, "I have seen enough to-day!"

"I have nothing against that," returned Mrs. Barbara calmly; "but this unnatural weeping which I saw when I sought and found thee sitting in the convent-garden—this displeases me!"

Magda's eyes suddenly flashed a glance at the old lady, and then a glowing crimson flushed her pale face. After a pause she said, "Neither does it please me, aunt; and therefore I wished to do it secretly."

“Nothing is secret. One being sees all things even if human eyes do not penetrate to us,” returned Barbara.

“That Being I do not fear! My weeping in His eyes will not be without a cause; for he knows the whole connexion of affairs.”

Even this observation called forth no question although a searching look from the old aunt fell upon the girl. “Do now what thou hast neglected,” said she then calmly.

She flew away in a moment. Quickly and expertly she arranged plates upon, and chairs around the table, which stood in the middle of the room. She then hastened out, as a space was found for Mrs. Hülshofen’s larder in Mrs. Bábili’s domain, and soon returned with a bowl of sour milk, excellent bread, and shining butter. She filled the glittering cups at the well with water, and placed the small drinking cups near it; she then knelt before Barbara, spoke a short prayer, and they both seated themselves at the supper-table in the pleasant twilight room.

The old lady ate her usual quantity without either speaking or looking up; Magda, on the contrary, left her plate unfilled, and her eyes gazed steadfastly through the window.

“Shall we not eat together?” asked Barbara when she had contemplated the girl for a short time. “Why are not thy thoughts with thee? Wilt thou become only half thyself? Wilt thou not know what thou art about? Shall thy hands then, unconducting by thy thoughts, do all their duties ill and in confusion? Am I, then, to see thy

body, and think that thy soul has left it? Is that right and proper?"

Magda had turned towards her, and drank in the words from her lips. Suddenly she arose, drew herself up, breathed deeply, and then said, "No, aunt, neither right nor proper; and it shall not be thus, as truly as I am called Magda! I shall soon be different; give heed! I am already clearing away my thoughts, as I clear away with my hands."

"Yes! I will eat also; my thoughts shall not prevail over me!" But at these words heavy tears rolled over her cheeks. "How I hate it, aunt!" pursued she eagerly, and with her slender hand dashed the tears from her cheeks; "as thou sayest — not being oneself! It is at such times that people become weak, and then every one may do with such people just what they like. No! no! aunt, I will not be weak, and then people shall only do what I like; and I will be myself; the eyes which look out of me shall know my thoughts!"

And saying these words, she ate hastily her usual portion, and truly with that eagerness with which one despatches business. Her pale countenance became flushed, and had she not been too deeply sunk in her own thoughts, she would have observed that now for the first time Barbara's eyes became uneasy, and that they followed with surprise her hasty movements. But the taciturn woman was satisfied with the activity which shewed itself in Magda; she was not fond of interfering, and preferred observing how people about her arranged their own affairs.

When Mrs. Barbara lay behind the curtains of her bed in the upper room, and listened to the gentle rustle of Magda preparing for her nightly rest, her heart was more full of anxiety than she chose to confess to herself; for she knew that Magda would come to pray at her bedside, and wish her good-night.

The time had now arrived. Magda pushed back the curtain. The puritanical cap had disappeared, and the long raven plaits of hair hung down her back, whilst a little white cap was drawn upon the exquisitely formed head, and tied firmly beneath the chin. She wore nothing but a short skirt of bright-coloured damask, and her white chemise, which fastened round the throat, displayed the beauty of her youthful form. She prayed earnestly, and her voice became ever firmer and calmer; then knelt to receive old Barbara's blessing; kissed and wished her good-night.

She now drew back the curtain with one hand—Barbara listened—she paused—opened gently the curtain once more—she put in her head and sought for the old lady—she was still sitting upright: "Aunt," said Magda, "to-day I have seen Count Lacy!"

The old lady started as if stung; the curtains already hung calmly beside each other, whilst a slight rustle and the extinguished lamp told that Magda had retired to rest.

In Mrs. Mora's hut also sleep sank gracefully upon the eyes of the weary, and it was a bright sunny morning when Mora awoke and found Hed-

wiga sleeping so calmly beside her, that she gently glided away to look after Egon and the goat. However long the boy might have watched, the repose of night had overpowered him at length. He lay fast asleep upon a little heap of hay which he had perhaps scattered for the goat.

The poor animal lay close to him; one arm, which was now sunk, had probably supported her; her head lay upon his breast, but her stiffly stretched out legs revealed to Mora what had taken place. She stooped down; the poor goat was cold; no breath any longer moved the body; she had died in Egon's arms during his sleep. How deeply must the poor boy, who had caused this misfortune, feel his error! Mora glanced compassionately at the quiet sleeper whom repose and sleep protected, and, together with the sighs which escaped her breast, tears started from her eyes. But it was painful to her to see the boy lying beside the dead animal; she raised the body, carried it out of the stall, and laid it, lightly scattered over with hay, in the high grass near the hut. Egon was become uneasy; he struggled out of his sleep and sat up, when Mora returned, still only half awake.

Consciousness immediately returned; he glanced down, and, missing the goat, sprang up, and rushing to Mora, joyfully cried, "Oh! tell me, is she well again? Is she at pasture?"

"No, Egon," returned Mora, "she will never again go to pasture."

"Then, in future, I will fetch the clover for her, just as if she were at pasture. Oh, dear Mora, she

shall have every thing very comfortable; the poor old goat! very comfortable! and Adrian will give me salve for her poor feet!"

"She is already comfortable, Egon, and no longer requires the salve. But wilt thou now remember, that thou lettest me guide thee less and less every day, and that thy stubborn and violent temper ever increases? Dost thou also know, that every one tells me that thou wilt do no more good at home? I must send thee out to be under the discipline of men, where thou wilt learn to obey and behave differently."

Egon listened with grave eyes attentively to this speech, and then said, "But thou wilt not permit me to serve; where shall I hear of any thing that thou wouldst like me to learn?"

"If it were only a good place," sighed Mora, "then thou mightest indeed. What can I do? Every thing grows; and, when the fruit is ripe, then it will leave the stem. But what wouldst thou become among Guntram's rude workmen?"

"But, Guntram himself?" cried Egon; "to Guntram I would rather go, if thou wishest to send me away!"

"Wish!" cried Mora, almost angrily. "I do not wish! But thou obligest me to do so. For a long time I have seen thy spirit grow beyond bounds, and I have always given way to it. But, yesterday, I perceived, certainly, that thou hadst grown above my hands; and, now, I shall have difficulty in finding food for thee, seeing that the goat is dead; and it were good if thou couldest get food and clothing

elsewhere. I shall be better able to support Hedwiga by the labour of my hands."

Egon left her to finish her speech; for, although he foreboded the goat's death, still he was so overcome by the intelligence, that he was unable to speak for some time. He appeared to himself a murderer; and his sins seemed too enormous for forgiveness.

"Yes! yes!" cried he at length; "let me go! I will serve! I will work for thee, Mora, and for Hedwiga; for I have caused all this,—have killed the goat—and am a villain!"

He flung himself upon the ground, on the hay of the little stall where they stood, and grief convulsed his whole frame. Mora gazed at him in silent sorrow; this moment affected her less, because she reflected upon the time which now approached, and which announced her separation from her impetuous favourite, although the manner of this separation still lay dark before her.

Hedwiga now had glided gently to them, and she also having learned the death of the goat, Egon dried his tears in order to soothe Hedwiga. They soon left the little stall, the scene of their misfortunes, and as they stepped forth, there lay the glory of the summer morning around the poor hut in all its splendour. The linden sent forth the perfume of its full blossoms, and the birds sang in its branches. From the meadow opposite arose a dewy vapour, and high upon the shoulder of St. Christopher, whose figure shewed itself above the wooden fence, glittered the child Jesus, illuminated by the morning sun.

From the convent church, at the feet of which lay this little colony, resounded the first low tones of the organ, and hymns with which the nuns commence their early mass.

The poor sorrowful woman and the mourning children gazed around, and it became calm within them, and yet they themselves knew not why, perhaps. Hedwiga, smiling with tears still in her eyes, pointed to a little nest among the lower branches of the linden, which was regarded by the two children as their especial treasure, and from which was heard the lively twitter of its numerous inhabitants. But Mora laid her folded hands upon the fence, and put up a fervent prayer to the glowing figure of the youthful Saviour; whilst Egon's eyes wandered from one to the other, and he called upon his powerful spirit to make compensation for that evil which he had occasioned.

Whilst busied with these thoughts, he heard, perhaps for the first time, that Adrian, the old Swiss servant, had opened the door of the cow-house in Mrs. Oberhofer's farm-yard, and was driving the cows out to pasture. Instantly he flew into the hut, returned with a small jug, and with one spring was over the hedge in search of his old friend Adrian. Mrs. Mora observed in silence the actions of the boy; she knew no better way to procure the necessary breakfast for her poor children. Adrian did not fall short of the boy's confidence; he even returned with him, carrying a small milk-pail full of new milk, which promised to fill Egon's little jug over and over again, and handed it to Mora, whilst

he himself carefully descended from the fence to examine the goat, over the sudden death of which he expressed no little sorrow or surprise.

"Now, now, Mrs. Mora!" said he, soothingly, "do not take it so to heart! The goat was old, the milk no longer did the children any good; this is the sending of Providence, so that our superfluous milk should not be wasted."

"Adrian," returned Mora, "I thank you to-day for your assistance; but let every one provide for himself—the superfluity remains for you."

Adrian was accustomed to such replies, and preferred leaving them unanswered, being, after the manner of old cattle-breeders, anxious to investigate the death of the goat. He examined the body here and there, declaring, at length, that as the body was very much swollen, the goat must have injured herself internally in her fall, after the enjoyment of an abundant pasture, and that this was the immediate cause of her death, although the fracture of her legs had hastened it.

The children beheld with grief this spectacle of death, and it now, for the first time, appeared certain to them that the goat would never wake again. Adrian, wishing to console them, said that the carpenter in the convent-court had three goats, and would be glad to part with one; and this, thought he, could soon be managed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mora, with the somewhat rough tone of displeasure which the indigent experience when all means fail, even the simplest, for the relief of their distress; "yes, Adrian! that is relief for the

rich, not for Mora, who has no money lying by for such a purpose."

At this moment Egon, his breast filled with the most devouring anguish, had come to a decision. He seized the arm of the old Swiss, and said in haste, "Listen, Adrian! Inquire what the goat will cost; Mora shall have a goat. When I know how much money we shall want, I will go to the Princess Morani, and get her to let me have it; and then I will serve her for it, become her page or running footman, or gardener, or any thing she likes! One may do that; Guntram has often told me so."

"Ah!" cried Hedwiga, "why wilt thou not rather go to the kind, handsome gentleman who asked thee if thou wouldst not enter his service? He will give thee all thou canst want, and would do the same also for me. Mora, ask him to go to the handsome young gentleman, for he wished directly to take Egon into his service."

"But I will not serve him!" cried Egon; "I will only serve the Princess; and there is no need for thee to like him so much, and he shall give thee nothing—*nothing at all!* Dost thou hear?"

Terrified by his warmth, Hedwiga flew to Mora, but she had already endured enough from the boy. "Unmannered boy!" cried she, with violence, "cannot all this misfortune, which thou hast occasioned, bow thy spirit? Must thou always behave like a madman? Yes, thou must away—shalt be placed under severer discipline, not again under female guidance!" She turned her back angrily upon him, and re-entered the house.

These two small households, which had been so closely drawn together, were destined to experience an interruption in their usual course of life at the self-same moment. It is true that, from a hasty observation, one should have said that Magda was unchanged; for, as usual, she rose earlier than Mrs. Barbara Hülshofen, and joined the servant-girl who cleaned the floor of the sitting-room. As soon as she was gone, Magda's activity commenced; she arranged the chairs and tables, which had been pushed back, in their places, and, hastening about with light and quick steps, she dusted all objects with an expert hand. Then she spread a fine woven cloth upon the large table, and vanished to the kitchen to prepare the single cup of coffee which Mrs. Hülshofen permitted herself for breakfast, whilst fresh new milk awaited Magda.

When the fresh cakes of wheaten bread lay beside the small cups of Meissen china, and the prayer-book was placed upon the arm-chair, Magda hastened upstairs to Mrs. Barbara's sleeping-room, and assisted the old lady to complete her toilet. Mrs. Barbara never left her chamber without having assumed the stiff costume of her time; and it increased the impression of her cold and reserved character, that she was never seen in the house without her dazzlingly white and stiff lappet-cap, her neatly plaited handkerchief, or her heavy, swelling petticoat of quilted serge, with its accompanying *Kontusche* of broad folds, falling over the back. Around her neck she wore a chain of pure gold, from which was suspended a golden medal.

That morning, when Mrs. Hülshofen sat opposite to her niece, and breakfast had succeeded to their votions, the old lady fixed her earnest gaze, at tin on Magda, full of peculiar expression ; and it seen almost, to her, as if the young girl had slept av all traces of the yesterday's excitement, for th delicate round features, and those warm, ten eyes, were so unchanged, that a drop of water co scarcely have rolled over the sweet face, and less trace behind it. She ate and drank, also, w a good appetite, and spoke a few careless wor All appeared as usual, and Mrs. Barbara ag weighed in her mind whether it were really nec sary to part with her favourite, for she had forn this great and painful determination during night, and had thought of immediately bringing about. But it seemed as if Magda observed thoughtful glances, and as if these awoke disqu within her ; for the colour of her cheek began vary between pale and red, and this sight cal forth, almost involuntarily, the following words fr Barbara's mouth :—

“Several days ago I received a letter from brother, Magda. He demands again his proper the time is arrived, he thinks! Inform the n and the Lady Abbess of this, for I give my p mission.”

Magda gazed with the greatest excitement i the eyes of the old lady ; deeper and deeper beca the crimson on her cheeks, and she exclaimed, s denly, “Thou mistrustest me, aunt! Why dost tl send me away before the nuns have conclud

Thou art afraid that I should see him again, now thou knowest what I think of him!"

"I do not know what thou dost think of him," returned Barbara; "and of what use would it be if I did know? I have no power to lift me over thee, or over that obstinate man's plans. To give thee a straightforward view of affairs was all that I could do for thee; but warnings are chaff which the wind of passion blows away—we deny what we have ourselves experienced, or have seen others experience, in order to do that which pleases us; and experience mocks the most prudent! In another dress we do not recognise those circumstances which we have so often seen before, or persuade ourselves that we shall soon have done with them. Therefore I will neither deter thee, nor stir in the affair, for it is useless labour.

"But I," cried Magda, "know what thou meanest. Much rather would I listen to thy brother, for he resembles me more than thou dost, with thy confined citizen-life, and all that is so wearisome to me in it. I wish to escape from it with a single bound. But still thou seemest to me the most secure; I can imagine one should always keep to that which thou considerest the best, although one might desire the contrary; but let us leave that. And if I do wish for more than thou dost, and often make myself quite impatient because thou sittest there so still, yet I do not so entirely belong to thy brother but that I am aware of thy being more moderate than he. But I must, in the first place, live,

how, I know not yet—perhaps, in a different way to what either of you expect.”

“That I know to my own consolation,” said Barbara, somewhat softened, “for however much I pursue my own way, and consider it as one of the most vigorous supports in this weak world, still should not wish to see youth immured in the same manner. I have not always been as now, and perhaps, thou mayst not now be as I am. There are many ways to the same goal, we often seek in different ways; we imagine that now this is now that way is the nearest; then we lose ourselves—but that does not matter much after all; the object is to have the goal constantly in our eye.”

“I understand thee well, aunt,” again pursued Magda; “there is something about thee so perfectly after my heart: I imagine no one has ever turned thee from doing that which thou hast thought right. I also wish to be firm, and fearless also. Yesterday, aunt, it was in nowise right with me; for that I shall not soon forgive myself, and thou needest not scold me—I have done all that myself. I imagined it would be quite otherwise when I saw him for the first time, and a hundred times had I fancied how this would happen; and now Egon carried me like a bundle to land, and when I thought of laughing with the good Princess, there he stood among us! See! just as the picture of his uncle, when he was still young and handsome, had stepped out of the frame! He turned round, and wished to escape into the water.”

I should have liked most to have been drowned, I was so hot and agitated. They prevented me, I believe, and when I looked round, there he was still standing, and I then knew that it was he, and every thing recurred at once to me. And that no one knew what was passing through my mind—that I stood there quite alone and forlorn—yes, aunt! this it was which cut my very heart, as it were. When the good old Princess led me away, and inquired why I was so terrified at seeing good Count Lacy, I was forced to weep, as if all were dead and buried, and we were at a funeral.”

“Horrible! horrible!” said Barbara; “what kind of a wretched condition was that? Thou must have been very wearisome to thyself.”

“Yes, aunt, so wearisome that to-day I forgot all within me; and it is not unpleasant to me that thou shouldst send me away, for I do not wish to go again to the Princess, and if this is not out of mistrust, I am quite agreeable to it. See! already in thought I hold long discourses with my grandfather, therefore it can matter nothing if one reaches his ear.”

“How she dreams!” said Barbara, involuntarily raising her eyes towards heaven; “thou wilt not turn his thoughts.”

“Who knows whether I would wish it?” returned Magda; “for I love him much, my fine, old grandfather! I become warm from head to foot if I only think of him! What I there think of, I think of nowhere else. I should like to have four ears, so that I might hear every thing; and above

my own head, another head, which should help me to think, for he has understanding for two. And then how merry one can be!—and the beautiful old Dohlehnest—the little towers—the fine pictures—the costly plate and furniture—see! all this is far more after my taste than here, and I always think that something of this I should like to preserve for my whole life!”

“Yes! yes!” said Barbara; “it lies in thy blood!—my blood flows from a different source—it has never driven me in that direction.”

“Yes,” said Magda, “otherwise thou wouldst have things like other people! But shall I tell thee what I think? It is in my eyes something that thou art entirely different. Thy manner of life I cannot endure, it is too circumscribed for me; but thou thyself art so—I know not how to express it—thy manner of life becomes something because it is thou who leadest it. I sigh often because all is so circumscribed; but if I look at thee it becomes as dear as a richer one. Thou dost every thing in such a peculiar manner that I must often laugh when I attempt to imitate thee; for if thou considerest any thing of importance I feel immediately respect for it, but merely because thou seest it in such a light.”

Barbara’s countenance had softened during this discourse.

“Let this impression be dear to thee; it will sometime be of use to thee,” said she.

“That it is already,” answered Magda; “I never think so often or so affectionately of thee as

there where it is so much more beautiful. There I love thy small, scanty housekeeping, and the quiet which is with thee, and in which one may really appear tolerably good to oneself. For here where I so willingly work for thee, all is calm within me; but there, where every thing is done for me, where if I only point with my finger, call, or command, all is before me, without any exertion of my own, I become often weary, for I know thou art displeased with all this."

"Thou must not make thyself so uneasy about trifles, that is always an evil, and is giving things power over us. Such conditions thou must regard with indifference; if it pleases thee, let thyself be waited upon—there is no greater mischief in this than in many other things; but one must keep back disquiet."

Magda fell into thought, then said,—

"How will every thing there appear to me now that I have seen him? This morning, before opening my eyes, I thought, 'How will things look to-day?' I fancied every thing must be different."

"Thou wilt have seen that all things looked as usual?" In these words of Barbara there was a deeper meaning than she herself would confess.

"But merely because I wish it to be so!" said Magda, quickly, almost violently. "I force myself to see all as it ought to be, but my head is often dizzy. Tell me, aunt, when shall I go?—and will Käthe come to thee?"

"Thy grandfather awaits our answer; but thou canst travel with the physician Hieronymus to

Prague ; in a few hours thou wilt then be at thy journey's end, and thy grandfather will send some of his own people. Thou wilt then be there earlier than he expects thee : Käthe will come to me whenever I desire it."

"Then I will, indeed, be much with thee this short time which remains," cried Magda. "Go with me to the convent : the nuns are not pleased that I am leaving. I have learnt a little in the time, therefore I had been chosen—I was to repeat the poem to the Empress when she came here, to return thanks for the cheese ; and I should like to have done it. I know nothing that surpasses her large eyes and the way she smiles, and her walk when the beautiful long neck bends. I should so much have liked a smile and a glance entirely for my own."

"Thou canst think of this and arrange all to thy own satisfaction : thy grandfather does not expect thee yet."

After this discourse the former peace and harmony again shewed itself in the intercourse between the aunt and niece, and while Magda quickly and expertly performed her various household duties, and Barbara's eyes, accompanied by some insignificant remark, followed the lovely girl, she said consolingly to herself, "She will never become utterly miserable ; she has pleasure in wrestling with life. It will find in her a ready adversary."

CHAPTER IX.

COUNT VON KAUNITZ had received the intelligence of his betrothal from Count Lacy himself, and it was consistent with the cool collectedness of the great statesman to suppress the astonishment which every one must feel at the news of so unequal a union. He was acquainted with the Princess, and had formerly been on terms of intimacy with her father. Like every one who had an opportunity of observing this excellent daughter, he bore testimony to her noble character and her well-informed mind. Still her advanced age and her unattractive exterior seemed even to him, although he was not very observant of such things, to make it a strikingly disproportioned match.

Count von Lacy plainly perceived a slight astonishment in the countenance of his highly-esteemed patron, but he had considered too frequently and with too much calmness every consequence of this step for him now to meet with any thing unexpected; and this certainty, this inward satisfaction, was so clearly expressed in his demeanour, that Kaunitz began, before long, to feel them

also. After the customary congratulations had been offered, Lacy prayed him to make the preliminary announcement to the Empress, and, as a matter of course, to request an audience for himself and the Princess. The Count promised this, but still Lacy did not appear to have made an end of his wishes, and Kaunitz, who almost reckoned the Count one of his well-trained disciples, asked him what he still wished, and reminded him that the hour had just struck which called him to the Empress.

Compelled by this candid admonition to explain himself, Lacy overcame every hesitation.

“Your lordship knows in what condition the Prince Morani left his daughter, and it has been you who have hitherto preserved the noble sufferer from the most urgent need. It is not one of the least pleasures which the future promises to me in union with her, that I shall be able again to place her in all those circumstances which her birth and education require, for the Lacys possess a princely income. But now, at the present moment, she suffers want—want of the most pressing nature. As it was the magnanimous determination of the noble daughter to pay the debts of the Prince, even to the smallest demand, she has been obliged, in degrees, to part with every thing which had any value, and she now stands in every respect deprived of every requisite of her rank if she is to appear in the world as a bride.

“The Prince Morani at various times served the state at foreign courts, always with that extreme liberality which was his characteristic. ‘Unca-

called obligations,' that was, I think, the form under which the pension has already been paid to the daughter, which has enabled her to conceal her poverty. Could not now the foreign office find an overlooked engagement which could place from four to five thousand gulden, which I have here with me, immediately in the hands of the Princess?"

The Count at these last words became so glowingly crimson, that Kaunitz turned himself away for a moment that he might spare the wounded sensibility of the young man. But Lacy hastened quickly towards him, "Count Kaunitz," exclaimed he, "there is not another person in the whole world in whom I would have placed such confidence. He must have been the noblest and the most honourable man whom I know to whom I could have made known the circumstances of so noble a being as the Princess Morani."

Count von Kaunitz turned towards him. The beautiful glow of benevolence lay on his countenance, he offered his hand to Lacy who stood bowed before him. "You have placed the Princess in no danger," said he; "your confidence, as well as your wish, although strange enough, meets with a ready acceptance in me. A mode of accomplishing it will soon also be found, but one thing must be allowed to me as a condition—I must have the liberty, in case the affair reaches the ear of the Empress, of being able to make all intelligible to her by the truth."

Lacy was silent. "And is this positively to be expected?" asked he, after a pause.

“No!” returned the Chancellor; “the contrary. You have, I think, spoken with your friend, not with the Empress’s minister. I will therefore so direct the form that it shall appear as a private transaction of the Princess’s, and an intimation may be given, which shall prevent any acknowledgment of it to the Empress.”

“Your lordship by so doing will take a heavy load from my heart, and will add to the debts of gratitude which my past life already owes to you a new and not small one. All the rest I leave without any restrictions to your consideration.”

The Chancellor left the Count, truly wishing him well, and on the evening of the same day the Princess Morani received a pocket-book containing five thousand gulden, with an account of the necessary expenses of the Prince her father when he, after the death of the last Medici, was sent as ambassador from the then Duke of Lorraine, the present Emperor, to Tuscany, the repayment of which had been magnanimously left undemanded by the Prince, but now was made by the accompanying sums out of the revenues of that country. For this Count Kaunitz, who without it must have appeared negligent, merely required her signature to a receipt which accompanied it, and which contained only the words, “Received from the hands of Count von Kaunitz five thousand gulden.”

They who know what it is to stand in an elevated rank of society, and to be persecuted by the demands which seem to take root where they are once listened to, will understand what a state of torment it

is when the means are vanished which once satisfied these demands, and when a continual confession of poverty is required, against which the proud habits of former life are at war.

The noble Princess had not experienced this contradiction of feeling the less, because she had endeavoured to bear it with great submission, and during the short time which had elapsed since her betrothal, she felt the burthen only the more deeply, inasmuch as the retired manner in which she had hitherto lived kept her from observation. When, therefore, she received this remittance from the noble Kaunitz, it was as if a stone had been rolled from her heart, and she thanked God for an interference of His providence, which promised to shield the memory of her father still more from the ridicule or the censure of the world.

To him only who knew her whole condition, and of whose tender care for her she could not cease to think when harassed by the thoughts of her own helplessness,—to him only could she communicate this alleviation, and truly with the noble pride that for it she had to thank her father.

Never had a high-minded deceit succeeded better, never had help come in the kindest manner at a truer time of need, and yet Lacy could scarcely bear this conversation. It humiliated him as a criminal, and had it been possible that doubt could have existed of his sympathy with the Princess, his embarrassed, evasive behaviour might fully have established it.

She heard with more composure than on the

first mentioning of it, that the Empress already knew of her connexion with the Count, and that she had permitted to them both, at the end of the present week, a private audience. On the same day she had a conversation with George Prey, who as much enlivened as herself, promised to purchase back again the valuable jewels of her mother, which she had lately sacrificed to pay the remaining debts of her father. She could now release from the thralldom of the kitchen her old waiting-woman; and old Hieronymus, who had not been eight days in the royal service, again took his place with her. Yes, and after the highly-delighted waiting-woman had made a round among the shops of Vienna, the various tradespeople made their appearance with all those rich materials for dress which at that time were needful for a lady's wardrobe, and the Princess, with her peculiarly fine taste, selected lace and embroidery which was suited to her present condition. With a delicate sense of propriety and noble female skill she understood how to preserve both in colour and style the fine boundary line between youth and age, and at the same time that she gratified the unmistakable wish to please.

Thus it happened, that when Count von Lacy, on the morning appointed for an audience with the Empress, entered her room in a splendid court-dress he stood astonished at her appearance, and exclaimed, hastening up to her with rapture, whilst he kissed her hand, "I did not know that you were so lovely."

Claudia was overcome by the sweet flattery. It was a late youth which, awoke by that fondly-

beloved man, almost subdued her swelling heart. Lacy saw her quickly turn pale, and as he led her to a chair, and anxiously inquired how she felt, tears came to her eyes.

"Are you not afraid," said she, sweetly smiling, "of making me too happy? This heart has had to learn the endurance of bitter sorrow: and now, shone upon by the sun of happiness, feelings start forth which almost overcome it. It seems to me possible to die of this experience."

"Claudia," said the Count, tenderly, "can your words, which were to me the commencement of so much happiness, half take it back again by so painful a conclusion?"

"Ah!" said the Princess, "thus to die, thus in the full possession of your love, untroubled by life, by intercourse with the world! Pardon me, Lacy, if I dream that this might be the supremest bliss which poor Claudia could live to experience!"

"No, Claudia," exclaimed the Count, in the warmest tone of love, "I cannot participate in your unlike fanaticism. My hopes belong to life, to a long life with you. I have not done wishing, however happy I may be to-day; I have a great deal before me; you are mixed up in every thing, I need you in every thing, and I feel that every thing of which I am possessed only properly acquires its value when I think that it belongs to you as it does to me. To-morrow, Claudia, I shall lay before you the designs of a clever architect for the beautifying of this lovely little palace. You shall accept and reject; I will owe it to you and

to your taste when I see myself here surrounded with all the treasures of art and industry. I am very rich, and for a long time have required but very little. Large revenues lie heaped together, which are longing to be metamorphosed into those treasures which alone are valuable, and you, dear Claudia, shall be the enchantress who shall effect the metamorphosis of the dead metal. Then we must take into consideration the plan of our life; we must become acquainted with the possessions which belong to us in Bohemia. We will not, will we, Claudia? spend in the capital, in cold elegance that income which streams in upon us from unknown possessions. We will, on the very spot, see the fountains out of which our wealth flows. We will learn to love the soil and its inhabitants, and be to them something; and what there is of good in them we will there call into life. Yet at the same time we will continue near to the great star which presides over our native land. I must consider Maria Theresa in my life, and we will therefore spend part of the year in Vienna. And now, away to her dear Claudia, and with a light heart; is it not so?

The glance of the Princess, as she rose and gave him her hand, said that she had been his devoted scholar.

CHAPTER X.

THE Emperor in the early morning hour had permitted to the hereditary Prince of S. an audience in his cabinet. The attendants and lords in waiting had received orders to receive the noble visitor in the ante-room.

The hereditary Prince of S. came from Italy. It was known that the Emperor had occasioned his final return. These two had been cordially attached to each other ever since their youth; and as during the long absence of the hereditary Prince, unpleasantnesses had begun to spring up, the Emperor, being called upon as mediator, had undertaken to make the Prince regardful of them and to bring about his return.

The hereditary Prince, without having visited his native country, had come first to Vienna that he might clear himself with the Emperor of the accusations which awaited him there. He had in consequence of the old, cordial understanding which had existed between them requested a private audience with the Emperor, and this early morning hour, which Francis the First devoted to his own affairs, was appointed for that purpose.

The lords in waiting who welcomed the Prince von S. in honour of the Emperor declared him to be one of the handsomest of men. He was between thirty and forty, and the most perfect health increased the beauty of regular features and a tall and noble figure. He wore the uniform of an Austrian general, for he had in the late war held an important command. His expression when he was silent was very grave, nay, severe; in conversation it softened and frequently changed to the most charming friendliness; there then remained only a shade of pensiveness which indicated care and sorrow and only made him the more attractive. He enjoyed the highest esteem of all those who knew him; he inspired a sentiment of love and devotion which he scarcely would have sought for, and still less frequently seemed to return. His boldness, his prudence as a military leader, were acknowledged; his scientific education also had distinguished him in that department of knowledge.

As he slowly passed through the ante-room, saluting acquaintance and allowing strangers to be introduced to him, he charmed every one by the calm truthfulness and natural dignity of his behaviour which honoured all and wounded none; and when the door of the cabinet opened and they had sufficient time to see that the Emperor embraced him as a brother, every one thought the distinction proper and natural.

Both men were affected as they withdrew from the embrace and looked in each other's face.

"Ernst!" said Francis the First, "forget t

Emperor, and let us here, at least, be the old youthful friends."

The Prince was deeply agitated as he respectfully bowed himself. Very differently had the years which had intervened since they met gone with them both! If remembrance awoke for the Emperor only cheerful images, it seemed to excite in the Prince the passionate excitement of a whirlpool. The veins of his forehead swelled, and his colour came and went, although the man contended evidently to obtain the mastery in him.

"That kind good-will, those dear old feelings," began he in a voice scarcely audible, "which bound us together as youths seem now to be doubly necessary to me, and I tremble lest I should find them changed after all the endeavours which people have used to make your majesty suspicious of me."

"It is for that reason that thou art actually here, Ernst!" said the Emperor, and drew him confidentially to a window-seat, from which a magnificent view of Vienna was presented to him; "for that reason the friend first of all receives thee, and the Emperor shall learn through him what is becoming for him to do. Art thou satisfied with this?"

"Oh!" cried Prince, "my noble, high-minded master!"

"And friend, I hope," added the Emperor. "I know how thou art, how it always used to be, thou hadst first of all to be warmed up before our souls came into fusion. Thou art not yet more submissive, as it seems to me; thy countenance has sorrowful traces of thy having become still more reserved and gloomy."

“I must pray for pardon,” said the Prince. “I thought that I was stronger than I am. The meeting with your majesty overcame my heart, which is not easily moved. I should like precisely here to stand up like a man, and the re-awakening of feelings so dear to my heart chokes me; for they have all become the curse of my existence, and might have made me a villain if the hand of God had not defended the innocent.”

“Compose thyself!” said the Emperor, after a grave pause, and drew the hand of the Prince from his heated countenance; “I have heard a deal about thee, but there wanted a coherence in it, for I could easily perceive that I was only told that which would serve their own purpose. From thee I would have the truth, and then think of the powerful support which thou art sure of, as well from me from my wife.”

“Ah! it is powerless against the irrevocable misery of the past!” exclaimed the Prince vehemently. “It is powerless for my miserable future, because I may not give vent to the eternally stinging feeling of a wrong endured. I must be silent toward the most determined crime, and dare neither seek for nor accept of help, because—I must spare the man whom the world calls my father!”

“Ernst! my friend!” exclaimed the Emperor, agitated, “thou art carried too far, thou dost not know what thou sayest!”

“I am ashamed of my own state of mind,” returned the Prince, with the utmost effort to compose himself, “it is not calculated to win the confidence of your majesty, and it is all the more painful.”

ful to me as it has taken me by surprise. I held the grief in my heart in subjection; but I learned the bitter lesson, that the suffering to which we do not reconcile ourselves preserves its sting; that it is withdrawn by silence and disregard; but then that as soon as it is touched afresh it darts forth with full strength like demons from the pit."

"Tell me," said the Emperor,—“tell me every thing which thou hast gone through since we parted. Confiding in a friend will make thee more tranquil, and I hope that thou feelest in thyself nothing which opposes this confidence.”

“My most gracious master!” cried the Prince, “it is my honest, sincere wish, if you allow it, to open my whole heart to your majesty. I will speak the truth where it concerns my own errors, nor will I be silent in uncovering the crimes of others. Then, if blame falls to my share, I know that compassion will not be withheld!”

The Emperor pressed his hand and bowed, the Prince began:—

“Your majesty knew my youth, my education. It might not be necessary to mention it, but the older we become, the more the events of our lives collect behind us, the oftener our thoughts lead us back to the time which, as it were, knits the threads of the woof through which the shuttle of life afterwards flies, and the web becomes that which the woof has made it! In my case a rough hard thread was sorrowfully united in the woof of my life with a fine and beautifully soft one; and such also had the web become—your majesty must pardon the simile—thus

did I grow up between the bad and the good, and God did not permit the first to be the strong. But, if I can still pray, it is because the countenance of my mother bends down to me from heaven. When I remember the time in which she laid my little hands together and taught me to pray, which even yet in times of bitter suffering come to me like angels sent by her; and, I do not blush to confess it, how I again repeat these childish prayers and how often they bring to me much comfort! My unfortunate mother was a princess of the house of D. That small principedom made but little pretensions, and it was hoped that my mother might be permitted to follow her own heart and become the wife of Count Lacy, by whom she was passionately loved, and whose affection she returned. Already, through the skilful intervention of a friend and a very clever lawyer, were the hopes of the young people approaching to their accomplishment when my father, at that time the hereditary prince met with my mother on a visit in Prague, where happening to be in the very same college with Count Lacy and the brother of my mother, he accompanied them both to the court of D. He saw the love which existed between Lacy and my mother. Nay, he was a confidant of it, but notwithstanding that, he gave himself up to the wildest passion for her. Spite of his extreme youth he declared his passion, and so great and unexpected an advantage it was supposed, would accrue from this match, that my mother, after a long opposition, at length was made the victim to her family, and became, on

one year younger than himself, the wife of the nineteen-years-old prince. But he thanked her not! Although Lacy left his native country and my mother lived like a saint, still the most dishonourable suspicion persecuted her steps, and this suspicion fell also upon me! From my very youth I had an enemy in my father, a cruel persecutor! As if bitter hatred takes the place of otherwise natural affection, thus did I tremble as a boy at his glance, and as a youth recompensed the misunderstanding which had taken place with bitter scorn. When my mother was removed by death from the life of martyrdom which she led, I remained alone without comfort, without support, with my evil-minded father. Her death had still more hardened his natural character; he became to his poor country like a scourge, and those only who were subservient to his passions could remain about him.

“ Will your majesty now permit me to complete still more the picture, in which, with deep pain, I was forced at length to see my father? Every thing which I silently witnessed excited in me an increasing aversion to persecution and compulsion, and I spoke out unreservedly that which was fermenting within me. I had inherited from my mother a heart which needed affection! I longed unspeakably for some one point of rest, for a support which might be a counterbalance for so much suffering. Circumstances favoured my indulging my own bias, for as my father saw a spirit of opposition arising within me, and as every thing which I did was misrepresented, partly by himself, partly by those who so

willingly were his agents in evil, I was punished by a sort of banishment from his court. I lived at other courts, or at a castle of ours in the capital, these journeys seemed to him to be too great a favour. At this time commenced my first never-to-be-forgotten acquaintance with Francis von Lorraine which the Roman Emperor has not forgotten."

"Those were beautiful years!" cried the Emperor, "and at that time thy joyous, youthful spirit overcame the burden which thou hadst to bear in secret. Thou didst not leave me a stranger to thy discord in thy home, and we all knew thy father, yes, oftentimes had already the complaints of his subjects reached the throne of my father-in-law, as the Emperor saw with pleasure that thou wouldst acquire gentler manners at his court, and that thy whole being was susceptible of these."

"Recalled home, after so happy a time," resumed the Prince, "I had to make my appearance at court and here I found a celebrated lawyer, who was come hither as the ambassador of the neighbouring Prince von Z., to accommodate a dispute which had not for a long time occupied my father. It had reference, in an incomprehensible manner, to a mutual question of succession, which my father considered it of the highest importance to arrange, and indeed a question by which, in case of my death, the count would descend to Z.; whilst, on the contrary, even if it were so agreed, was almost impossible to happen, as the Prince von Z. had ten healthy children, six of which were sons. As I was the only son, the possibility of descent becoming extinct"

our side was much more probable ; still, as a matter of course, it could not fail to be offensive that a prince who had a healthy, grown-up heir should begin negotiations with the family next of kin, having reference to the death of this son, and of securing possession to the other line.

“ This ambassador of the house of Z. was Thomas Thyrnau, the celebrated advocate, who, probably, is not entirely unknown to your majesty. Neither was his name a stranger to me. He knew my father, who in his youth, together with other young noblemen, resided for a long time in Prague in the establishment of old Caspar Thyrnau ; who, during the administration of Lobkowitz, was appointed to have the care of young men who were expected afterwards to be possessed of land and people, and to instruct them in law and government. From this time was dated my father’s acquaintance with the son, this same Thomas Thyrnau. These two had already met several times, for my unfortunate mother reckoned this man among her friends, and he had rendered the most valuable service to her in an important lawsuit, which this unhappy lady was forced to commence against my father, in the defence of my own rights. It was the same young advocate, the friend of her former lover, Count Lacy, who had, at that time, nearly brought her marriage to a conclusion. Notwithstanding this, he obtained a favourable influence over my father, who was always disposed to be guided by him, and thus, also, the Prince von Z. selected him, with the full consent of my father.

“Until now Thomas Thyrnau had only seen me in the early years of my childhood—now he was first to become acquainted with me. As my father at that time was suffering from a violent attack of the gout, there was full leisure for familiar intercourse, and this intercourse was decisive for my whole remaining life. He endeavoured to tranquillise me as to the result of the pending suit which seemed to him very little creditable to the court of Z., and of which the foundation merely was my father's wish to wound me, and to throw me back on my coming of age into a dependence on him if possible still greater. Thyrnau also hoped to marry me to the Princess Therese, the youngest daughter of the Prince von Z., and proposed to the youngest daughter, to me, who was then a child in order that, by this betrothal, my freedom might be secured to me for yet several years. ‘I have presented to my client,’ said he, ‘the improbability of any advantage to be derived, but the subject being once brought forward, he considers that his credit advanced by the publicly spoken agreement, and he wished the suit to proceed. But this will, however, spin out to an interminable length, more especially as, according to the wish of your father, the opportunity is to be employed for the discussion of some doubtful boundary disputes, to which my client also has given his consent, as he considers this, also will be to his interest.’

“These delays determined Thomas Thyrnau to send for his family, which consisted of a daughter and female relative. The first was introduced

my father, at a court festival, as the daughter of an ambassador of the house of Z., and made such an impression on my father by her extraordinary beauty, by the captivating expression of her features, and her whole demeanour, that the elderly man lost all regard for any one else."

The Prince here paused, his breast heaved violently; painful recollections seemed almost to bow him to the earth: the Emperor felt that he was now arrived at the point on which the destiny of his friend's life had turned. After a pause the Prince exclaimed,—

"Permit me, your majesty, to relate my story briefly; I cannot—I dare not—go too deeply into particulars which have been the happiness and the misery of my whole life,—the son and the father loved at the same time the same object. When Thomas Thyrnau became aware of this, he denied himself the pleasure of having his daughter with him—she vanished from the court under the pretence of being gone to nurse a sick relation. My father comforted himself with the hope of her return, for he heaped honours and distinctions upon Thomas Thyrnau, and did not give up the expectation of winning him entirely to his views, although he received nothing but refusals, and Thomas Thyrnau preserved his full independence.

"I sought for, and found the beloved. As her severe female relative was no longer with her, she lived with her servants in a country house on the limits of the principedom of Z. I had only one thought—to secure her for ever to myself, and to

withdraw her from the impure designs of my father. The tutor of my earliest youth, a person chosen by my mother, yet who was only able to preserve me for a few years from the persecutions of my father, still lived as a clergyman in the principedom of Z., I persuaded him to accompany me to the residence of my beloved. He and Joseph von Lacy, the son of a man who once had loved my mother, whom I separated from all other intercourse with the world, and yet very particular reasons for knowing to be a true friend of my beloved, were the witnesses of the ecclesiastical rite. She then accompanied the Count to his solitary estate in Bohemia, and I endeavoured to reconcile her father, who at that time was absent from my father's court. I was, on that account obliged to make the discovery of our secret to him by letter. It was a difficult thing to reconcile him for, in the first place, he doubted the uprightness of my intentions and the sacredness of this marriage. As he began to take a more tranquil view of the affair, his own self-respect sustained him, for he esteemed his daughter so highly as to think himself worthy of any throne.

“After she had borne our first child on the estate of Count Lacy, I could not any longer endure the separation. She accompanied me, therefore, to the castle, to which I was sometimes banished, and which, disregarded by the world, was always given up to me; there I enjoyed the supremest bliss of my whole life, but for only a short time.

“My father had never ceased to make inquiries after the object of his passion, and the fruitless

of his search only increased his violence. He began to distrust Thomas Thyrnau, and turned again to his old favourites—they were only too skilful in serving him! My wife had borne me a daughter and then a son, then her abode was discovered by my father, and he now recognised as a rival the son whom he had never loved. His anger was without bounds, but his creatures did not regard the authoritative commands which he issued against me. They were afraid of the hereditary Prince, who was now of age. My father had himself perceived in me that which made him fear my coming to an open attack; open opposition, and the favour of your majesty, was already a shield which they would have been unwilling to have called forth. Other weapons were therefore attempted. I received a command to marry the Princess Therese, whose great youth was no longer considered of importance; I have never seen her, and from all these reasons I publicly and quite decidedly refused. Your majesty knows this occasion: I was then compelled, also, to oppose the most gracious command, and my decided refusal now convinced the Prince that I was married. He could not take me by force, yet he would rather have done this than attack the woman whom he could never forget, whom he was unwilling to treat with violence.

“With inconceivable enmity it was then contrived to introduce some strangers among the faithful servants who surrounded my wife. One evening my two children, after they had been enjoying their milk supper, lay dying,—at that moment I entered,

accompanied, as was ever my custom, by my faithful physician, he declared them to be poisoned, and could only save the boy, who had eaten the least; my eldest, my blooming girl, awoke no more. My wife, by mere accident, had not partaken of the daily food."

The Prince started up and opened the window—the Emperor stepped up to him and took him by the arm.

"Ernst!" said he, "I compassionate thee from my whole soul, and I hope thy relation is at an end."

"No! no!" cried the Prince, and struck his forehead in despair; "it is not ended. I fled with wife and child to Bohemia, I wished to place them in safety under the protection of Count Lacy. He lived, separated from his family, always alone in his castle in Bohemia—I found his corpse."

"In the meantime Maria Theresa had ascended the throne of her father. On all sides pressed her faithless enemies, and had already been madly at war many years, and it was necessary to make use of every means of defence. Your majesty's command, full of honour and not to be withstood, called me to the army; I hid the inconsolable mother with her children in a little German country town; some time I received only good tidings—she had given birth to a second daughter, and then the health of the distressed mother gave way. During a short interval in the war I obtained leave in absence, and hastened to the country-seat to which she had lately removed. The house was desolate

and an old servant, suffering from severe illness, related to me her end. My father had discovered the residence of my wife, and had come himself to see her. What took place at this interview no one knows. In eight days' time a deputy made his appearance, he demanded an answer,—more than that the old woman could tell me nothing. My wife began to mistrust all her domestics,—day and night she attended to the children herself, assisted only by a common nurse and this old servant. It aided nothing. My father now hated her, also; and she suddenly ended her days in convulsions, but before she departed my children also lay dead before her."

"Horrible! horrible!" cried the Emperor, and covered his face; the Prince sank together, and seemed overcome by the recollection.

"And her father," asked the Emperor, "Thomas Thyrnau, where was he?"

"He was then constantly in France; he had business there, and I knew not where he was; the war entirely prevented all intercourse. He became acquainted only with these melancholy events, of which he had no idea, when all was lost."

"It is enough to trouble the soul of a man," said the Emperor, with deep dejection. "Poor Ernst! thy life has early been shaken, yet man thyself! I know thou hast not finished thy relation, but I know already, by anticipation, how so bad an understanding should exist between thyself and thy father."

The Prince arose, and by degrees strength returned to his limbs. His breast heaved, and his countenance assumed a violent, angry expression.

“ From the grave of my wife, with the dust of the sods that covered her yet upon my clothes, I hastened with post-horses to S. I drove into the castle-yard. I drove every one back who hastened towards me. They took me for insane! Before the door of my father’s study the devil’s sentinels who had assisted him kept watch. They threw themselves in my way to repel me. I thrust them back like worms which only soil the shoe. The door was locked. I burst it open. I stood before the criminal. I gave him no time. I told him that I came from her grave! I called him murderer! poison-mixer! and cursed the ground on which he stood! I then left him and that dishonoured country, and the same post-horses which had brought me took me back to the army! I often heard the praise of my bravery.”

“ Thou wast a lion!” cried the Emperor.

“ But no ball struck me,” said the Prince, dejectedly, “ no blade had been sharpened for me; and when peace gave every one back to his home, I fled from mine and lived in Italy, if that can be called living!”

The Emperor walked up and down the room in agitation of mind, and the Prince, sunk in thought, leaned on the window-seat, and looked over the city of Vienna brightly illumined by the morning sun. At length he felt the hand of the Emperor on his shoulder. He raised himself full of attention. The powerful excitement was succeeded by the weary submission which resigns itself to the moment.

“ Ernst!” said the Emperor, “ I wished to per-

sua~~d~~e thee to return to thy lovely little country: I wished to beseech of thee to marry the noble Princess Therese, who at the same time is my relation, but I have not the courage to do this."

"Oh, my most gracious master, my dearest friend!" cried the Prince.

"The only thing which I beseech of thee is, that thou wilt remain with me; that thou, in a German court and among Germans, will not become quite estranged from thy fatherland, and wilt, without opposition, allow such occupation and amusement to divert thy mind, as here, unsought for, await thee in the great, active sphere of my wife and of thy friend. Tell me whether thou thinkest thou canst accede to this proposal, and then leave it to me to defend thee against every slander of the Prince von S."

"When I obeyed the command of your majesty," returned the Prince, "I came to the firm resolution of revealing to you my sorrowful fate, and then to submit to whatever your majesty should decide for me. The decision which my high-minded master and Emperor has just come to regarding me is a favour which I did not hope for. It is as full of forbearance as the most sensitive heart could desire, and it is, at the same time, wise to prove the strength which perhaps may yet recover itself, for doubt is not one of the least demons which persecute me."

"So I thought," replied the Emperor, "but thou wilt have done with the past, and then thou wilt begin with joy to feel, that when a hundred thousand people, with all their weal and woe, are dependent upon our virtues, we have something higher to feel

than our own fate, and—perhaps happiness may be altogether and for ever lost to thee.”

They were interrupted by a sound at an inner door, and the Emperor, who appeared to perceive in a moment, quickly hastened to open it. Before him stood Maria Theresa, already in the full costume in which she was accustomed to preside at the councils of the state.

The Prince had not seen her for a long time. The lofty completeness of her beautiful and magnificent appearance seemed quite to overcome him. In the meantime the Empress entered; two young ladies followed her, her ladies in waiting, whom the Emperor saluted, whilst the Empress advanced towards the Prince.

“The hereditary Prince of S. left with us a pleasant memory,” said she, with a kind movement of her head, whilst a smile of the gentlest friendliness played upon her charming lips; “I think that our army as well as ourselves will remember the good influence which was produced by the especial devotion and bravery of your serene highness. It gives us, therefore, pleasure to welcome you, and the Emperor also will have rejoiced greatly in meeting you again!”

“Your majesty increases through your favour the happiness which the gracious reception of the Emperor afforded me, and the faithful, reverent-hearted which I have brought back with me seems to me too small for so much affection and goodness.”

“We will, however, let that be,” said the Empress smiling; “for there arises, on the contrary, wis-

good reason, some doubt when people prefer, as your serene highness has done, to leave for years the German fatherland, and to spend time, strength, and means in foreign countries."

The Prince was silent, and the Empress, who was easily warm in temper, added, "We cannot think it right that an hereditary prince should become strange to his country, and the complaints which we have heard from that cause do not appear to us unfounded."

"I have been accused," returned the Prince calmly, "and appearances are against me; but the most just of Princesses, whose glance penetrates the depths of the human heart, will not pass sentence on the unheard."

"This, I hope, in truth is not our way!" said the Empress, in a milder tone, and just then her husband, who had before been speaking with the ladies, perceived the dangerous turn which the conversation was taking, stepped up to them both.

"And perhaps," said he, in a kind yet grave tone, "my wife will accept me as pledge, seeing that I already know all the circumstances of the Prince, and recommend him to your mercy, with the conviction of how very much he deserves it."

"I hear that with pleasure," returned the Empress, "and it is for the moment quite sufficient; and now we will turn to your majesty with the request about which we have already importuned you. There awaits us in the ante-room a little carnival sport! The nuns of St. Ursula send us again their annual tribute, an incomparable cheese, which

we are always inclined to receive with all becoming praise, and which the good little fools wrap up in all sorts of disguises, and thus expend for months the humour which will find its way into a convent devising some entirely new spectacle. Will your majesty do me the honour to accompany me? know that this will greatly increase the pleasure the good ladies when they hear it."

"That is, in truth, a very good proposal!" answered the Emperor, "only with this condition, that your majesty shall be just as willing afterwards give us part of the beautiful cheese, as now to permit us to be present at its reception."

"We shall see!" replied the Empress, "and perhaps you will then be obliged to concede that is worth receiving with all due honour. Invite the hereditary Prince to accompany us; he will then see that the south Germans are possessed of as much fancy and humour for little mummeries as he found in Italy; and besides this, what value has their harmless drollery, their true childlike feeling towards their hereditary sovereign; and it has the most beneficial influence, to permit such little scenes out of the life of the people to be presented to us, not alone for the people who thereby become more cordially attached, but at the same time for us ourselves, that we should in this way make ourselves acquainted with the character of the people,—the most highly important knowledge of all those who would govern!"

The Emperor offered his arm to his wife, after he had given a hint to the Prince to offer his arm to one

of the young ladies who stood behind the Empress, whilst the other, with the tips of her fingers, held up the train of the Empress, and thus went between both couples.

The Prince was too absent and too introverted to be more than a polite attendant to his lady, and she suddenly addressed him,—

“The way is too long for us to take it quite in silence; will you tell me on whose arm the attention of the Emperor has placed me?”

The Prince looked at her astonished. “I fancied that your ladyship had heard that I am the hereditary Prince von S.”

He felt the beautiful arm in his tremble, and saw that the young lady turned pale.

“Now, in truth,” replied she with vivacity, “his majesty is very attentive; so far is certain, that my conversation with the Emperor prevented me hearing that the Empress probably already named your serene highness.”

“But,” said the hereditary Prince, “I will hope that your ladyship has no prejudice beforehand against the possessor of the name which you have desired to know, and I have thereby acquired some right to know that which my companion bears.”

“Not at all!” cried the young lady, with animation; “for if I had not taken upon myself the usual role of a lady, namely, that of curiosity, I will wager that your serene highness would have been walking at my side yet in the same pleasant state of abstraction as at first; and this compulsory regard which I now experience, I will not see fettered on my person,

which, when you are acquainted with my name, you will afterwards laugh at for my folly."

"You are very severe, my gracious lady," said the Prince, involuntarily attracted by the pleasurable vivacity of her manner; "you will compel me to take another course, for it is impossible that you would desire that a man should only for a few minutes hear your discourse without the most lively desire to attach so great a pleasure to a person whom he might afterwards mention by name."

"By my will you should never know that," replied the young lady immediately; "and if your serene highness begins to say polite things to me, I shall be inconsolable, because nothing would free me from the reproach of having myself almost compelled them."

"My most gracious lady," said the Prince, "I confess that, at the moment in which I had first the happiness of your acquaintance, I was too deeply agitated to be able to resign myself to the high charm of life. I must also say how difficult it would be for me to ward off the unnatural reproach of having maintained my abstraction of mind with such a lady on my arm! Your ladyship will not offend me by considering this as merely a polite speech."

"Enough, then!" replied the young lady, "I will leave the subject, if I might, however, to know whether it is to be true or peace."

"Let it be peace!" exclaimed the Prince, with more warmth than he could understand.

"Hush! we are coming into the chamber of the Empress," whispered she. "Give heed now!"

there are nothing but observant eyes around us here, and I will not be observed," added she quickly, and at the same moment instantly leaving his arm, vanishing through a side door.

Astonishment was still visible on the countenance of the Prince, as the Emperor, who now turned from his wife, saw the Prince standing alone.

"How is this?" said he; "has your lady left you?"

"In truth, one does feel one's self left," said the Prince, "when such a lively spirit is removed from me, and I only regret that I could not induce her to tell me her name."

"Has she pleased you?" said the Emperor, smiling. "Yes, in that I recognise her: you probably told her your name, which I before hesitated to do."

"I had no right to refuse my name when she desired to hear it," replied the Prince.

During this the doors of the picture-gallery were opened, in which the Empress had determined on this occasion to receive the convent cheese. The hall was already filled with a crowd of persons belonging to the court, all of whom had long been accustomed to have the pleasure of enjoying with the Empress this little masquerade, and from amongst these came forward the young Archduke Joseph, and approached his parents.

"My love!" said the Empress, and kissed him, "I rejoice that you will have to-day an opportunity of seeing what an inspiring thing it is to receive the innocent proofs of the love of our subjects."

“O!” said the Archduke, “that I have known a long time! I like the people’s festivals much better than the court festivals.”

“Your vivacity always misleads you into some extravagance,” replied the Empress, with rising colour; “we must learn to distinguish between that pleasure which is becoming to us, and that which is an act of kindness in us to witness without our making it a passion. We will, if it be agreeable, take our seats,” said she, turning to her husband, “and give permission for the little mummery to be introduced.”

During this time the lady whom the hereditary Prince had conducted entered. She moved to him politely, but kindly, and he returned the salutation very respectfully, and she took her place in the row behind the Empress. The Prince now observed her more closely. She had the cultivated beauty of a woman of from six to eight and twenty, a full, handsome figure, somewhat above the middle size, with friendly, somewhat ovally cut blue eyes, a small, delicate, rather turned up nose, but which was uncommonly accordant with the intelligent, fresh countenance, remarkably lovely full lips, with teeth of the most brilliant whiteness, and the most charming and delicate complexion, to which the dark and somewhat strongly-marked eyebrows gave still more effect. Every movement was life and freedom, and the expression of good sense and character was certainly the first thing that every one perceived in her.

The Prince in making these observations forgot

that her name might be immediately learned, as every one seemed to be acquainted with her. But as she suddenly looked around her, and seemed to challenge him with a merry smile, he turned at the moment to the Duke of Lorraine, who stood by him, and asked, almost too loud, "Can your highness tell me who is the lady behind the Empress?"

"She who this moment looks at us and holds up her finger against you or me?" asked the Duke.

"The same," replied the Prince, as she again, probably unobserved by any one else, threatened him with her finger.

"That is the Princess Therese," returned the Duke, "our cousin, and you shew your taste, my dear prince, precisely by asking that question. Well," added he, laughing, "I can give you the consolation of knowing that she is neither betrothed nor promised."

The Prince had no time to answer. At that moment all were pressing forward, for the doors of the ante-room opened, and a charming sight presented itself, which riveted the eyes of all, and interrupted all conversation.

There came onward a little chariot drawn by two snow-white lambs, which again were guided by two children, who, in the dress of angels, with bright-coloured wings and garlands of myrtle on their hair, walked one on each side of the lambs. But the little shell-like chariot was a work of art which seemed to be woven of moss and flowers; in the selection of the colours and the flowers there was recognisable such an ingenious arrangement

that the whole formed the most beautiful arabesque which surrounded the outer border of the shell. The inside, on the contrary, was lined with beautiful bright green moss, and in the middle arose a young laurel-tree, the rich and leafy twigs of which were skilfully bent, and formed a little bower, a roof over the little angel which stood here beside a round basket, containing the famous convent cheese inclosed in leaves and flowers.

However much this show as a whole riveted the attention, yet the little angel which stood in the middle of the chariot very soon was the chief object of admiration. The child was really almost of a beauty which approached the supernatural and as the little chariot came on lightly and slowly and at length stopped exactly before the Empress she, forgetting all the others, clapped her hands and exclaimed to her husband, laughing, "Now Francis, it is true that the good nuns have given me to-day a pleasure!"

When the child heard this it began so kindly and so joyously to smile, that new astonishment took hold on the Empress.

"My sweet child," said she, "come here to me."

But as it was, however, a living child, as soon as the lovely little feet which, as one sees in the pictures of angels, wore sandals, were placed on the edge of the shell, the little Archduke Joseph sprang forward, and offered his hand to support it. The child, however, motioned it back, and said, "Oh go away, I must do all by myself!" and in the

ent sprang down, and stood before the

o can describe the bright, tender looks
ng little being, the laugh of joy that
autiful lips, the whole blessed, satisfied,
ression of the child!

ight actually think that it was an angel!"
press, and glanced right and left and
as if she wished to see her admiration
every one; and this time the imperial
was not needed—all were as much
as herself.

od child," said the Empress, "the sight
s me a deal of pleasure!"

it not?" said the child, "do not I look
an angel? Feel only at my wings, they
ly covered with feathers; and only look
only little coat worked with stars, and
blue scarf worked with gold! Every
I have yet seen has that!"

and Theresa laughed aloud, and the
as so delighted that she drew the child
kissed it.

ot yet though!" cried the child; "first
s the cheese, and then I say the verse,
s themselves thought that thou, perhaps,
n give me a kiss."

cried the Emperor, "such an angel my
ever seen! Who art thou?—what are
called?"

ld motioned to him, somewhat turning
mpress, that he ought to be silent.

“Have not I done it well?” said the good Emperor.

And his wife said archly, “Now tell me, what secret thou hast?”

But the child looked on the ground in evident embarrassment.

“Now,” continued the Empress, “tell me candidly what is thy secret.”

“Ah,” said the child, “thou oughtest really to know it. For that reason they were near letting me be the angel, and but for my light they would not. I have really no parents.”

“Did I not say it?” cried the Empress, more and more amused; “it is actually an angel!”

“Ah, yes! ah, yes!” cried the child, and clapped its little hands; “only believe that, then the little nuns will be pleased.”

“The girl bewitches us,” said the Emperor. “here, my little love, I fancy that thou art quite gone out of thy part; now tell me thyself, ought thou to chatter with me?”

“No,” said the child, “not a soul said a word about that. But thou began it,” added she, wistfully, “for the arrangement was quite different. As I learnt it, the lady abbess represented thy good dear lady Empress, then I first of all took the lead, then I said the verse, and then I gave thee cheese.”

“Indeed! well, then, begin again from the very beginning,” cried the Empress, gaily, and the child instantly sprang back into the little chariot, made afresh its spring out, and then said, with

most touching voice, and accompanied by the most soul-full gestures and the sweetest smiles, the following verse :—

“ Great and mighty Empress ! deign
 Good Saint Ursula’s pious train
 To regard benignantly ;
 They present a cheese to thee —
 The gift is truly all too mean,
 Yet doth a great thought lie therein.
 Young David he a cheese did bear,
 And he grew strong beyond compare,
 So that he slew the land’s great foe.
 Thus may this cheese like power bestow,
 And work thine enemies great woe ! ”

The Empress listened with delight, whilst her beautiful brilliant eyes ever again were turned to her husband, who, as much pleased as herself, winced his delight with equal animation. When the last lines had been spoken, the child turned towards the little chariot to reach out the cheese, which was hidden in the basket. But now a circumstance occurred which the good nuns, in their zeal, never had calculated upon. The child had learned every thing with the empty basket, but there now lay the heavy cheese within it, and the child in vain exerted herself to bring it out. For a while the vain endeavours continued, and then, in despair, she clasped together her hands, and with large tears rolling down her cheeks, turned herself mournfully to the Empress,—

“ It is really too heavy—much too heavy—I cannot bring it to thee ! ”

“ O, who will help my angel ? ” cried the Em-

press gaily. A hundred hands and feet, at least, moved at the same moment; the Emperor even made a movement, as if to rise, and Prince Batthyany, the chief governor of Prince Joseph, was obliged to hold him back by the hand, to prevent his springing forward. All, however, came too late. The Princess Therese quickly stepped from behind the chair of the Empress, and before any one else could approach, had the basket in her hand; then cleverly taking the child before her in her arms, and, kneeling down before the Empress with the basket, so presented it to her, that the angel still maintained its part.

“O, my clever good cousin!” said the Empress, very affectionately, and kissed the forehead of the Princess, who then pressed the child, for a moment tenderly to her bosom, and just as quickly as she had left it, resumed her place behind the Empress. The Empress contemplated the lovely flowers, turned them aside, to get a view of the cheese, and then gave it to the chief lady of the household, who again placed it in the chariot. She then kindly turned herself to the poor, distressed angel.

“Do not weep, my child,” said she gently; “only tell my friend, the Lady Abbess, that I scarcely ever had so much pleasure from her gifts before, and I would, therefore, shew myself grateful. But to thee, my dear child, I should like to give an especial pleasure; will thou, therefore, tell me whether thou hast any right earnest wish of thy heart? I will then gratify it for thee, if it lie in my power.”

“Ah!” cried the child suddenly, bright as sun-

shine with joy, "if it could be! Ah! I have a right earnest heart's wish, as thou sayest—thou couldst give me a great pleasure!"

"Well, tell me what thou hast in thy mind—what wouldst thou so gladly have?"

"Ah!" said the child, coming confidentially nearer; "buy me a goat! Our poor old goat is dead, because Egon pushed it over the hedge, and now we have no milk; and Mora cries because of it, and Egon will go into the service of the Princess Morani, that he may get some money for another goat. But if thou wilt give it to us, then Egon can stay with us, and we shall again be, all of us, right happy!"

"God knows!" cried the Empress, "thou shalt have a goat, even if I myself should buy it!"

The child took not a moment for thought, but before the Empress could look round her, fled into her arms, threw her little arms around her neck, and kissed her without any further permission.

This whole scene seemed to have carried the Empress beyond the constraints of court etiquette; for she did not repulse her angel, as she called her, but kissed it, and then arose, with which the whole affair was ended. She received an announcement from the chief lady of the court, and at the moment when the little flower-chariot drove across the ante-room, the Princess Morani entered at the side of Count Lacy.

"Is it possible? Is not that Hedwiga?" cried the Princess, in joyful surprise.

“ Oh, come here! come here!” cried the child and stretched both arms out of the little chariot towards her: “ I have such a deal to tell thee!”

But the chief lady of the court motioned softly and turned to the Princess with the intelligence that the Empress awaited them; and thus Hedwiga's little chariot, spite of all her prayers, went forward without stopping, to the little side-room, where the children received a refreshment, and the gift was for the time deposited.

“ Beloved Claudia,” said the Count, “ this child quite takes my heart by force. I think, if I were every day to look into those eyes, it would purify my heart like the intercessions of an angel! Claudia!” continued he, “ will you not rescue this child from its low estate and poverty? You are really rich!” added he, with heart-felt tenderness; “ adopt that child—let that heavenly body be inhabited by a correspondent soul. Under your guidance, what a charming being would she not become!”

The Princess saw, with some astonishment, perhaps, the lively excitement of the Count; but she had spoken the wish of her own heart, and she gently pressed his arm.

“ If I have your consent,” said she, “ then my own wish is accomplished, and from this day Hedwiga is my child.”

“ Oh! how glorious!” cried the Count; “ and I will also adopt Egon.”

By this time they had passed through the ante-rooms, and now entered the picture-gallery, where

to their astonishment, they found the Empress not alone, but surrounded by a select circle of the court.

It was so long since the Princess Morani had been at court, that she was scarcely recognised, and it excited particular amazement that she entered accompanied by Count Lacy. Nor was this amazement at all diminished when it was understood that they were betrothed.

It was scarcely possible for the general wonder to control itself; and beyond that, there was seen a mixture of irony, envy, and derision; and even where these were not seen, there was still an expression of disapprobation, which was only too well supported by experience, and which occasioned even the well-intentioned to shake their heads. The Princess knew all this, and it required her entire self-possession to preserve the demeanour necessary for the occasion, whilst she had the uncomfortable consciousness of being thus regarded by every one. She thought that it was not kind of the Empress to have disregarded her request for a private audience, and her pride, which was wounded by this disregard of her prayer, took from her, for the moment, her own power of mind. But the Empress received her with such sincere kindness, so sympathising and obliging, that the Princess felt in it a consolation, which supported her against the whole world.

"You find us here, my dear Princess," continued the Empress, after a very friendly salutation, "in a state of real excitement about a little girl

which had just brought to us the customary co-cheese, which custom you will very well remember. Never did my eyes see any thing lovelier—w however, from a mother, is a hard confession—this poor, stranger child. When I pay a visit to the good ladies of St. Ursula, I must learn what child is, and how one might, perhaps, serve it; a letter of recommendation in its face, which once testifies in favour of its soul!”

“Then I may hope to receive the blessing of your majesty,” said the Princess quickly, “I have just yielded to my own wishes, and confirmed the determination of adopting this poor orphan child, and directing its education, as much as possible, under my own eye.”

“Now,” said the Empress, “you surpass us in God’s blessing will attend those who are so quick and ready for a work of benevolence. Such a resolution has our entire approval—whilst we were speaking you were acting. We will dismiss you in private cabinet,” continued she, making a movement of her hand towards those who were present, “and allow us to leave our court for a pleasant meeting again!”

With these words she stepped, bowing, through the assembly, and no one followed her to her chamber excepting the Princess and Count Lacy. Before she reached it, she paused for a moment and glanced towards her husband, who was in an animated conversation with the hereditary Prince with his back turned to her, whilst the Prince was facing her. She was astonished at the deep paleness of his countenance, and the expressive

trouble which made his features hardly recognisable, and she could not resolve to go any farther, because she thought something particular had happened.

In the meantime the hereditary Prince bowed to the Emperor, without the Empress observing it, and went slowly out of the gallery, like a sick man who could scarcely stand.

"What has happened?" asked Maria Theresa from her husband, who now came up to her; "what is amiss with the Prince? has some misfortune happened to him?"

"My answer would occupy a long time," replied the Emperor. "In order to understand the Prince at this moment, you must know his whole fate."

"Your majesty will oblige me," returned the Empress. "I am quite on the rack to know something about this man of mysteries."

"And you will feel the sincerest sympathy," returned the Emperor.

"Well," said Maria Theresa, "I will only wish that in this case the Empress may not step in his way. We are not always so fortunate as to be able to yield to the natural rights of our sex."

"I hope that in this instance you will make no opposition," returned her husband, and, with a bow, the Empress vanished into her cabinet.

"Now, my dear Claudia!" said she, as the doors closed upon them three, "I must candidly tell you that your and the Count Lacy's determination appears to me strange, dangerous; nay, inconsiderate. I can calculate a little, and I know about how much older

you are than me; and yet I myself should scruple marry a man as much my junior as this. My child whatever is contrary to nature avenges itself: it all very well now, while the fondness of this gentleman is disposed that way, and all men hold fast to that, from which they either meet with or expect opposition. But afterwards, when they themselves lose all pleasure in it, then every thing which they formerly heard said against it occurs to them, and then they, for their justification, make use of the arguments which otherwise they did not consider as applicable to themselves. My Count Lacy, I am a candid German woman, and I consider it, therefore, proper to speak the truth; when it has happened any fool can see it, and we have not the way of clapping our hands together, and saying, 'I was right!' Besides this, my love, your health and bodily strength are broken: you, probably, may not give a descendant to the house of Lacy; and yet this is important, and will afterwards be placed in the balance against you."

The Empress, in her zeal, with her sagacious and quick-sighted suggestions, certainly would not yet have ended. But Lacy's breast struggled with indignation; with extreme pain at the unsparring manner of the Empress which had made the colour on the cheeks of poor Claudia so quickly change that he suddenly caught the deeply wounded lady in his arms, and leading her to a chair, with the sincerest expression of affection, exclaimed, "Will your majesty be the death of her?"

The Princess lost for a moment all consciousness

and sank as pale as death upon the chair to which Lacy had conducted her. The Empress looked in amazement on them both; but her good and noble heart conquered, and although in most cases this procedure would have increased her displeasure towards the offenders, she here decided otherwise.

"Go, Count Lacy!" she said mildly, "a woman understands this best! You fetch my smelling-bottle from the table!"

During these words, she herself embraced the Princess, and leaned her head on her arm. "Poor child!" said she, "have I terrified thee? We have so much which is unjust to prevent, have to answer for the consequences of every indiscretion which occurs around us, so that we can see a danger sooner than other people can, without taking into account that an honest intention on the one side, and remarkable virtues on the other, may be able to crown such a step with happy consequences."

Lacy knelt on one knee before the Empress, as he gave her the smelling-bottle.

"Your majesty," said he, "has forgiven my violence, I feel it in your gracious words. May the pain which I felt at the picture which your majesty drew, and by which this noble sufferer was so much shaken, be a pledge for the well-tried strength of our affection, and of my certain conviction that I shall never be guilty of so much misery; the noble princess can never experience it from me!"

"Very good; I am quite satisfied!" returned the Empress, and drew back the arm, for the Princess had overcome her momentary weakness, and

still weeping, bowed herself to the hand of the Empress, which she repeatedly kissed.

"And," continued the Empress, "I must also say to you, Count Lacy, although you have overstepped the *déhors* towards your Empress; still, it is, perhaps, the only case in which the occasion could excuse your fault. We forgive you on that account, and will not by our scruples further disturb the happiness which you have chosen for yourselves; but, on the contrary, we will give to you both our congratulations. Still we must remark that our watch reproaches us with having already to-day so much occupied ourselves with our pleasures, and the business of the state must have awaited us. We therefore take our leave, and counsel you to leave the Princess alone to-day, that she may recover from the agitation of which we are guilty."

So saying, she smiled with the kindness of a mother, and kissed the Princess on taking leave.

But on that day Lacy did not leave the Princess for an hour, and strove by the respectful devotion of his whole conduct to heal the wounds which she had received.

After their dinner with George Prey, Baron Pölten made his appearance with the young architect Valacro, who with the others went through the whole palace.

Of a certainty this was no small demand on the resolution of the Princess, because these rooms, completely empty, shewed only too plainly the entire ruin of her fortunes. But she overcame her weakness, and described herself the former style

and appointments of the rooms ; and as she did this, every one felt that the exquisite taste of the late Prince had in all cases so appropriately chosen, that nothing was left in the new decoration and fitting-up, but to imitate him, if they wished to give to the palace its former beautiful character. This gratified the affection of the Princess, and Lacy, who only too well understood the noble daughter, strengthened this affection as much as his conviction would permit.

To this review of the palace followed a council on the purchase of works of art, the best selection of which was left to the young architect.

Later, when the lovers were together alone, Lacy proposed that the adoption of the two children should be no longer delayed, and offered that he himself should go and gain all the information he could regarding their state and condition.

"And do you fancy," continued he, "that that singular brown girl belongs to them?"

"No," said the Princess, "she is, I believe, with a female relation, and it is evident that there is no want in her case. The children love each other like brother and sister, and I think they frequently see her; where, I have not inquired, but I imagine that Magda lives in the neighbourhood, and is a sort of instructress to Hedwiga."

"Indeed!" said the Count, rising with animation, "in no case shall we take that girl into our house! If she need it, we can support her, but only not in the house."

"Does she make an unpleasant impression upon you?" asked the Princess, surprised; "I had a

liking for the girl, which I cannot describe. Her beauty is to me an enigma, in which I can quite involve myself. Then her speech — that play of feature — I could imagine that she had been born to some lofty station, she might be an empress like ours. You must not reject my favourite in this way! If you could only rightly see that glorious countenance, and not let the effect be spoiled by that ugly puritanical cap."

"Yes," said Lacy, "it may be the cap. No, no! do not desire that I should look at that girl. I will not, if it be possible, see her again; but do every thing for the other children which can rejoice your heart."

"Good!" returned the Princess, gaily, "we will begin. Perhaps, you will afterwards become reconciled to my Magda."

When the Count left the Princess, the late evening, with its shadows, lay around him. The clump of shrubs and flowers by the wayside were melted into dark masses, the small houses that stood between were lost, and their various contours were only delineated against the horizon, which was enlivened by thousands of glimmering stars. The Count was, at all times, an attentive observer of nature; he walked slowly, he remained, at times standing, he drew in the fragrance which the sea and flowers around him dreamily exhaled in their light night-slumber. It gave him pleasure, spite of the duskiuess which veiled their lovely forms, to recognise them all by their odour, and as he wandered past them, he could not but inwardly call them

name, as one addresses a beloved sleeper, not to awake him, but from the happy feeling of being near to him. Yet, Nature accompanies the inward feeling of the human heart, as the play of the strings the words of the singer, where the accords which are awoke are significant of the text. Thus did Nature give the accompanying accords which harmonised with the mood of the Count, but they operated not alone on him. Solitude always at first makes the better order of human beings turn inward and question how they stand with regard to themselves. Thus did late events pass in review before him, like the flowers and the shrubs by the wayside as he wandered onward.

Many things, now, had fallen out according to his wishes, according to his long-cherished plans. A sweet satisfaction went through his soul, as he said to himself, "Claudia's life is now at length established securely; she is rescued from all struggles and oppositions of her unhappy condition, and her sacrifice, her affection for a selfish father will be now rewarded." He was not in a state to forgive the behaviour of the Empress that day. He could not believe that any body would have thought what she only had ventured to say of the beloved, and that with the certainty of triumphant refutation. Tranquil and convinced on this point, he perhaps regarded Thomas Thyrnau's extraordinary pretensions with somewhat too great composure. Still more and more inclined to regard them as a whim which might be overcome, he hoped that by meeting this singular old man face to face, a satisfactory arrangement

might be come to. The disturbed audience which the Empress had not permitted him to introduce, had hoped, any mention of the Bohemian affair; he saw himself once more condemned to wait for a leisure opportunity, as it was impossible that he could trouble his noble patron Count von Kauffmann whom he knew to be extremely busy, to urge a new audience. The journey, therefore, of Baron Tein was to him satisfactory; still on the morrow he was to yet further explain his plans to him; for, how good and noble the young man was in the eyes of the Count, still he was somewhat wanting in seriousness and that quality was desirable. He was wild and impetuous, nay, sometimes he would be odd and venturesome in his plans and occasional actions, and with his most unthinking folly overlooked consequences. The momentary prospect of adventurous pleasure presented itself. He had made propositions which startled the Count, which made him fear that he had some mad scheme in his head; for he had made a promise not to write at all direct to Thomas Thurnisberg until he himself should notify to the contrary; in order that he might not unskilfully influence the Count which he designed to execute. Thus he was to receive no letters from him; at least, they were to be sent to Tein, but to be left at Prague, where he hoped to receive them from time to time through his own messenger. All this had come from the giddy lips of the amiable young man, and he fancied that he could perceive the wag concealed under it. But on no account would he see the Count of his uncle placed in any way at the pleasure

youthful jest, and he resolved that unless Pölten would give him his word of honour to lay aside his waggery, and to be directed only by the remarkable gifts of his heart as well as of his understanding, which he hoped he would readily do, he determined to take the whole affair out of his hands.

Pölten was obliged to make a great circuit on his journey to Tein, because the hope of a little inheritance in Hungary, the native country of his mother, had suddenly been presented to him, which he, with his small property, must endeavour to obtain, and which probably would offer him the opportunity of making an advantageous marriage, which was a principal wish of the strange young man's.

In the meantime Lacy's thoughts returned to the affairs which were nearest to his heart, and dwelling on the thought dearest to him, on the happiness which he would shower down upon Claudia, he leaned himself against a linden-tree, the heavy young shoots of which bent over him, when just beside him, in the low twigs of the young bushes a nightingale suddenly struck up her single, sweet, long, drawn-out melody. It seemed to the Count as if he now heard her for the first time. He listened to the deep sentiment of love in these tones as if from them he could learn the unfathomably deep mystery of a wholly devoted heart; and when the little throat with a power of breath which no human breast possesses elevated its thrillingly agitated tone to a crescendo it seemed to the Count that he heard the story of love told, as it were with the words, "My whole being dissolves in devotion to thine!"

He felt a rapture which almost equally expanded

his own breast. He wished to think of Claudia the nightingale sung ever the same melody—brown eyes came forth to his remembrance—he knew the riddle which he had not been able to solve. These deep eyes which unceasingly penetrate the inner depths of his being, these eyes were the song of the nightingale, they had the primeval text, and why they looked at him he fancied that he suddenly knew. Then the nightingale ceased, and the Count went forward, awakened out of a deep dream. In a state of abstraction he gazed around him, he stretched forth an arm as if he would repel something from him. He recovered himself and drew himself up as bold as if he expected an enemy, and as he recovered himself from this involuntary excitement he cast a gravely reproachful glance upon his inner self. He was horrified before the depths of the human breast, seeing how close to the one feeling which we conceal aloud, and which we acknowledge with all our power there creeps in softly and silently another, as if to awaken, and lies down to sleep, till a sound without presses in which awakes it, and we feel like softly beseeching glances which ask whether they may remain, and which now, for the first time give knowledge to us that we have entertained it within our having been conscious of its entrance.

“Ha!” exclaimed the Count, “but now I myself; thou shalt find me in arms, for I long for the contest with the cowardly weakness! Empress, thou wilt not be right—and thou—” He did not mention Claudia’s name, but she appeared like a saint to the throne of his heart.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next morning when he awoke, he smiled at the excitement of the past evening, as one does in the remembrance of delirious fancies, which have no foundation in actually existing circumstances. He felt a pure and heartfelt devotion to Claudia, and determined after the visit to the Baron von Pölten to proceed himself to the convent-court in order, if possible, to take Hedwiga to her that day.

At the house of the Baron von Pölten he was very unpleasantly surprised by the intelligence that he had already set off in the night. In the letter which he had left for him he found the reasons for this hasty journey only slightly mentioned, but they were connected with news which he had received out of Hungary regarding the affairs of his inheritance. Besides this, he declared with *naïve* security his delight that he had talked over all that was necessary regarding his after journey into Bohemia, on which account he was now able to set off without any further delay.

However little the Count agreed with this opinion, yet he was obliged to decide on giving up the

matter. He, however, resolved immediately to dispatch a letter containing his wishes to Prague where the Baron would, in the first instance, go; and at his palace, where he had promised to take up his quarters, his orders would reach him quite soon enough.

He now slowly directed his steps back again towards the ramparts within which the Ursuline convent lay with its outer courts, where he had to see for his young *protégés*. The fine young gentlemen excited no small astonishment among the children who filled the convent-court at their play; and when he asked after Hedwiga and Egon, there were twenty little guides ready to shew him the way. To be permitted to go with him seemed to be a favour, and Lacy's love for children, which shewed itself in every look, in every joking or caressing movement, was not calculated to frighten away the little stragglers. Thus they had soon reached the narrow path between the hedge of Bábili's garden and the convent-wall and Lacy forgot every thing around him, as there lay before him the little stable-like cottage in which bloomed the enchanting beauty of Hedwiga.

Left alone by the children, who, even under his guidance, had not courage enough to approach nearer to the stern Mrs. Mora, Lacy advanced towards the cottage, which, on reaching, he found quite empty. Egon was gone to the convent-bailiff, Mora and Hedwiga to Mrs. Bábili's.

After he had seen with a pensive glance the deep poverty of the cottage he stepped out of the open yard door up to the lime-tree, and here nature had

so charmingly decorated the poor people's dwelling that Lacy felt quite cheered, and his eyes wandered around in all directions. Before him he saw the meadow-ground, on the other side the beautiful quire of the convent-church, with the dark yew-hedge which adjoined it, and when he turned himself round he was astonished by the sight of the large bronze statue of St. Christopher, who, with his holy burden, shone brightly above the wooden partition.

He approached nearer, his eyes raised, and, leaning upon the top of the hedge, he looked, deeply absorbed in his own thoughts, at the charming child-like countenance of the little Christ. The tranquil repose of the morning now allowed him to hear the splashing of the fountain, and he turned his eyes to the large stone basin, in which, in the middle of the little spring, stood the statue.

Here sat Madga. She held a book with both her hands firmly upon her knee, as if she would make herself certain of its presence, whilst her eye, full of deep thought, looked down into the little bubbling springs of the fountain. Neck and shoulders were bowed, her head drooped, and only the pure outline of her profile was visible, and her mouth slightly opened, shewed the childlike listening of the lips — the mark of solitary thought.

Her dress was wholly changed, and the Count was obliged still to observe her longer than he otherwise would, for he knew not at first if it were actually she. He then recollected that her dress was the costume of the citizen-maidens of Prague, which he had often noticed with the remark, that, however,

it might be made to consort with the taste of the wearer or her worldly circumstances, still, with changes, the principle of it continued to be clinging in the highest degree. He thought that he never seen it more beautiful than now.

A part of Magda's long, shining hair was taken up at the back of her head in a Grecian knot, which was stretched a net of strong gold-thread which with its rich contents rested upon the beautiful, slender neck. Close to this was placed a half-cap to which the whole grandeur of a court maiden of Prague is accustomed to attach itself here, also, no doubt could be had regarding Magda's wealth. It was a flat stripe of a hand's-breadth of gold brocade, which was worked in the most careful manner with single flowers formed with precious stones, and ornamented with pearls and exquisite gold-work. In Magda's case this stripe of brocade which inclosed the head was placed close to the net, and was fastened by means of a bar of pearls which crossed the temples with a golden clasp. Above the ears the rich ends of the hair were twined into a flat curl and were drawn through and held fast by a golden pin. The heavy golden ear-rings completed the head-dress. The dress was black; the boddice of strong stuff worked with gold; from within rose a stiff kerchief of the finest cambric, which was pinned together behind on the neck in very delicate folds. Over this was the open jacket which in Magda's case, was made of black velvet lined with crimson damask. The narrow sleeves, which rea

somewhat below the elbow, were trimmed with white lace, and the edge, like all the seams, was worked with gold. The skirt was heavy, black silk with gold eyelet-holes; the stockings of black silk with red clocks, and the shoes of black velvet with golden heels and brilliant buckles. Nor must a richly worked pocket be omitted, which, fastened by a costly golden buckle, hung down on one side.

Count Lacy required, perhaps, as much time to examine the individual parts of this beautiful dress as we to describe it; and, in a particular manner, he looked full of admiration at the lovely outline of profile which shewed itself in relief against the dark stone back of the seat which surrounded the fountain. Her colour was, perhaps, somewhat heightened by her unusual adornment, and the dark tint of her beautiful complexion was thereby increased; she was sunk in thought, and certainly she did not see the little foaming whirlpool upon which her eyes rested.

The Count aroused himself from this vision by the reflection that she would certainly know where the children he was in search of were to be found. But he knew not how he ought to address her. The poor, oddly bedizened maiden, the companion of poor children, was she no longer; her beauty also shewed her to be full sixteen years old.

He could not call to her as "my child!" "Magda!" By the Christian name, people only address girls of a low estate or those with whom they were very friendly. All the time that he was thinking he was looking at her; and then her deep quietness perplexed him; he feared to disturb so

unwonted a mood, such a charming object. How at length it so happened that after all he called by her name he knew not. Magda heard her own name softly pronounced; she bent herself over the rim of the basin, and a smile played on her lips, if she fancied that the little springs had called her.

The Count now called once more, perhaps somewhat louder. Like a timid doe, Magda sprung up and looked hastily around her; she saw him leaning over the hedge. For one moment she remained immovably still, and looked at him firmly, then her eyes sank, and he said once more,—

“Dear Magda, canst thou give me information about something?”

Magda laid the closed book upon the stone seat. Lightly and gracefully she stepped directly towards him, so that as he saw her in all her pomp approaching nearer, the Count drew himself back, and involuntarily bowed.

“You wish to have the children,” said she, in a low but firm voice; “I can send Hedwiga to you, but Egon, whom you will probably wish to see, with the convent-bailiff.”

“Then I will first of all go to the bailiff,” said Lacy, “and come back with him; whilst the dear girl, callest Hedwiga here.”

“It is better not to do so,” said Magda, thoughtfully. “It is difficult to manage Egon as one would wish, and it would be better that you speak first with Mora, and have her consent to call the boy.”

“Why should he not be inclined to go with me? I will quite adopt him, educate him according to his abilities, and then provide still farther for him.”

.....
Hedwiga coloured at this question to her very neck. Her eyes, which until that moment had been calmly fixed to the Count, sank to the earth, yet this scene was soon over; when she again looked up she was collected.

"I know it," said she, "but I shall not tell it; it is unnecessary that you should know it, and you would deny it."

The Count was silent, sunk in physiognomical agonies. He wished to solve that sweet, serious—that loving mystery, in the features of the Countess. She continued,—

"I have it very much at heart that the children should be provided for before I myself am obliged to leave them, for it is not well for them to be here long; therefore I will assist you if you will promise to take care of Hedwiga also. You could send a message to the good old Princess Morani, whom I would gladly recommend Hedwiga; but I do not wish to go again where it was to me so painful
....."



you, and behaved myself so like a foolish child. Forgive me now, without knowing the reason."

It was with an urgent, vehement, almost commanding tone, that she spoke; but it was the language of her inward confusion—of her humiliating womanly pride. Lacy understood that, and looked at the girl with emotion during this outbreak, in opposition to her natural will.

"My dear girl," said he, gently, "promise that thou wilt be calm. How could I have a thing to forgive in thee? I cannot at all understand how I could terrify thee. But I have, indeed, no right to be agreeable to thee; at perhaps, because thou didst not expect me to with the Princess——"

"God knows," said Magda, interrupting him "that I did not expect you. But let us leave that now," continued she, calmly; "we will, perhaps some day talk more about that—now, the children are the principal business. Egon desired, too, to go to the Princess,—he wished to become her page; which she should send a goat to Mora, because he killed the former one by his violence. But now that the Empress yesterday promised the girl Hedwiga, they all wish to remain together, and that is precisely what I do not like, because I must go away, and then the children will have respect for nobody."

Lacy at any other time would have smiled at the young girl who here, with so much calm self-esteem announced herself as the only object of respect; but passing that over, he inquired,—

"Where art thou going, dear Magda? why dost thou not remain here?"

The girl looked long and closely into his face, then turned away her head, and said, with a deep-drawn breath,—

"Here I am not at home."

"Thou wearest the beautiful dress of the citizen-maidens of Prague. Art thou a Bohemian?"

"It is so," said Magda, constrainedly, more and more turning aside.

"What is thy name?" asked the Count, and his voice unconsciously trembled.

Magda looked at him hastily, as if she would reply warmly; then composing herself, she said,—

"I am called Magda Matielli."

And then, turning, she saluted the Count proudly with a movement of the head, and went to the farmyard to call Hedwiga.

The Count stood immovably: he looked after her, and admired the firm, light step of the young girl.

"That is a very extraordinary being," said he to himself. "It is well she has found her position in the world, and that she is well to do. Who could ever offer that girl an alms? How rightly Claudia estimated her! One could almost think that she was a princess, and the dress of the citizen-class on her assumes the character of a proud destination."

These thoughts were interrupted by Hedwiga, who shot out of the house like an arrow, and came bounding along to the Count. She was again clad to-day in her poor attire; and a little jacket of the

same cloth as her petticoat, neither lessened nor destroyed her beauty.

“Canst thou not climb over here?” said she immediately; “then we shall be all together, and thou, too, canst sit down by the fountain.”

This pleased the Count. He lightly swung himself over the hedge, and he felt a peculiar pleasure in being upon that ground, and in taking a seat beside Hedwiga upon the bench to which she drew him.

“Listen, Hedwiga. The Princess Morani sent me—she will take thee to live with her—thou wilt be her child—thou must learn things, that thou mayst be a good, industrious girl. Wilt thou go with me?”

“And Mora?” asked the child, looking at him with a head leaning sideways; “Egon must also become a man, and not stop at home,—spite of our having a new goat. Where, then, is my Mora to be?”

“I will speak with her herself,” said the Count; “certainly we must take care of her. Wilt thou, then, go with me?”

“That I will, for Mora has permitted it long. If I am to learn anything, she thought it was time, and we would make this request to the good old Princess—and Egon will also go to her.”

When the Count was about to reply, Mora and Magda stood before him. The woman was old, and although her countenance looked fresh and good-tempered, yet all the features were common; the Count was convinced that the children could not be her own.

"You are Mrs. Mora," said he, in a friendly tone of voice, stepping towards her. The woman assented, and her eye rested searchingly upon him. He now communicated to her, in simple language, what were his intentions, and demanded from her an explanation as to who the children were, seeing it was impossible that they were her own.

Mora glanced with a dark expression on the Count, and then said,—

"People do not put much confidence in poverty and misfortune—the gentlefolks think that all goodness is possessed alone by themselves. I have nothing at all against you and the Princess adopting the children, and educating them according to your fashion, for they are worthy of it, both from within and without, and you will not repent of it. But I cannot entirely withdraw my care from them, yet neither will I go with them, which would not be well for them; still I will know where they are, and will know how it goes on with them. If you take them, you can fancy that they are poor children who have lost their parents, and that their mother was my daughter. We came here as beggars out of France, whence we were driven out by fire, and here we are not much better; the church, the parsonage were burnt down—I cannot give you any proofs—you must take them upon my word."

The somewhat rough manner of the old woman yet bore the character of incontrovertibility. To obtain possession of the children was the principal thing with the Count; that which was mysterious about their existence seemed to him of necessity a

circumstance of their possession ; the explanation could leave to time and the gentle friend in whose hands he was now endeavouring to place them. He was obliged to agree to Mora's wishes, but roughly refused to give them up to him then, promising, however, to bring them that evening.

When this business was concluded, he looked round for Magda, but she was gone. His first wish was to ask after her, to take leave of her. He was that in the next moment he sprang over the wooden paling and stood in Mrs. Mora's court could not himself tell. He left the Ursuline convent without having again seen her—without making inquiry after her.

CHAPTER XII.

ON the evening of the same day a lady, in the dress of a gentlewoman, of a dark colour, suitable to her aged features, sat in a large gloomy room of the Imperial Palace. The room lay on the ground-floor, with a heavy, arched ceiling and deep window-recesses, and seemed rather to belong to a convent than to the gay residence of an imperial court. The summer did not add much to the cheerfulness of these apartments. The sun could not penetrate through the thick untrimmed lime-trees, which had, in this wholly neglected part of the palace-garden, grown together into a dense mass, and below which had shot up from the moist ground a thickly interwoven wilderness of underwood and ivy. The air of these chambers was always gloomy and misty, damp and cold, and even in the middle of summer, as soon as they were inhabited, a large fire burned in the large chimney-stove.

The old lady had just now been busying herself to increase from her abundant supply of fuel the sinking glow of the stove, that in her easy chair she might cheer herself with the pleasant fire, when

the time-piece behind her struck the hour eleven, and the old lady, now somewhat dissatisfied, shook her head, and pushed an unoccupied easy chair, which stood before her nearer to the fire, spread out the fur-lined velvet cloak which hung over it, and placed the silken foot-cushion close before it. It was very plain to be seen that she expected some one, and not in vain, for at that same moment a door was heard to bang, loud voices sounded in the ante-room, and opening wide the folding-doors, and bearing in his hand a branched candlestick, an imperial lacquey entered. This was followed a lady in full dress, who rested the tips of two fingers upon the silken coat-sleeve of Count von Reutenberg, the chamberlain of his majesty, and who, with his hat in his hand, conducted him to the beautiful lady. He now, with low bows, inquired if her serene highness had any commands for her most humble servant, or for his majesty. Without giving him any answer, the lady stepped to the fire, hardly acknowledging the respectful courtesy of the old lady, but lifted both her lovely arms, and snapping the while, in a peculiar manner, with the thumb and finger of each raised hand. With this sudden entrance entered two ladies in waiting, and with inconceivable rapidity the heavy robe of silver brocade, which rested the mystery of some swelling padding, was loosened, and the costly slip of white satin embroidered with bright flowers, exhibited the affluent beauty of the youthful figure, for which roundness the disfiguring fashion of the day was not needful. The Count von Reutenberg stood

as if enchanted, the spectator of this charming transformation, the witness of which he had been so unexpectedly and with so much astonishment. He was afraid that he ought to have come away, although permission to do so had not been given him, and he regarded it as a certain thing, that they had merely forgotten him. The lady, who had thus relieved herself, now sank down into the easy chair, which was so carefully prepared for her, drew the velvet cloak around her lovely figure, slipped off the high-heeled silk shoes, with the sparkling buckles from her little feet, and then embedded them side by side in the soft down of the silken cushion.

There then passed over the fresh countenance a waggishly satirical smile, which was a sort of commentary upon her late bold procedure, and to this smile succeeded the raising of her vivacious blue eyes, which were fixed with such a challenging expression upon the Count, that he ventured, with a smile, to bow deeply before her.

"How?" asked she now, with a clear voice, "I have commands for you? Ah!" continued she, "it is a pity that it is already so late; I shall, to-day, not be able to do any thing. My illustrious cousin has, in the paradisiacal abode of this palace of the gods, so united every enjoyment of the earth, that of course the salt of life, the yeast of wearisome hours, the wheels which wind up again our wisdom, which else runs to waste, the secret of the whole of our existence—I mean wishes—ungratified wishes—are not to be indulged in!"

“How charming, my love!” continued she, turning with the greatest kindness towards the old lady, “that you, in this warm July even have such a beautiful fire, and have warmed my cloak. Very seldom, in this month, do people enjoy such a pleasant change as I do every day. When out of the sun-bright saloons of their majesty where neither curtains nor jalousies kept a single beam from head or neck, I descend, half-roasted into these charming vaults, I fancy that I come down to the ancestors of the house of Hapsburg. I perceive the sublime shudder which passes through me at the sight of catafalques and sarcophagi—even the damp, mouldy odour, which is the perpetual inhabitant of these chambers, only tends to increase the illusion. Yet, suddenly, there shines through the bluish mist a comfortable blaze—all the sublime shudders are gone—the pleasant domesticity of winter’s evening spreads over us its cheerful wings—we dry our damp clothes by the crackling fire, amuse ourselves, whilst the busy flame thaws crystallisation on the walls into delicate drops, which like the dew upon flowers, trickles down upon our heads.”

With these words the lively, jesting lady wrapped herself still closer in her fur, and Count Reuherg took advantage of the pause to inquire whether after she had shewn that she so charmingly comprehended her present condition, there remained yet to her most serene highness any thing which might be described by the name of a wish?

“Yes,” exclaimed the beauty, laughing aloud

"you have done very well to put this question !
But look ! that makes the difference between me
and my exalted relations. These dear honest
people are here so used to such things, and are,
from their youth, so accustomed to their own ever-
attended-to comforts, that they must of necessity
give up the enjoyment of being able to think of
any thing better than that which has come to
them from across the Pyrenees, from the remains
of the old Castilian glory, Ferdinand the Catholic.
It is beautiful !—affecting ! The old is so venera-
ble ! But look ! I am, from the abundance of
my great relations, in a peculiar condition. The
house of Lorraine, to which, through my mother,
I belong, has cousins in all countries. I was obliged,
therefore, to dance with my cousin, Louis the
Fifteenth, in Versailles ; and to eat steam-dump-
lings with my cousin, the Roman Emperor, in Vienna.
—That is very odd, is it not ?" cried she, laughing.
" But I keep you unnecessarily, my dear Count !
Look !—look ! Lift up your foot—it was a rat at
your shoe-toe ! The dear little things are here quite
tame ; they breakfast with us, and partake every
meal—even our beds ! Or was it a sweet little
frog ? Oh ! we have such swarms of them here !
I sometimes catch them, and send them to the cook
for a fricassee. But, alas ! he knows not what in
the world to do with them ! He can only bake his
old capons in pasties, with heavy crust !"

The lady was here interrupted by such a peal
of laughter from Count von Reutenberg, that, spite of
her loquacity, she was obliged to stop, but soon

consoled for the interruption, she gave no equivocal sign, by the drollery of her gestures, of encouraging the merry humour of the Count.

He kneeled immediately before her, lifted the cross of his costly dress sword, and exclaimed, continually interrupted by laughter, "I swear, by the handle of my unblemished sword, that I will serve up to his majesty to-morrow morning, at breakfast, every word of these beautiful illustrious lips; and if his sides do not get as glorious a shaking as mine, happy mortal, have done, then I will believe that the Lorraine blood of his majesty has turned to stone, under the old Castilian pomp of his predecessors."

"Should this be possible," said the lady, laughing, "then we should do a great service to your illustrious cousin, and, at least, there might be some hope that to-morrow he might take his agreeable chicory-water and his Viennese cakes without indigestion. But listen! Spare in what you say the house of Hapsburg. That exalted race regards all jest as contraband, and I do not wish to be summoned before their high moral court. Good night! good night!"

After this adieu, she pressed her small white hands before her eyes, like a naughty child which no longer does as it is bid, and the Count went away so amused, that this little afterpiece quite compensated him for the weariness of the evening which had just been spent with her majesty the Empress.

As soon as she heard the door which led into the castle close, she took her hands from her eyes,

and cast a quick, cunning glance at the old lady by the chimney, who, with a somewhat severe countenance, had been a silent witness of the foregoing scene. As she still continued to preserve a thoughtful silence, the roguish smile again was seen—that smile which was so remarkably peculiar to this charming face, and, raising herself with difficulty, she drew the ponderous chair close beside the seat of the old lady, and whilst she banteringly rested her face upon her hand, she said, “What now shall I bet that you will scold me?”

The old lady looked up into the laughing face, and the severity of her expression immediately yielded.

“Where, *ma Princesse*, have you lived to see that? If your oldest friend is often grieved at your behaviour, it deserves another—I may say, a better name.”

“I pray you—and if you will—upon my knees, do not be so fearfully polite and meek! Against that I have no weapons. Scold me—bluster—forget yourself and the respect that belongs to me a dozen times in your speech; but if you begin, *ma Princesse*, and end merely with being grieved, you drive me mad—out of myself—excite me—make me feel as if I could scold you—nay, as if I could beat you!” and at that very moment she threw herself with such vehement tenderness around the neck of the old lady, that nothing else remained for her but to hold her fast. This she did with the quick transition of an almost maternal tenderness, and gave to her favourite there a full assurance, that

her apparent anger had been to her a hard surrender to duty, from which she now endeavoured as soon as possible to release herself.

"You know, Therese," she said, "that you always find me only too weak—too yielding to your bubbling-up follies."

"Bubbling-up follies!" cried the Princess, joyously laughing. "Dear Hautois! you are getting witty! what a charming expression that is for the pleasant whims of your darling! Oh, I deserve this description—it regularly fascinates me!"

"I pray you, Therese," said her governess, the old Countess von Hautois; "you really frighten me! Of a truth you are too lively, and I do not understand how you will get through—especially here at this strict court, which is governed by virtuous an empress."

"There you are right, my dear friend," said the Princess, throwing back the cloak over the gigantic easy chair; "neither do I understand it, and I have, to-day, said some very civil things, this virtuous lady Empress and her humble little cousin."

"How inconsiderate, best child! you will not leave off drawing upon yourself the greatest perplexities, and really have a pleasure in getting your head into them. What have you got in hand now? What is it?"

"Ah! what will it be?" returned the Princess. "Would you believe it that my ancient forty years' cousin, Morani, who looks like a doll made of gilded parchment, has taken the notion of marrying the rich, handsome, young Count Lacy?"

"You are jesting!" cried the Countess Hautois, laughing. "Such a mistake would not be found a second time in Israel!"

"So thought I! and when I, on my frequent visits, found the old dove cooing, and that very handsome young man in a sort of virtue-worship with her, I thought that it was right to come to the aid of the old lady, in her desperate circumstances, and by degrees infused into her holy thoughts about a convent life! For, laughable enough, the old lady wavered a long time over the choice between the garland of the bride and the perpetual veil of virginity. I fancied that I had gone as far as I wished to do, when, suddenly, the whole history turned round. George Prey—the old sinner—who ought to have been zealous in obtaining proselytes to his holy state—he was my great adversary; and one morning, when I went to my affectionate cousin's, she was *couleur de rose* from head to foot, and was in such an agitation of delight, that she could hardly find words to tell me that she was the betrothed bride of Count Lacy!—Heavens! she is unbearable!"

"Hem!" said the old Countess. "Might one inquire to which of them your uncommon anger refers?—the old cousin or the handsome young Count?"

"O, you cunning old lady!" cried the Princess, laughing, "have you caught me again? Was it not vexatious, that in the neighbourhood of this old wooden doll I should be overlooked? Yes, he is handsome, and worth the trouble of conquering, for he is intellectual, proud, hard to be pleased—is,

in short, as I like men to be, whom I condescend vanquish!"

"O Therese!" cried Mrs. von Hautois.

"Be still!" interrupted the Princess; "first all, hear how I fell out with the Empress about Claudia felt the step which she had taken to unseemly and laughable, she was afraid of what people would say, especially the Empress. I to advantage of this, and made such a report to His majesty, that she held herself, yet her desire to laugh did not long continue; that I knew very well, and then she set herself on her high horse, and with that the thing was characterised in the strongest terms, scandal, laughable affair, absurdity, were the mild names she gave it. Enough! it rose to quite a height of passion; one might have thought that was a personal affront to her own exalted person. Now I would willingly have withdrawn to one side. It troubled me, however, when I heard that the betrothed pair were to have an audience the next day. That was not favourable to my plans; if the affair had advanced so far, I had to fear the opposition of the Count and the yielding disposition of the Empress. Their reception, however, was not very affectionate; and as both of them were bidden to attend her in her cabinet, and certain veins on the brow of the Empress became visible, it seemed to me without an object. Yet we dared not to follow, had to wait in the hall as the Empress was going immediately to the States Council where we also must attend her to the threshold. What, however, occurred among them I know not exactly; but

my lofty cousin came out of her cabinet, her whole countenance was flushed, her eyes sought me out, and she nodded threateningly with her head, and called me to her, '*Ma Princesse*,' said she, 'you have been very over hasty in your information about our cousin, the Princess Morani, and her intended marriage. Their union, according to our view of the case, assumes an entirely different aspect!' 'Oh!' interrupted I, as friendly as possible, 'is my beloved cousin become younger in the meantime or handsomer? Has the power of the gracious looks of your majesty afresh demonstrated itself, and healed my dear cousin of all her ailments?'

"You see, my dear Hautois, I have a power over this exalted potentate which she cannot resist; I know how, sometimes, to make her laugh against her will, and I now saw the treacherous twitching about the mouth, but her anger still burned.

"'No, Princess Therese,' said she, 'such miracles were not necessary to convince me that a reasonable man like Count Lacy may feel a sincere and lasting attachment to a lady of such high female virtues as the Princess Morani, even though her early youth and the luxuriance of her beauty may be past; which qualities do not always conduce to the true well-being of our sex!'

"This was intended as a crushing blow for me. But I bowed myself over her robe, kissed it, and told her how thankful I was for the praise which was conferred upon my cousin, and how my conscience now breathed lightly, because I had feared nothing

but tne having to lift up my hand against my own blood in accusing it before the high virtue-tribunal . her majesty. 'Forgive me, your majesty, for my foolish judgment,' added I; 'but they who have lived for a long time at this illustrious court gain quite a new view of virtue and right, and seem always stand before the venerable court of justice which measures all conditions by its scale.'

"Now you must know that my handsome cousin as regards this arrogant management — I mean the virtue-tribunal — is not quite in unison with hers and while it accords in one way with her despotism she still secretly fears that there is a little spice the ridiculous in it. She has a presentiment of what is said behind her back about it, and thus it happens that at times she quite annuls it, scarcely acknowledges its existence, and none of her courtiers would remind her of it, if her own violence did not sometimes carry her away.

"You may, therefore, think that she immediately perceived my malice, and felt that she had a well-prepared opponent. You should have seen the glances of her fiery eyes with which she measured me during my bold speech; and what an effort it cost her, in the presence of her ladies, not to rate the cousin of her husband like a goose-meat. But she subdued herself, and whilst she thus combated with her wild blood, she combated also with me; for I must confess that she is a truly strong woman, who is worth the trouble of having a struggle with. Nay, I fancy I loved her, and would gladly have kissed her handsome, pouting mouth, but

time was not yet come back. She turned herself away from me, and talked with the old Countess von Fuchs, who already trembled to see the wrath of the despot at a distance. 'My dear,' said she, 'make known to my court the betrothal, which is so very well-pleasing to me, of my beloved Princess Morani and Count Lacy. You will present compliments in my name to the betrothed pair, and it is to be expected that the Princess will receive many visits from my nobility!'"

"And how did she behave this evening to you?" asked the Countess Hautois, troubled.

"As if she had no recollection of the bad manners of her dear cousin. 'Princess,' said she, 'I like you almost the best in white dresses! You have that remarkable complexion which will bear it. Yet you should not make such beautiful toilettes; all my poor cavaliers get the heart-ache because of it!' You must confess that it was almost a frivolous speech from this mouth."

"Yes!" interrupted Countess Hautois, "pity only that she thought it in best taste to be reconciled to you!"

"Now," laughed the Princess, "I cannot complain of your not being tractable; now you are cross enough. But I willingly bear it from you I am not going to change at all, and it would really break your heart, if you would not now and then fall upon me with your bitter speeches."

"Ah, Therese!" said the Countess, mournfully, "other people may see your follies much more tranquilly than I can who bear the title of your

gouvernante. What a reproach for my whole life is every unworthy action on your part which I must see, just as if I had no part in you! How perplexed now are all your affairs again, and how bitterly will you one day be punished for all your intrigues, of which there are so many that you may involve one with another!"

"Oh, you are to-day quite too witty, dear friend," cried the Princess, "but now confess, who of my adorers is it that has put you so out of humour? Ah! I guess, it is my young, lightfooted reigning Prince von S."

"Yes, make a jest of it! It is this old fool who perhaps, is to be feared when he makes the discovery that you are making sport of him."

"Dear friend!" cried the Princess, "do you think that he doubts about it? Is such a crime to be thought of? Thus, was I going to make him still more ridiculous, still more mercilessly to banter him before it could reach his stupid senses, that I was making a fool of him."

"Will you also deceive me? Do not I know that you really intended to give him your hand? Was it not for this that they sent you hither of Z. to drive this foolish marriage out of your head?"

"It may be," said the Princess, in the best humours; "but why should I still wish for it when the desire for it is gone from me? And precisely because these wise people fancy that they can withhold me from doing something, and turning me their wishes, for that very reason is the desire in me."

excited to do under their eyes that from which they would withhold me. Nay, if the old fool had then only had courage to run off with me, I would have married him at the boundaries merely to have punished the others for their prudence. Now I have altered my mind. I am beginning, spite of these catacombs in which the hospitality of my illustrious relations has confined me, to amuse myself! I must have something here to see, to carry on, some merry entanglements are beginning."

"What is there again something new?" sighed the Countess.

"New or old, just which you like. The hereditary Prince is here; and I have seen him for the first time for fifteen years."

"Is it possible?" cried the Countess, rising up as if transfixed. "The hereditary Prince von S.? Oh! beloved Therese, tell me, how did he behave towards you?"

"Never mind that," said the Princess, "I have something else in hand; and that is the proud, hard-hearted Lacy, who, I believe, never yet knew that white became me best, because of my remarkable complexion."

"But, Princess, the betrothed of your cousin?"

"That is just it. I must do my part to preserve this dear, virtuous, silly cousin from the great folly of her life. I must induce the high-minded victim to open the eyes of this handsome boy to my merits, that thus the poor old fool may have time to go into a convent."

"Horrible! horrible! *chère Princesse!* Oh, they

who do not know you as I do, they must take you for the wickedest, most hard-hearted person in the world, and yet you are only—— ”

“ What, then? what am I, then, only ? ”

“ A coquette ! ” cried the old Countess, with such a tone of scorn that the Princess suddenly opened her eyes, and with some uncertainty looked into the face of her severely tried companion.

“ Coquette ? ” repeated she thoughtfully ; “ is there any need for you to look so scornfully the while ? Is it, then, so great a crime ? How can I help it, if men are such miserable playthings ? It is true that it is an excitement to me to try my power on them. I must find out in what way they are weak. I watch with childish pleasure their little discomfitures, until at length they quite surrender themselves to me. When I know that I can do as I will with them, that they adore me, like the pagans their pagodas, what do I want farther with them ? Then they are all of them wearisome ! Or, do you wish that I, too, should fall in love ; and sigh and groan, like a shepherdess, or run away with somebody, and form an idyll among rocks and dales ? ”

“ Would Heaven, Therese ! ” said the old lady, “ that you had been guilty of such folly ! Rather would I see you indulge such a passion ; rather see you suffer and sigh, than pursue that cold, heartless course in which you are going on to the greatest callousness of feeling and want of conscience. Do you not see that you are acting with the utmost dishonour to your womanly worth, and with the most

unconscious indifference towards the fate of others? Do you call the men fools who so readily submit themselves to you? But if they be so because they have not power to resist the idle sport of a woman, what, then, is the woman who makes use of her sacred charms to attract a man whom she despises, and yet will fetter? How now, Therese? Is such a woman at all less the plaything of the other sex? And then, when you meet with resistance even, where worth, nobility of character is opposed to you, where you find a man who will only give his heart at a noble price, who fears the danger in you, and therefore avoids you; if you, notwithstanding this, pursue him; if you watch him so long till you have found out his weak point, and then, snared by your artifices, decoy his heart out of its hiding-place! If it were resigned to you with all the warmth which a noble nature would hope to find reciprocated, and you then, having gone so far, heartlessly turned your back upon him, because you had gained your object, and now began to grow weary; would you not feel how, just for the sake of your own sport, you had poisoned a whole existence, and yet, at last, could not be called conqueror; that is to say, had carried away no prize, but, on the contrary, governed by this passion, the victim of this passion, you are proscribed by every man who comes within your sphere? Oh, let me cease! I shudder that it is your image which I draw?"

A silence succeeded to this speech, which called forth long-combated sufferings. The beautiful offender lay back with closed eyes; her counte-

nance glowed—her arms hung down relaxed. The weak old lady saw already, with anxiety, this state of excitement! Tears now forced their way through the depressed eyelids, and fell upon her agitated bosom. Her old friend could resist no longer; with violent emotion she arose, embraced her darling, and pressed her tenderly to her breast. The Princess continued to weep, and laid her face on the maternal bosom, which concealed, together with all the anger of love, all its weakness, and a whole host of conciliatory excuses, again established the old understanding between them.

“O, Therese, weep not! my poor, dear child, weep not! it breaks my heart!”

“Let me weep!” said the Princess, in a tone so low and mournful that the clear, laughing voice was no more to be recognised. “I weep for myself, for that Therese who was once pure in heart and thought,—for that Therese whom they have seduced from you, to give you, instead, this cold, jeering shadow, which you have so fearfully delineated, and yet take to your motherly bosom! Had he but loved me, he whom I received into the sanctuary of my early, youthful feeling, with the whole strength of that youth and of my unspoiled character; had he but loved me—if I had but become his wife, then had been saved! Since then I have never loved any one, perhaps because I have ceased to love but the glow which was thereby called forth me so early nourishes now, instead of angelic demons!”

She now tore herself with a passionate excit

ment from the arms of the Countess, and drying her tears, she said with sorrow,—

“Why are you angry with me, and make me shudder before myself? Be angry with that iron destiny which hangs over me, and wonder that I have remained so virtuous. When I was taken from the care of the nurse, the song was already sung to me of my bridegroom—that handsome, godlike youth, this Prince von S. My dolls were called Ernst and Therese; my parrot learned his name; my flowers, my birds, my room, my little garden—all were called after him, were his principality! And when at length he came with his mother, and the girl of ten stood before the young man, then this young heart seized upon his image with all the ardour, with all the early-formed energy of this heart. Thus became I fifteen, only to be cast off by him in the most contumelious manner!

“Ha! that moment,” cried she now, and stood suddenly erect, trembling and glowing before the old lady, “it has decided my whole life! Ask your remembrance, and call back the image of Therese, who regarded herself as the bride of this greatly beloved youth, was there a discord in the clear, happy harmony of this youthful being? Was I proud—was I vain, malicious, or mean-spirited? No, no! I know it, you say no! I was not a coquette, as you have just now said!”

She covered her face with both her hands, and burst into so violent and convulsive a fit of weeping that the poor Countess again came near to pacify her. But the Princess was in that state of excite-

ment which allowed her to perceive only her own torrent of thoughts. She glanced with her beaming eyes beyond all that surrounded her into the dark distance of the room, as if she there perceived her fate, and wrathfully would upbraid it for the misery she had endured.

“Who conjured the storm; who inquired how the wounded heart could be saved?” exclaimed she with increasing warmth. “Without prudence and consideration, they let the power increase, and toyingly nourished it. When he cast me off, and the whole of life lay in ruins at my feet, I was to them merely a child, whose feelings were a matter of no regard, and so they received that which they deserved—my bitter hatred, my most determined defiance! I was then become to them an unmanageable guest, and not a single wise hand was extended towards the mortally wounded young creature that raved in fever. They wished to be rid of me—and oh, the wisdom—the pious goodness—ought I not to praise them and condemn myself? I was sent away to France, to our dear cousin Orleans, to the most virtuous country on the earth! Here, where every abomination of crime has its asylum and is betokened with a jest, with the evil of hell,—here, where the very air must wither away the pure blood of woman,—where the whole sex is sunk down to merchandise, which only finds value from their outward charms,—hither, thou dark, fearful destiny, didst thou cast the love-sick maiden, who, wildly seized on the edge of the sword to revenge herself from the burning pain; and who did not feel how

the nerves of the sound limb were being severed, and that instead of being revenged, she found blood and mutilation! Yes, I hated all men, for I could love none but him; and from the handsome Louis, who wore the crown down to the page who bore my train, they must learn to sigh before the German beauty! Ah, the desolate pleasure, which no solitude will adorn with its pictures; which chases the woman who has once yielded to it, with the speed of the whirlwind out of every temple, whither the cry of her inwardly wounded spirit seems to recall her. Oh, desolate pleasure! The being admired by those whom thou hatest and despisest? Oh, desolate pleasure of the splendour of those festivals which shame ought to conceal and brand the giver and receiver alike! I know thee! I found teachers here at every step, and I was soon ready to learn. Ah! I stood alone! You were too old, too unskilful to tread with me there the polished floors; you were separated from me. Leonora, the cold coquette, too well known at the court of Versailles, was my gouvernante. Enough! enough! Yet do not be angry with my cold heart or because I learned to carry on jokes with men. Thank God that I did learn it. Have you not then heard the fame which followed me out of that country? They called me the virtuous German! and this virtuous German had yet given up the whole sanctuary of her soul, was debased in her own eyes, hated not men more than she hated herself, and regarded herself as banished with virgin love out of this holy region. If you ask why I yet remain the slave of that world, then I will

tell you the secret, which compelled me, and may swear that it is the most triumphant melody—*I had accustomed myself to it!*”

“For Heaven’s sake stop!” exclaimed the Countess Hautois. “You speak in frenzy and cite yourself—I tremble to hear you!”

“Probably you are right!” replied the Princess, breathing deeply, “I speak in frenzy!” continued she, and seated herself comfortably in an arm-chair, “it is bed-time. Go to rest, my friend; you will be tired, and your mice are already longing very much for their dear beds. The girls can sleep in their clothes in my chamber. I will wake them if I need them.”

“And you, you to whom repose is so necessary will not you go to sleep?”

“Not yet, I have still business! See, vaults have one good property; they are provided with as many secret doors, passages, and flights of stairs as a palace of the Inquisition. But I have learned by my art in Paris; I soon became acquainted with the place, and found out which passages it is convenient for me to open.”

“What does that mean?” said the Countess with a sorrowful voice, “what new thing have you to fear?”

“Oh, nothing in the world, my love!” replied the Princess, laughing bitterly, “I expect you are right, and as it is from a somewhat suspicious person that I am to say, one who is not now in favour with our majesties; therefore, he will make his appearance at the ghostly hour, in his ethereal glory, through

wooden wall, under this middle window ; for it has been found that from without, overgrown with thorns and thistles there ascends a concealed little flight of steps terminating in a little door which leads exactly in hither."

"Oh, Princess!" cried the Countess, "if that should be found out, your whole character is gone!"

"Without doubt it would! Yet I think that if my character survives the danger of this night, it will be freed from any after cause of disquiet ; for I have determined that it shall be the last."

"Would to God it might be so! But reflect, dear Therese, cannot this, also, be avoided? Oh, consider what you do?"

"I have considered," cried the Princess, resolutely ; "this letter will tell you that I must take a last decisive step with his serene highness, if I will not be continually subjected to his molestations. Now go to bed—I only can assist myself. Yet leave open the door of your sleeping-room, that will somewhat assist the beautiful organs of his lordship's speech ; for I will torment him with the fear of your waking if he, as is his custom, gets into a sort of wild growl. Yet I pray secure the ante-room."

Those only who saw the striking paleness of the lovely face which now again rested in the cushions of the armed-chair, could imagine that this quiet, softly breathing being was the same Princess Therese who, so lately torn by such deeply penetrative passions, had burst forth into such bitter accusations against herself and her fate. The Countess, on her return from fastening the outer door, remained sigh-

ing a moment before her. But as she received return no token of sympathy, she knew that she remained now nothing more for her than her own fate—to submit. She stole sorrowfully to her chamber. And now the Princess, at the hour of twelve was alone.

When the old rattling clock had sounded out the last stroke, she raised herself up, and bent forward in a thoughtful and listening attitude. A low crackling was heard—the Princess shuddered, and then, closely wrapped in her cloak, leaned back in the chair.

The panel behind her, and below the middle window, slid back, and from out the dark space which was now revealed, a bulky form raised itself, no part of which caught the light excepting a broad face, the red colouring of which received a heightened tint from the fire-light. The figure remained in a bent and listening position, uncertain, as it seemed, whether to advance, and glancing warily towards all parts of the gloomy apartment.

“I pray you to shut your rat-trap quickly behind you, I perceive here the mouldy atmosphere which draws after you,” said the Princess, suddenly, in cold, scornful voice.

At that moment the subterranean guest stood in the room, and closed the wooden panel behind him.

“Take care that you do not stroke the cobwebs from the passage walls with your sleeves; spiders are the only domestic creatures that we have not here; and I am afraid that you may bring them with you.”

"*Ma déesse* is in the best of humours," replied a rough, hoarse voice, with a short laugh. And the dark, disguised figure of the man now came forth and approached the chair of the Princess. As she saw him before her once more, a shudder passed over her body, and she turned her face to the other side.

"Do not praise it before the end," said she then, bitterly; "my humour is, of a truth, the right one for *me*, but whether the *best* for you, you will be able more correctly to judge when you take your departure. What is properly the meaning of your everlasting molestations? I am cordially weary of you, and I have allowed you to come here to tell you this. After to-morrow I have no doubt but another set of rooms will be appointed for me, and then we shall be deprived of every possibility for such meetings."

"I am quite confounded by this explanation," returned the disguised. "How am I to take this, considering the connexion existing between us?"

"Connexion?" cried the Princess; "there exists such a one, I must confess; but the connexion accords precisely with what I have just said, and I know no other interpretation."

At these words the stranger drew the chair of the old Countess of Hautois before the seat of the Princess, calmly took his place, and then said, very familiarly,—

"Well, my lovely, humoursome child, then I will call it back to your remembrance; for, by chance, I am of a somewhat firmer way of thinking

than my little adored one ; and not, by any means, to be turned out of my track by any reviling or ill-humoured mode of talking. This connexion consists in my formal, honest wooing the fair hand the Princess von Z., in a wooing which she not only permitted, but, I may proudly say it, encouraged and who has freely expressed to the elderly man whose reasonable coyness of the brilliant beauty opposite was natural, her willingness to bless the old man and the young lovely principedom with her person."

The Princess laughed violently at this speech and said, with jeering arrogance,—

"To be sure, if you are right, then it is the most brilliant folly of my life."

"That it will only be, my most gracious lady, you imagine that you can treat these promises so carelessly as, perhaps, many an earlier one ; for I am firmly resolved to defend the right I have already obtained against yourself as well as against the whole world."

"And what advantage do you expect to derive from it?" asked the Princess.

"The advantage which I value above all others—to possess you, my most gracious lady, as my wife and to give to an orphaned country legitimate descendants."

The Princess shrunk as if she felt the point of a dagger.

"Horrible ! horrible !" said she ; "the father of an hereditary Prince such as your son ?—No, no I will never be the tool of that."

unconscious indifference towards the fate of others? Do you call the men fools who so readily submit themselves to you? But if they be so because they have not power to resist the idle sport of a woman, what, then, is the woman who makes use of her sacred charms to attract a man whom she despises, and yet will fetter? How now, Therese? Is such a woman at all less the plaything of the other sex? And then, when you meet with resistance even, where worth, nobility of character is opposed to you, where you find a man who will only give his heart at a noble price, who fears the danger in you, and therefore avoids you; if you, notwithstanding this, pursue him; if you watch him so long till you have found out his weak point, and then, snared by your artifices, decoy his heart out of its hiding-place! If it were resigned to you with all the warmth which a noble nature would hope to find reciprocated, and you then, having gone so far, heartlessly turned your back upon him, because you had gained your object, and now began to grow weary; would you not feel how, just for the sake of your own sport, you had poisoned a whole existence, and yet, at last, could not be called conqueror; that is to say, had carried away no prize, but, on the contrary, governed by this passion, the victim of this passion, you are proscribed by every man who comes within your sphere? Oh, let me cease! I shudder that it is your image which I draw?"

A silence succeeded to this speech, which called forth long-combated sufferings. The beautiful offender lay back with closed eyes; her counte-

“ I know that very well, my love ; and for reason I hastened to take the last steps will wreck the power of their majesties—your crafty boy is possessed of the gift of talking your illustrious cousin Francis understands condisconto much better than the knowledge human heart.”

“ But he himself has a heart, and a noble heart cried the Princess. “ Full of confidence in I received me here at his court, and I will not do him at the moment in which he believes me at to him from his goodness.”

“ A beautiful, a noble sentiment ! But truth, Princess, you cost my memory a great deal. It is well that I have at home your charming letter full of the most agreeable jests upon this dear Ferdinand and his wife in the worn-out Spanish garment the grandmother, in which you sketched the life on the margin of the letter. For it punishing of these haughty, wearisome gentlemen for their presumption—and precisely the punishment them for having opposed our marriage—what think animates so agreeably our little intrigue so soon places in my hands the means of obtaining my purpose.”

“ You are altogether coarse and audacious cried the Princess, with overflowing anger. are all your endeavours to intimidate me ! I fully recognise the inconsiderateness of having signed myself to an unprincipled man. But threaten me with these follies in vain—you have erred in my character. In the extremest I would rather confess all these my deplorable actions.”

ment from the arms of the Countess, and drying her tears, she said with sorrow,—

“Why are you angry with me, and make me shudder before myself? Be angry with that iron destiny which hangs over me, and wonder that I have remained so virtuous. When I was taken from the care of the nurse, the song was already sung to me of my bridegroom—that handsome, godlike youth, this Prince von S. My dolls were called Ernst and Therese; my parrot learned his name; my flowers, my birds, my room, my little garden—all were called after him, were his principality! And when at length he came with his mother, and the girl of ten stood before the young man, then this young heart seized upon his image with all the ardour, with all the early-formed energy of this heart. Thus became I fifteen, only to be cast off by him in the most contumelious manner!

“Ha! that moment,” cried she now, and stood suddenly erect, trembling and glowing before the old lady, “it has decided my whole life! Ask your remembrance, and call back the image of Therese, who regarded herself as the bride of this greatly beloved youth, was there a discord in the clear, happy harmony of this youthful being? Was I proud—was I vain, malicious, or mean-spirited? No, no! I know it, you say no! I was not a coquette, as you have just now said!”

She covered her face with both her hands, and burst into so violent and convulsive a fit of weeping that the poor Countess again came near to pacify her. But the Princess was in that state of excite-

ment which allowed her to perceive only her own torrent of thoughts. She glanced with her beaming eyes beyond all that surrounded her into the dark distance of the room, as if she there perceived her fate, and wrathfully would upbraid it for the misery she had endured.

“Who conjured the storm; who inquired how the wounded heart could be saved?” exclaimed she with increasing warmth. “Without prudence and consideration, they let the power increase, and toyingly nourished it. When he cast me off, and the whole of life lay in ruins at my feet, I was to them merely a child, whose feelings were a matter of no regard, and so they received that which they deserved—my bitter hatred, my most determined defiance! I was then become to them an unmanageable guest, and not a single wise hand was extended towards the mortally wounded young creature that raved in fever. They wished to be rid of me—and oh, the wisdom—the pious goodness—ought I not to praise them and condemn myself? I was sent away to France, to our dear cousin Orleans, to the most virtuous country on the earth! Here, where every abomination of crime has its asylum and is betokened with a jest, with the evil of hell,—here, where the very air must wither away the pure blood of woman,—where the whole sex is sunk down to merchandise, which only finds value from their outward charms,—hither, thou dark, fearful destiny, didst thou cast the love-sick maiden, who, wildly seized on the edge of the sword to revenge herself from the burning pain; and who did not feel how

bring shame, misfortune, and persecution upon these names."

"And I swear to you that I will bring it, if you refuse to become my wife!" interrupted he, with the wildest outbreak of rage; "dissemble now as much as you like, you desire the same thing that I do! Yes, revenge will I have on the whole long tyranny under which I have sighed,—revenge on the bastard, who was my enemy from the time of his birth, which lyingly presented him as my son,—revenge on Thomas Thyrnau, who maintained him in this place,—revenge on this proud Austrian court, which dares confine independent princes to their realms, and makes them tremble by the protection which it presumes to afford to their adversaries,—revenge will I have, and can best reach it through you. Therefore, I will have you!"

"Hence from me, monster!" cried the Princess, retreating, as he now, like a wild beast, started towards her.

At that moment there suddenly stood between them a form, which in long white garments raised its covered arm threateningly against him. He withdrew back and looked terrified on the aged, pale features, which to him seemed to resemble a ghost.

"Away, away from this place! Think on *Claudia Hautois*, and believe that she will interpose her curse between thee and every attainment of thy life!"

The strong man trembled and lost the power of will which had hitherto governed him. He retreated still before the slowly advancing figure which thus

drove him on to the secret door. But her pushed aside the bolt with his foot, he remained in an attitude of resistance, "What piece of this may be I know not! But it does not concern me," cried he, with a trembling voice, "I will not give up my claims; and you may make your own use of that I will penetrate your next plan merely to frustrate it. The so-called hereditary Prince shall be your husband! I vow it!"

"Hence! hence!" cried the threatening man in a dull voice, and the door closed itself behind the unholy guest.

The Princess Therese sprung forward, quickly fastened a little metal screw in the cunningly concealed lock of the door, which prevented its opening from without. She then turned and flew into the arms of her old friend, the Countess von Hautois, who, wrapt in her nightgown, had come hither to the protection of her father, and, from her knowledge of a disgraceful episode in the early life of the menacing Prince, was determined to make his nerves quiver, and to drive him away.

"Oh, you dear, glorious ghost!" cried the Princess, as gaily as if nothing had occurred; "how well your pathos becomes us! Oh, the boundless delight of seeing the old monster chased away with a few white rags! Now truly, and if I loved but once loved his son, I would now drive him from the temple with my silken slipper. A man afraid of ghosts! Oh, this scene gives me a great advantage; yet really I hope never to see you again!"

"Ah, Therese!" sighed the old lady,

which made him tremble was not alone these white garments, it was the wounded conscience which was terrified by my words. Claudia von Hautois was the sister of my husband ; he seduced her under another name, and as Prince he left her. She died, and before that she cursed him !”

“Ah! I will avenge this Claudia on him !” cried the Princess.

“Pardon me,” returned the Countess, “ this revenge only falls in with your plans ; do not deceive yourself. I do not doubt a moment but you have now other plans. You are either busying yourself with this Count Lacy or the hereditary Prince.”

“Both, my dear ! Both of them would wish to withstand me. I must make an attempt on both. Tell me that I must suffer hunger, thirst, or that I must die, I will consent to it ; but do not tell me that I must forgive to these two their haughty neglect of me. I cannot and will not do that !”

“I know the secret of hell which binds you,” cried the old Countess, “ you have accustomed yourself to it !”

“So is it. Good night ! Send my ladies. I fancy that the birds are already beginning to sing. How could one imagine here that it was July !”

CHAPTER XIII.

It was not possible to be more amiable than the Princess Therese. It might have been said of her that she had brought the art of coquetry to the highest perfection. Her beautiful nature came to her help. She was full of sentiment, was capable of the noblest resolutions. These natural gifts which might have elevated her above the weaknesses of her sex, were now subjected to the dominant spirit of intrigue and an unconquerable desire to become the ruler of every man. But still they shone often to the surprise of their possessor herself, through the follies of her actions, and gave rise to that divided judgment upon her, that she ever wavered between good and evil. Her brilliant understanding, on the contrary, shone forth more dazzlingly from her wit, and this, unrestrained by any feminine tenderness of feeling or forbearance, became almost the characteristic of her mind. On every occasion she stood with the weapons of her wit in readiness. She was too well acquainted with the superficial excitability of the mass not to know that the victory of the moment was in this way

always her own, when a thoughtless laugh, a little gratified malice awarded the bold or biting word ; and that the moral blush is but rarely accompanied by the courageous words of reprobation.

Her great beauty obtained for her a forbearing public. She had so inconsiderately involved herself in intrigues, that her originally noble and proud nature was requisite to raise her above slander, and to preserve for her the character of a virtuous princess.

This character secured her an honourable reception when she was sent to the court of her relative, the Emperor, to be out of the way of the attentions of the Prince von S. Both their majesties had expressed their disapprobation of the possibility of such a marriage so strongly, that it was broken off, and at the same time, the wish of the Prince, her father, that she should be permitted to visit the imperial court, was affectionately granted. The Princess, though tormented with *ennui*, still considered this residence, as preferable to her position in the little court of her father.

With a keen insight into men and things she soon found her place, and exercised by degrees a dominion over all from which no one could withdraw himself. Maria Theresa herself even was somewhat under the power of this beautiful demon, which had speedily found out her weak side. By her position as a relation she was excused from the observance of many points of etiquette, and as such she astonished the Empress by a freedom of manner and an assurance in her claims for which she was not at all prepared, but which, once permitted to her by

surprise, could not afterwards be disallowed. The Empress, who would not have any strife with her relative before her courtiers in permitting this extraordinary behaviour, at length became accustomed to it, and in time even might come to expect with pleasure the jokes of the ever lively Therese, which made a little variety from the wearisome style of discourse which the ceremonious courtiers from morning till night addressed to her.

Envious observers, who had sense enough to pass judgment on the connexion between these two, said that the Empress was anxious for the good opinion of the Princess. And there was something in it. The Empress had heard so much from Kaunitz of the clever management of social life in France; she saw this grave-minded man, who placed the interest of Austria above those of any other country, so much impressed by the domestic and social amenities, and the every-day arrangement of things, in that country that, as it seemed, the want of these advantages which he always reprehended in his fatherland, made him susceptible even to soreness, and in his own house, at least, had caused him to fashion all according to that model which to him alone seemed suitable for persons of high condition. A desire was, therefore, excited in the mind of the Empress to observe closely a Princess who had lived so long in this elegant court; who had there produced a remarkable sensation; and who certainly was deeply read in the mysteries of that elegance which Kaunitz worshipped. To come forth in all this elegance, and to bring forth to light, as it were, naturally, every want

the imperial domestic economy belonged to the small, craftily employed delights of the Princess. On these occasions it was that the female vanity of illustrious German Empress made use of a little artifice, by endeavouring very quietly to disguise many a deficiency in the finer embellishments of life, and she was accustomed to say, if the Princess became aware of her proceedings, "One must ever learn from one's enemies!"

Kaunitz had been since the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle occupied by the complete reorganisation of the system of politics hitherto pursued by Austria, and firmly determined to bring over the Empress to his views, he ceased not to persuade her to the necessary steps.

The war which the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle terminated had made this prudent statesman more nearly acquainted with the powers which had taken part in it. The confederates had not always acted faithfully, nor the enemy always hostilely. For the sake of the Netherlands, Austria had hitherto sought for and cultivated the friendship of England and Holland, and was obliged to do so. But already in the war of the Spanish succession, a dear experience had shewn them that these two powers thought more of defending themselves than Austria by the Netherlands. Besides this, these isolated, remote countries were commonly more easily conquered than defended, and, therefore, Kaunitz thought that they might do without the too expensive defenders if the hostile relation to France ceased. In order to bring about this revolution in every political princi-

ple which had hitherto been pursued, a long combat was required against deeply impressed national prejudices, which long custom had established. Kaunitz was obliged to confess to himself that he should have the patriots of both countries against him, and that the cabinet of Versailles, moreover governed by the Marquise de Pompadour, the vainest and most intriguing of women, who had dared to pique the Empress as a woman, and would reverse every advance made by Austria as long as the Empress maintained her proud contempt of her. His residence at Paris had made him perfectly acquainted with all these difficulties; but this knowledge could not turn his resolute and indefatigable mind from pursuing the plans which appeared to him of so much importance, and he considered two equally stiff-necked women to be the first and foremost of his great difficulties—two women whom he, however, hoped to win by the most dissimilar means.

“Many things are not dared because they seem to be difficult, many more are only difficult because they are not dared,” were the deeply significant words with which he endeavoured to animate the alarmed mind of his illustrious Empress, as an almost inborn unwillingness seemed to combat within her against his views, which appeared to her so strange. He knew that she was capable of every sacrifice for the security and tranquillity of her country, and clear-sighted and politic enough to comprehend its important advantage, if he could only shew her that the attainment of it was possible.

But the Empress was, at the same time, a woman proud of her virtue, full of the purest female sentiments and the immovable detestation of the manners of the French court, and of its present female head, Madame de Pompadour. Yet still the success of this undertaking was not to be thought of unless the Empress would make some advance of reconciliation towards her enemy. For this purpose Kaunitz employed every tool of his crafty, political wisdom, and as such the Princess Therese was to him a welcome ally. The haughty beauty did not hesitate to speak of Madame de Pompadour in the presence of the Empress as one of the most distinguished of women, as the saviour of France, as well as of the imbecile king, and to elevate her qualities to such an uncommon greatness that the dark side of her character fell into the back-ground. Certainly nobody under other circumstances would have dared to have done the same, and they who were present, who did not divine the political secret, which had not yet reached the court, saw with amazement how the Empress did not only not punish her cousin's presumptuous way of speaking, but, with half-jesting contradiction, allowed more and more liberty to those fluent lips. But the illustrious lady, however, examined all this privately, and these conversations, more than any thing else, shook her aversion to the Marquise, which approached almost to abhorrence.

Now although the Princess had been instructed by Kaunitz of his intention of bringing about this

reconciliation, she would not be his tool, but she did all this because it accorded with her character, and in a way agreeable to herself, and kept the elegant man of the world in a perpetual state of excitement and uncertainty as to her procedure. Still, various declarations of the Empress betrayed to him her more placable state of mind, and by this means he recognised the influence of the Princess. Every thing united to support the giddy Princess in her intrigues. This business also assisted her in her own personal interests, for she was a decided enemy of the Abbé Bernis, at that time the prime minister of France, and who had formerly opposed an intrigue which she favoured. She had in her arrogance threatened him that within two years from that time he should cease to be prime minister, and that, on the contrary, Choiseul should take his place. This threat, which he at that time laughed at as the trick of a wilful child, she would now accomplish at any cost, for she knew that any negotiation of the Viennese cabinet must begin by the dismissal of Bernis.

As the Princess on the morning after that stormy night reclined in her arm-chair at her breakfast, wrapped in a fascinating cloak of rose-coloured silk, and, like a child of four years old, slipping her silken slippers from off her small feet, Mrs. Guttenberg, the all-powerful lady of the bed-chamber, was announced. Scarcely had this lady passed the threshold when the Princess ran towards her with open arms, and kissed her in the most affectionate

manner, although every kiss was made infinitely difficult by the low courtesies of the ceremonious old lady.

"My mother dear," exclaimed she the while, "tell me how you can have been so good and kind as to descend into these catacombs? I pray you seat yourself in my arm-chair, and do me the favour to drink some of my French chocolate. I protest to you it is better than your strongly-spiced Spanish, which ruins the complexions, and makes people at thirty have red noses. Now be seated, I pray you."

The old, good-humouredly smiling lady was almost pushed by force into the arm-chair, and the Princess drew a low seat for herself so close before the old lady, that, like a playful child, she laid the biscuit which she was about to use with her chocolate upon Mrs. Gutenberg's knee.

"Now, dear old lady," cried the Princess at length, after, amid a thousand drolleries, she had prepared the chocolate, "now tell me what you really want, for you have not made the distant journey hither without an object, or to see me in slippers and night-cap!"

"Ah, my most gracious serene highness, truly not! I could never have permitted myself to be so bold, and my gracious Princess has to ascribe it to her own irresistible *agrémento*, if I am guilty of any great fault, for I am here by the command of my most gracious lady Empress, and should not properly speak of any thing else than her commands."

"You terrify me, my dear old Ajah! Have I

been naughty, and you are to come to scold me? Will my illustrious cousin confine me here on bread and water?"

"Oh dear, merry serene highness," replied Mrs. Gutenberg, very much concerned, "what a reflection on the gentleness of the lady Empress! My fortunate errand has reference merely to the well-being of the dear serene highness, which Serenissime regards in her heart like a beloved daughter. It is, namely, to the most boundless amazement of their majesties, become known that their dear cousin serene highness has remained in the first alighting-rooms, which were merely appointed for the first entrée from the travelling carriage."

"You jest, dear Gutenberg," said the Princess. "Such favour makes me dizzy—especially after the adventures of last night—which I almost past in helmet, and armed with a halbert. Of a truth you come with your gracious permission, that is to say, if it will release me out of this dangerous abode, like the sun on this my gloomy morning; for what was our hitherto experience of rotted clothes, mouldy shoes, dimmed jewels, the beloved company of rats and mice, frogs and spiders, to which one at length becomes accustomed, and has one's pleasure in—what was all this to the perils of this night?"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Mrs. Gutenberg; "what then was it, most serene highness? It is really a perfect hell here!"

"Yes; who could say what it was! But either it was ghosts who would again take possession of their former quarters, or—which is still worse—

thieves, if not murderers! For see, it made a rustling and crackling there under the window, and the twigs are broken as if a bear had crept through the wood. Then I heard human steps, as if great plebeian feet were moving about; then it shoved and twisted at the wooden wall——”

“For God’s sake, Princess, be quiet!” exclaimed the old Countess Hautois, who here entered, greatly alarmed at the daring jester.

“You see,” continued the Princess, laughing, “the Countess is half fainting at the bare remembrance of it! And now you may think how she was in the night—a bodily ghost! I was almost determined to fall at the feet of their majesties to-day, and to beg that several halbardiers might be posted here in the night, as it is impossible for me, at night, to be my own watchman!”

“Now all is clear to me!” exclaimed Mrs. Gutenberg. “My God, we will frighten Serenissime! Now, for instance, this morning, when the night report was delivered in, intelligence was given, that a suspicious person had swung himself over the wall of the castle-garden, in the direction of this wing, and the sentinel, after he had instantly hastened to search through the plantation, could, however, discover no traces. Still one of the regularly appointed watch declared that, after about the space of an hour, he saw a similar figure, which sped along the wall with great rapidity, and did not answer to the call of the watchman.”

“Oh, good heavens!” cried the Countess Hautois, “be merciful to us!”

"Do you see!" exclaimed the Princess, triumphantly, "that I should have expected beforehand. It was moonlight, and as bright as day. Nothing more certain than that the watch should discover the highwayman. That was directly my comfort, and I was therefore determined to demand protection from the Empress. Yet these rooms should be searched—there are, unquestionably, secret passages which ought to be bricked up. Without this I can see no security in these rooms."

"Certainly, certainly, serene highness! Every thing will be done to insure security here. But your ladyship will have nothing more to suffer below for the lady Empress has commanded that the apartments formerly occupied by Duke Francis of Lorraine, now our beloved imperial majesty, should be given up to you. These are uncommonly airy and cheerful, and lie in close connexion with the great staircase of the imperial chamber."

"Yes, I know very well," said the beautiful flatterer, "that when my dear lady Empress sends you, she has always some right pleasant commission to be executed, for nobody does so gladly a kindness to others as my old Gutenberg. I will kiss the hand of her beloved majesty. Describe to her my delight after I have passed a sleepless night amid a thousand anxieties."

It was not quite clear whether the Empress received the relation of old Mrs. Gutenberg, who had before every one else the prerogative of saying ever a thing to her, with the same credulity as she had done. She was not, perhaps, in the humour to hear

much about the Princess, for she had been half compelled to give her consent to this new arrangement, and she would not be convinced that those rooms hitherto provided for her were to be found fault with. The Empress only shewed herself generous for great objects of the state, or towards the men who furthered in this department her objects. On the contrary, she could be parsimonious both with favour and with gifts. She had not the pleasure which the beneficent and self-sacrificing character experiences, that of gratifying the wishes and the fancies of others. She acknowledged not this charm of life in others, nor did she feel it herself.

It was the Emperor on this occasion who had introduced the subject of the Princess's apartments, and the Empress, with that fine tact peculiar to her, immediately fell in with her husband's wish, and commanded others to be prepared for her, at the same time denying entirely that the rooms she had hitherto occupied were so bad as the merriment of the Princess had described them to be.

Mrs. Gutenberg had, however, the prerogative of saying all she pleased: the Empress was never either angry or impatient with any thing that she said, although she often gave no other answer to her longest communications than a look, a shake, or a nod of the head. But this did not put the old lady out of humour, for she always knew how in an extraordinary manner to give an answer, and often met with more submission from her noble foster-child than any other person could boast of having. On this account the Gutenberg was well known through the

whole country, nay, even in foreign courts, and, according to circumstances, was beloved or feared. Her fidelity was incorruptible, and although she often received and accepted the greatest presents she took them immediately to shew the Empress and used to say, "Her little majesty must know of these, I don't understand such things, perhaps they want to get something out of me." Then if the Empress said, "Keep them, and at some good opportunity remind me of them," she then had her delight in them, and willingly shewed herself grateful. But if the Empress said, "Fie! they will corrupt you; I will know nothing about them!" then the most beautiful and valuable gifts found the same hour their way back to the quarter whence they had come, and she never mentioned the names of the parties more. Yet she had, as was very likely, her favourites and her antipathies; to the first of these belonged the Princess Theresa whose irresistible and entertaining humour kept the old lady continually in a pleasant excitement. It was through her praise that she had properly in the first place won the favour of the Empress.

"You are a little fiddle-faddle person!" said the Empress in the evening, as the Princess kissed her hand to thank her. "You are now freed from all imaginary or actually bad condition of your dwelling. I now earnestly desire that I may hear no more ghosts, robbers, or thieves. For such things France is a much fitter soil, and I will command my bombardiers to fire upon every one who at an unseasonable hour shall be seen near your chambers."

"Thank God!" cried the Princess, "what a life of security it will be for the future! I have formally acted as night-watch, and have always had my night-cap off one ear that I might be the better able to hear the approaching danger! But does your majesty actually believe that such horrible things occur in France?"

The Empress answered this audacious question with the full volley of her beautiful threatening eyes; she then coldly said,—

"I have inquired very little what is accustomed to be done in France, for in all cases it deviates very much from German manners. Yet I wish the persons who surround me here not to make use of the knowledge which perhaps they have learned there, for the correct German eye is keen-sighted, and there are with us many things, thank God! still improper here which in France only belong to social jokes!"

"Yes, indeed!" cried the Princess, "how deeply do I feel this beautiful distinction! I assure your majesty that I am here already become so circumspect and considerate, that I was frightened this morning, when the Gutenberg entered, because I was letting my slippers dance one against the other on my toes. I thought that they would complain to the dear old lady, and that I should get a scolding."

"You are an incorrigible giddy-brain," said the Empress, and could not suppress her laughter. "I do not see why I should let my temper get spoiled through your follies."

At this moment Count von Kaunitz approached,

perhaps in the hope of being accosted by the Empress. She immediately addressed him in a loud and cheerful voice, "Of a truth, Kaunitz, I have here a specimen of your admired French manners. I see very well that we poor German housewives cannot acquire them, and of a truth it is not good, nor is it to the advantage of your plans, that I have become so well acquainted with my merry cousin here from France. What pleasure, indeed, could it be to me to form a friendship with a country that I have laughed at, and made a joke of, every thing?"

"That for which your majesty is especially renowned in Europe," replied the Count, "to become a model to every country, to every monarch of all the virtues which can adorn a throne. The less a country or a monarch seems to have of these, the more necessary for it is the alliance of such models, and the less has your majesty to fear; for more power, in which a land keeps pace with its monarch, is the most invincible armada against foreign countries."

"That sounds very fine," said the Empress "but it is very ambiguous, and makes us a sort of *gouvernante pour les fautes des pays étrangers*. Neither can I lose the remembrance of how as regards this country, no longer since than the time of the late Emperor, my gracious father, we had a proof of the long fingers of our beloved France. Of a truth, her desires were not to blame, if, in our wavering Bohemia one of her illegitimate or legitimate princes, *which of them*, never came to light—was not adorned with the crown of this country, and

presenting a roll of very indiscreet concessions, have astonished us as a very uncalled-for neighbour. One does not forget these things, Count von Kaunitz?"

The chancellor of state knew that whenever the Empress came back to this subject it was with bitter resentment; and this never perfectly cleared up intrigue of the French court still always kept up her distrust and repugnance against an alliance with France. Neither would Count von Kaunitz perhaps have been so inconsiderately thoughtless on this subject, which otherwise would have disturbed his well-grounded tranquillity, for all the facts proving the existence of such a conspiracy were extant, had he not, with a certain pride, taken it for granted that even if these designs had still been persisted in, yet, under the present government, they must of themselves have fallen to the ground. This government had placed itself at the head of all movements, and offered free and honourable opportunity for the introduction of improvement and reform. He might, therefore, be called impatient as regarded these affairs, especially as the Empress had become again excited by his easy mode of treating the business, and inhibited, on the contrary, all the greater distrust.

Since she had ascended the throne, the Empress had many times received, through anonymous means, warnings and hints, implying that the conspiracy referred to was not merely, as Kaunitz would make her believe, connected with the dreams of enthusiastic brains, which it was wisest not to notice, and the way to check which was to allow them time. She had no longer on this point confidence in Kaunitz; had kept

the knowledge of these communications to herse and had endeavoured, without his cognisance, to tain some disclosure regarding these warnings, b to her annoyance, as yet without success. Kaur could not but have frequent experience that the E press was still always occupied with these thought She employed this, and other circumstances, to press her sensitiveness on this point, when Kaun surprised her by his more elevated and bolder political views, to which she, by degrees, became conciled, and which drew from her correct judgment the observation, that he was in advance of her his knowledge of the world. Possessing the no self-government which enabled her to acknowledge his greatness and to adopt his views where she s the advantage of so doing, she yielded all the m to this slight suspicion, and censured him, now thoughtlessness, now for occasional neglect, or too rash or too inconsiderate actions.

Kaunitz had all the patience of a great mi under her banterings, which he regarded as the t avoidable weakness of a woman who deserved not be too narrowly watched; of a woman whom he teemed; and whose full worth he recognised, w all the regard and enthusiasm of a great statesm and a faithful subject, for, however high his o self-estimation might be, he knew equally well th without such a mistress as Maria Theresa, the sp which animated him must be in fetters. He kn that she was always the first in her whole realm w understood him,—nay he must even do her the just to confess that she often developed his own id

and carried them out with the energy of the man and the peculiar deep clear-sightedness of a woman.

What harm, therefore, in a general way, could these little skirmishes do him, which he had a thousand ways of turning into peace, and by that means also proving himself to be as much the indulged and absolutely needful statesman as the pliant courtier?

He expected her to be on this evening particularly excited, as he had in the morning been urging the French alliance, and, consequently, the most necessary first step—the making the detestable advances to the Marquise Pompadour. He had, moreover, given a hint to the Princess Therese, whose prudent clear-sightedness was to be relied upon, and had requested the Empress to make use of her knowledge of the state of things there, that she might hear a disinterested female judgment of this extraordinary woman, as he called the Marquise. When he found the Empress with the Princess, and heard her loud address to him, he was certain that she would decide favourably upon the subject to which she shewed herself disinclined, and he gave a sign to the Princess to follow her to a recess in which her arm-chair stood, and to which she seemed about to retire. This was the seat which she occupied in the evening when she did not play at cards, and to which, only by her invitation, one or two persons were allowed to attend her.

When she had taken her seat, she did not appear surprised that Kaunitz had guessed her intentions; she motioned to the Princess to seat herself upon a

stool near her, whilst Kaunitz remained standing on the other side, and said immediately, with much good-humour,—

“Did you see, cousin, how my ambassador Kaunitz behaved himself there, when, as you already know, he was in love with the Marquise?”

“Ah,” cried the Princess, “as awkwardly as ever! How could love suit him? When he kissed her hand, one could see that he was calculating how many thousand troops, or how many million subsidies, this white, downy hand would have the courage to subscribe for Austria. If he kissed her beautiful lips, it was as if he would breathe into her all sort of diplomatic thoughts, that she might infect my cousin Louis at her first morning salutation with desires for the alliance,—enough, I would have seen such a lover a ledger instead of a love-letter.”

The Empress laughed, and looked askance at Kaunitz, who was uncommonly well contented with his part, and secretly thanked the crafty Princess for he knew very well that the Empress would wish to know whether he actually had been in love with the French beauty.

“Every one has his way, Princess,” said Kaunitz; “and could you deny that this mode of proceeding was often very flattering to my handsome Marquise?”

“Yes, she had peculiar taste,” replied the Princess, “and a curious ambition to be paraded in the advices of the ambassador. When he in a moment sent her a letter, on rose-coloured satin paper, the border painted with flowers, and perfumed with the

musk of the East, the Marquise laughed, well pleased, and let the king's chamberlain, who came to ask how she would have her chocolate, stand waiting in the ante-chamber, whilst she read and answered the letter. 'Ah!' she exclaimed, when it was brought to her, 'an Austrian despatch!'

"But what was it about? To ask whether Jocco, the green parrot, was dead from the almond which he had stolen the day before? whether Prince Biron, the ape, had had the splinter taken out of his foot which had run into it from yesterday's dancing? Then came some steaming hot compliments. One might doubt whether so much wit, beauty, and spirit, as yesterday were united in one person, were not a transient condition brought about by magic. One sighed to be obliged to write despatches when one has dreamt the whole night long of the two dimples which were the companions of the most heavenly smiles."

The Empress laughed again.

"And the haughty fool really permitted all this nonsense?" cried she, with a certain air of triumph.

"What would she not have allowed for the hope's sake that Kaunitz would mention her name in one of his despatches to your majesty? I fancy that she considered it possible that he might send one of her answers, for, certainly, she expended much more wit and grace upon them than I should think was needful for Kaunitz."

"Did she, then, think it possible that my minister would dare to do this? that the intercourse with me could be about such a person?"

The Princess ventured here, contrary to all propriety, to laugh, and the Empress was almost horrified at such audacity. But as she knew from experience how very little good was to be gained by reproving so saucy a person as the Princess, she conquered herself, and merely said to Kaunitz,—

“Does not this astonish you now?”

“Will your majesty permit to me a right to the contrary feeling?” replied Kaunitz.

When the Empress turned again to the Princess she had ceased laughing, and continued, as if nothing had occurred,—

“She who governs the beautiful and powerful France, and dictates to her king every day what he should do or leave undone, considers herself important enough to play a part in the cabinets of other potentates; but she does not consider every cabinet worthy of the honour.”

“Horrible! horrible!” exclaimed the Empress “the assumption of such deep corruption! this importance based upon the most shocking weakness! To what must the monarch, to what must the country come, under such circumstances? the abyss must already gape which will swallow it up.”

“And if it is to be saved from the plunge therein, it will be the small hand, soft as silk, of the Marquise which will do this,” said the Princess quietly; “for it is even she who has done the best things for France which have been done within the last hundred years—even she, this extraordinary woman, as Count von Kaunitz calls her.”

Kaunitz bowed and smiled. He would not join

in the conversation : every thing that she said pleased him, and it was especially agreeable to him that another beside himself had said it.

"Ah!" rejoined the Empress, "that so young a person should pass judgment upon every thing. Her *friseur* and her waiting-woman would dispute the honours of the kingdom ; if her monkey learned to dance she would fancy that she gave life to the arts ; she would consider them learned who best excused her errors, and to them would rewards be given. That, then, is called an extraordinary woman !"

"I never doubted her clear-sightedness," said the Princess, with indifference, "for she had assured me that the Empress Maria Theresa was the first monarch upon a throne, and that she was, in all the virtues of a ruler, the model which filled her with the utmost envy and the most glowing spirit of emulation."

"It is going very far," said the Empress, evidently in a milder tone, "that we, the born princess of a kingdom, should regard ourselves as the model for the mistress of a duty-forgetting French king."

"Yes, I thought so, too," said the Princess ; "I did not conceal it from her ; but she was so angry that she overturned her footstool and burst into tears. She called me, I think, a tiger-heart—a cold German pebble, because I could not immediately feel how much greater must be her merit, upon whose every good wish, every more elevated design, this eternal stain was impressed, and against which opposition was generated, which was always strong

in proportion to the injuriousness of the abuse she would correct, and which had rooted itself self-love of individuals. Because I did not feel she had to suffer infamy and reproach for the which she was not guilty, but could earn no title no blessings, for the good which she called for

The Princess continued, as she saw the Empress listened attentively, and even began company some of her sentences with the nod of her head,—

“I did not know in all Paris a more agreeable place than behind her arm-chair. What a comfort it was to pass a morning with her! what an occurrence! The old nurse, dressed in black and white, who, leaning on her staff, had wandered through the dens of misfortune and shame, and every thing brought back the empty silken purse which she had taken out with her full. The deliberation whether other help than money were not needed, and the lieutenant of police who then received directions or brought in his report; and the sneaking Abbé Bernis, who fetched his instructions and whom she overcame a thousand times with her brilliant wit, that she might dissuade him from measures which had been only adopted for his peculiar advantage. Then the most amiable old man in the shape of a shaven baboon—I mean the Abbé Bernis—who with his universal spirit, with his poetry, and his inexhaustible fountain of ever-flooding bubbling-up wit, found in all France no one to understand him as she did; he came always with a pocket full of favours to be granted to men

and science. When one fancied her wearied by the zeal with which she had devoted herself to all these interests, she then entered a hall, in which lay spread out before her manufactured articles and new discoveries; and manufacturers, and mechanics, and artisans, gave in their reports; she received information, and tested, and discriminated, and gave decisions, which astonished the most skilful. And when she dismissed them again, the spirit of that little moon diffused itself far and wide, and new strength, new activity awoke."

The Empress had listened with such increasing approbation that she no longer knew of whom the conversation was. She now dropped her fan; when the Princess restored it to her, she exclaimed as if awakening from a dream, "What, what, cousin! of whom were you speaking? Who is that whom you have thus described?"

"The Marquise de Pompadour," replied the Princess carelessly.

"Kaunitz," said the Empress, "you have been teaching her a lesson by heart!"

"The Princess Therese learns only that which her own head dictates," replied Kaunitz, "even if I had been capable of such a meanness."

The Empress felt the truth of this reply.

"Then this Marquise Pompadour," said she, rising, "is an unfortunate woman to whom we cannot refuse our sympathy!" She said this with that divine beaming of the eye, which, after any great inward combat, after any noble elevated feeling, was always so enchantingly beautiful in her. She gently

nodded to the Count and the Princess, and her attendants coming forward, she left the room in the midst of them.

“Austria will one day thank you for that, and Kaunitz will consider himself too poor in power and influence if the Princess Therese ever has a wish express to him,” exclaimed he with rapture; and the Princess, reviewing him with an ironical smile, saw that this was the love-declaration of a minister.

“I am losing my shoe-buckle,” cried she, and placed her beautiful foot upon the footstool of the Empress. Kaunitz bent his stiff, proud back and buckled the shoe. When he again raised himself she laughed aloud and said, “You are not going pay me homage in your way, Sir Minister, but that way which is convenient to me! What are you imagining? Do you think that I could exist in your wearisome Germany without my beloved French reminiscences? For my own pleasure have I related that which you have just heard. That it was exactly what you wanted is quite a matter of indifference to me. You, however, will be too unskilful for all alliances with this country, and I will have nothing to do with it.”

“You will not make me believe that, most serene highness,” said Kaunitz; “you will have something to do with it, and you will give yourself some trouble about it too, if it were only to be revenged on Monsieur de Bernis! This time you will go the same way with me against your will, and I hope that we have already gone the worst part of the way. If,” added he, smiling, and keenly fixed

his eye upon her, "if a certain conspiracy do not again prevent us."

"Why need you to speak so disparagingly of this conspiracy, as if it were an apparition in the brain of a love-sick girl? Take care! I am afraid that it will put you yet into a bad humour!"

"Certainly," smiled Kaunitz; "if in the remotest degree it disturbed the peace of the lovely Princess; nay, if only that of one of your adorers."

"Pah!" cried the Princess rising and taking the arm of the Princess von Hautois; "the peace of my adorers is not yet become an object of my regard or my sympathy! I give them up entirely to you."

"Poor Kaunitz!" exclaimed the minister, laughing, "I see that love becomes me here as badly as in France!"

"The reason of that," replied the Princess, "is because love only adorns those who yield themselves to it for its own sake. Your love is to you nothing more than one of your hundred thousand means of obtaining some object; and if your diplomatic finesse deceive the whole world, yet a woman will find you out even if she were a novice, just recovered from her first love."

"And from how many more?" returned Kaunitz. But the Princess deprived his malicious reply of its triumph, for she was gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON the morning succeeding the audience the Empress, Mrs. Gutenberg presented her at the palace of the Princess Morani to inquire, in the name of the Empress, after the health of the bride. From every word of the old countess beamed upon the Princess the kind good-will of the royal mistress, and at length she produced a simple gold ring engraved with the initials of the Empress, a token which proved to the Princess the high regard which was felt towards her.

“Her majesty only means this to assure her play-fellow of her unalterable esteem! The lady in waiting, the Countess von Fuchs, will send afterwards the imperial congratulations *en*”

“Ah, my illustrious, generous mistress,” said the Princess, and tenderly pressed the hand of the dear old lady, “how deeply do I feel this kindness! Oh, my dear Gutenberg, lend me your words to press to the Empress that which I so deeply feel.”

“Will do so! will do so! my dear Princess, need only to relate what my eyes have seen to the most illustrious and most serene Serenissime.”

After this visit, at an appointed hour, the chief lady in waiting, Countess von Fuchs, attended by several court ladies and gentlemen, preceded the Empress on their visit of state. To her succeeded an uninterrupted chain of the principal nobility of Vienna, who, through the announcement of the Countess von Fuchs, had received intelligence of this visit. It was a great consolation to the Princess that she was possessed of the means of putting the hitherto stripped audience-hall into a state befitting the occasion on the shortest notice. She could now, without a blush, receive her equals in rank in the place which they had not seen in its state of destitution, and which they found in its old magnificence, and it was perhaps this inward satisfaction which raised the Princess above many another painful feeling.

The evening of this exciting day, which brought to her Count Lacy and a few other friends, afforded to her an uncommon refreshment, for she felt that the most trying circumstances of her new connexion were over, and the happiness of her heart beamed forth more and more from its concealment and diffused a charming animation over her features.

Lacy saw it with great joy, and felt thereby that all his hopes seemed to rise.

"Oh," cried he, as he approached the Princess Therese, who, blooming as a spray of roses, rocked in her *fauteuil*, "now that you are become my dear cousin, you must stand by me, where I require a right, helpful ally against my Claudia."

"Against? against?" exclaimed the Princess,

“begins that already? The goal scarcely reached and opposition already?”

“*Against* in this case means for her good,” continued Lacy. “I wish that she should consent to our immediate marriage; that I, without any regard for this city, may take her away, and that a summer may not pass without her shattered heart being strengthened by country air.”

“And for this purpose I must pray her to give you her hand?” asked the Princess. “No, dear cousin *in spe*,—never! Every betrothal sent through me a shudder of the deepest melancholy but demand,—persuade—that I could not for world! The future would rise up before me like a ghost; I should seem to hear these words, ‘There why hast thou persuaded me to put this yoke upon me?’ I should see the angry glances which would then follow me. The doves which I saw sitting cooing side by side upon one perch, I should then see striking each other madly with their wings, before long the nest of one built upon the oak-tree, that of the other in the roof! No! I have seen many marriages not to consider every one who begins with the foolish hope of happiness as deceived beforehand!”

Lacy laughed aloud. Since he had been happy with the Princess whom he had formerly not greatly liked, had seemed to him a charming addition to his circle, and her lively temper appeared exactly calculated to entertain the good Claudia. Neither could he well overlook her beauty, for she had the great gift of being exactly as handsome as was becoming

"Make the attempt yourself, Princess!" said he. "When I see you before me, in all your bravery and beauty, I understand how it is that you consider yourself too good to be the prize of a loving heart. But, of a truth, the day will come when you, even against your own will, must become the contradiction of your own assertion; and Claudia and I will set you a good example—follow it soon! I long so to see you conquered!"

The Princess was too quick-sighted to seek for more in these gallant words than the usual mode of speaking in the great world. But still, for all that, it was satisfaction that she had won some ground. She resigned herself to the magic-working of continued jests, knowing how little in this the good Princess Morani could rival her. At that moment the Princess advanced towards them on the terrace where they stood, leading two children by the hand, in whom the Count recognised his little favourites of the Ursuline Court.

Both seemed to have been weeping. Egon's determined manner had, for this once, left him; the separation from Mora had excited in him merely the tenderness of the child. He wept, it is true, no longer; but there was such a deeply absorbing melancholy diffused over his countenance, that he did not seem capable of opposition to any thing. They still wore their humble garments, and as Lacy went towards them, and offered Egon his hand, he grasped it firmly, and pressed it to his arm, as if he felt that he needed a new protector after the painful separation from Mora.

Every one now, in his own way, endeavoured

to occupy themselves with the new-comers. The Princess Therese caressed Hedwiga, whom she recognised as the angel with the convent cheese; Georg Prey talked with them both, that he might discover the extent of their knowledge; and Lacy and Claudia counselled together, in a low voice, on their plans of education, fearing not unfrequently that the love for their *protégés* might lead them to carry these farther than was always wise.

“It is, indeed, true,” continued the Count, “that we know nothing of their descent; and this may prove itself, at least, to be unsuitable to the education which we both of us are inclined to give them; but we must, at the same time, confess that it depends only on ourselves to defend their future from helplessness and disgraceful connexions. Nature has, in their case, been so bountiful, that it must be an ever-enduring reproach to us, if we do not perfect her work by an education which seems as if it could hardly be denied them. Hedwiga, educated as your companion, will, it appears to me, exactly be in the position which will prevent pretensions, and yet will cause intellectual development, nay, will even make it requisite. Egon may obtain military knowledge; the war, which will not wait for any one, will give him an opportunity to make to himself a name, if fate have actually denied to him this first foundation of life. The whole spirit of the times demands more concession than our fine sensibility will yet every where permit, but which we, however, for our own satisfaction may, in this case, make availing.”

The Princess smiled kindly; every word of her

betrothed had been spoken as from her own heart. "I could hardly have borne the contradictions in which, by following another plan, I must have fallen," said the Princess; "and then Hedwiga would first be pitiable, for she would, through my affection for her, be half my child, and then, depressed by mean connexions, would, perhaps, suffer in character. Oh, how often have I commiserated those playthings of the rich, which have been brought under notice by their low condition, or some other circumstance, and which a beautiful exterior and their friendlessness have delivered over into the hands of wealthy idleness, either to emulate monkeys and lap-dogs of the boudoir in speeding on with follies the empty hours of *ennui*, or to serve as specimens of some one or other wild system of education. The melancholy consequences which spring out of this, and for which their cruel protectors have done to thank themselves, then take them by surprise. They fancy that they have a right to be angry, and think it is allowable for them to throw back a degenerate being into those very circumstances from which they had taken pains to remove them."

"From this we will defend our *protégés*," cried the Count, with emotion, sympathising in the beautiful zeal of Claudia. "Your picture is true," said she, "and I have often acknowledged that we only confer a benefit when we do not estrange the individual from the connexions of his birth. But with our *protégés* we have a fair cause, as long as *Fra. Mora's* secret is not ours. Yet, it is very much to be wished, dear Claudia, that you, with your

irresistible amiability, would induce the old lady open her heart, for I do not at all believe that they belong to the rank of Mrs. Mora."

"Your court is charmingly increased by the two enchanting creatures, Egon and Hedwiga, said the Princess Therese, who had left the terrace with the children, and now returned to Lacy and the Princess Morani, who, with George Prey, had kept up a long and grave conversation; "charmingly increased is it, and I burn with desire to see its discipline, how they will carry your train, set your dogs dancing, laugh at the servants, and set your instructions at defiance."

Claudia laughed. "You hold a mirror before me, that I may see the monsters, that they may be transformed into by my wise education. I fancy that, for the benefit of your favourites, you will first of all educate me. My father did the same with my brother, who died young. If my brother were violent and impatient, he advised him instantly to throw himself into the utmost rage, to strike, abuse, to cast himself to the earth. That changed the current of the boy's thoughts. He listened with astonishment. He saw suddenly to what a pitch might have gone, and as he was not naturally bold he came to feel a detestation of the faults which had been so strongly painted before him. I saw him after such a mode of correction, throw himself into my father's arms, and, embracing him with tears renounce his faults."

"I have nothing at all to say against a tender embrace on your side, dear Claudia," replied the

but I cannot imagine what else you can r playthings. These kind of things are r to me, that I can assure you there are y hundred children in France used-up jects."

up!" exclaimed Claudia, shuddering ; fearful moralist, with your irony."

d used-up purposely, because I do not e that such things could become human do not know whether they perish of raisins, or of kicks. I once asked a ere a most charming page of hers was d her feet and peeled her oranges? She r waiting-woman, as she could not re- ere he was gone. She puzzled her him as if about old ribands and lace; nt to the house-steward, and inquired ndsome child, whose locks, not above before, she had curled, and had called *mon* and *mon petit cœur*. The poor boy ick ; they had taken him to the orphan- there he had died. 'Ah, fie!' cried . to her waiting-woman, 'how can you thing so repugnant!' "

herese!" exclaimed Claudia, "how were th your tender heart, to live among these d barbarians?"

well, indeed!" said the Princess; "that st convenient of all ways for them to get ion of me. Many a time I seemed to be It is amazingly easy, in such a country, little virtue go a long way; I was very

much obliged to them all; they seemed to take much trouble for my sake!"

"O, Lacy!" said Claudia, "if you did but know as well as I do, how different she is to what I wanton words would pretend! Why did they teach your lovely mouth a holy abhorrence of those holy words, which only come out of your wicked head, and not out of your pure heart?"

The ringing laughter of the Princess responded and her quick glance saw that Lacy's eye rested upon her with interest and pleasure.

"If I deceive you, I am quite satisfied," said she; "because really this, your opinion of me, is the only key which opens to me the Palace Morani. Beware! I warn you—and you may depend upon it—I am good for nothing!"

She then drew Egon to her, and gazed at him long and thoughtfully. "Lovely mystery!" continued she, in a tone gentler than common, "what art thou? Who gave to thee this firm brow, which gives to the close-curling locks such an air of bold defiance? And these deep blue eyes—where do they that they have already gazed on me?"

"I have never seen you before!" replied Egon, whose bold manner in this strange place was changed into childish timidity, "but I should like to know whether all princesses look—look as you do?"

Every body laughed. They all felt that the words were not merely the boy's homage. The Princess was pleased; there was a sentiment in her heart towards the boy which surprised even her.

"On the contrary," said she, "Hedwiga's bea-

troubles me! I fancy that I am jealous of one so sure to conquer—it seems to me as if I owed her a grudge—as if she would do something to injure me—nay, as if she had already injured me! Come,” said she to the child, who stood near George Prey—“come, see, I have gathered roses for you; I will make you still prettier; you shall overcome me, so that I shall make a determination to love you!”

With her peculiar skill she arranged the roses around the little scarlet cap of the sweet child; stuck one in her gay boddice, and then, taking off her own gauze apron, hung it over the head of the child, so that it seemed to look out of a cloud. It was a charming picture, and the child smiled delighted at her beautiful tiring-woman. Who would not have thought that the determination to love her could not have been a very difficult one? But the Princess looked gravely, nay, almost severely upon her, and then suddenly pressing her hands upon her eyes, she exclaimed, “Go! go! you cannot do it—you are an hindrance to me, a burden!”

Hedwiga understood only that she was to go, and therefore ran to Claudia who drew her to her and caressed her.

“Is then your love so difficult to win—so uncertain, so independent of natural claims?” commenced Lacy, who, at the least, had paid her the tribute of being occupied by her whimsical conduct.

“Yes!” said Claudia, releasing Hedwiga from her embrace, “thus has she acted with love all her lifetime. I will accuse her, that you may help me to convert her! She has touched all hearts, but has

been touched by none in return, and thus sown despair instead of happiness and joy."

The Princess Therese cast towards her a burning glance. The challenging security good cousin excited her evil passions. "Ha! she inwardly, "she has not a single fear in him to undertake my conversion, and speak the influence of my charms, as of about a grand long ago buried!" There arose a bitterness heart which made her feel as if she could She would not alone blame—she was angry, with herself or her fate she knew not; but against her will, the sorrow of her heart found way in words.

"Pity me, only because my whole life has continued error from which—even if other had to suffer—no one has endured deeper than myself. If you, Claudia, will be the de of the hearts which give to me their love unret have you never thought who is to defend *this* subjected as much as they to the error, to th of my life? The fools have loved me and demanded a reciprocation of love, and I too innocently amused the while, or else, anxiety for their love, I mechanically imitate gambols. There was stupid compassion, per little shame in their souls. Their foolish c seemed to me more equalised when I strove to in it. But who maintains the lie which only advantage to another? When weariness can I threw off the fool's cap and chased them with scorn, then it was said how I tried to fetter

whom I did not love. And where was there in nature a more savage monster than I was? See, Claudia, a few words will tell it—where I loved, I was not loved in return, where I was beloved, I loved not again! Could you not weep for me, pious soul!”

It is impossible to describe with what a quivering expression of truth she spoke these words, and what emotion was excited in the hearts of her hearers by this lamentation, together with the view of her beauty, together with the impression of her power of mind! She turned herself, bowed over the back of her chair; her eyes with the deep excitement were glowingly blue—perhaps, she could not have looked more beautiful.

Claudia looked at her indescribably affected. She took her hand and gazed tenderly into her face. “O! Therese,” said she softly, “how difficult you make it for us, seeing you thus, exactly to believe your assertion! Who, to whom you gave the happiness of your entire love, would not have been obliged to love you?”

“And yet so it is!” said the Princess, continuing thoughtlessly to speak in her strange, tragical open-heartedness. “This object seized upon my heart, extorted from my feeling this devotion, and I loved with all the force of my nature. Then, this love filled uninterruptedly the whole scope of my existence—then out of my love, feeling itself awoke, and then, with this perfectly developed power, I continued for a time the object of my own deceiving—until suddenly, from the old curse which persecuted

with these words she arose to return to Empress, motioned with her hands to them all to follow her, and floated past them with such a delicate grace, that they all sat silent, and, with their eyes fixed on her, gazed after her until she vanished the distance of the hall.

When the carriage-door was closed, she drew down the blinds of the windows, and then, covering her face with both her hands, burst into bitter weeping.

“Ah! ah!” said she, “how wretched I am!—how wretched! Beautiful I am—gifted am I as but few are—I am of high rank—and yet how wretched how wretched! Ah! this hardy fiend within which dares to place my own image so clearly before my own eyes! How I hate myself that I am responsible for the miserable intrigue of robbing her of him—how I hate him—her—myself, that it is first necessary to win him by great efforts—that he is not already mine! Oh! why is there no man who feels the impulse which makes us poor women saints in comparison with them, which drives us to ruined ones that may heal them of their sins and reconcile them

dares to take a step over the brazen wall

So be it then! and I will live so as to be
 erpart, and let the deep misery which I
 the power which impels me!"

riage stopped. She hastened to the
 of the Empress.

ut an apron? *en demi habillée?*" said the
 on Fuchs, stepping, with a low courtesy,
 e Princess and the Empress.

! mercy!" exclaimed the Princess,
 out her hands towards the Empress; "I
 heese-angel in it, your majesty!"

the most interesting person in the whole
 l Francis the First, "something or other
 ppen to her. I often think when she
 appearance, now what shall we have

ry much in a moment were all the men of
 or's opinion, whilst the ladies took it into
 on how they should manage to have
 also always happening to them!

press, in the meantime, was listening to the
 report of her evening with the betrothed,
 not at all displeased about the missing
 the Princess made her relation with such
 nce of graceful merriment that the royal
 led it many times the tribute of a smile.

xt morning, however, the Princess received
 l costly apron from the Empress, in the
 which was a roll of gold, upon which was
 For a little jacket and petticoat for my
 el."

“I thought so,” cried the Princess, laugh-
“O, this wise Empress! She sees immediately
if I sacrifice my gauze apron to veil the coarse clot
of the little one, as a matter of course she must
something. How can poor Claudia manage? I w
pledge myself that she has taken nothing from I
but has contracted debts for her present estat
ment; for as to what she has fabled about m
which were owing to her noble papa, and w
have now fallen down from heaven, let those be
who can!”

With what emotion, in the meantime, did
noble friends in the Morani Palace reflect upon
condition of the Princess Therese, which had attr
and affected them all in a different manner.

“Ah!” exclaimed Claudia, “and this being
feeling, all soul, is spoken of in the world as a h
less, malicious coquette, and is the victim of e
calumny!”

“Beloved spiritual daughter,” said George I
“a great deal goes to make up the human be
Perhaps, also, they who censure the dear Pri
are quite as little wrong as we who give
credit for a heart capable of good and a hi
gifted mind. The beautiful lady is deservin
both characters, and neither we who praise
they who blame will be by her entitled to
victory.”

“But *they*,” continued Lacy, as the good fa
ceased speaking,—“they who delivered this unus
ly gifted being over to herself and placed her in
most dangerous position in the world, they will l

to answer for it that this strife between good and evil has rooted itself in such evil habits, and the victory for good remains only a doubtful hope."

"Oh no! oh no!" exclaimed Claudia, "do not be so severe! She is capable of the most beautiful developement, she is already advanced towards it! These habits are only little outward indecorums which, to her own annoyance, hinder her developement. Ah! would to God, that a noble, manly heart was devoted to her, that would learn to love and acknowledge her beautiful and rich nature; and, satisfied with the much greater possession of this treasure, would excuse the small failings which then would, in truth, shew themselves to be such, and would fall off from her like a disfiguring garment from a beautiful figure. O Lacy! there is a reproach which I cannot suppress — that no one has so loved her!"

She looked at her betrothed as she spoke these words with a glance of such peculiar emotion that he smilingly seized her hand, and exclaimed, "Does my Claudia, then, reproach me for not having loved her?"

"O Lacy!" said the Princess, in the same state of mind, "I have thought it possible that you loved her, and had wished her well with you! What higher proof can I give you of my persuasion in her favour? You had become acquainted in France; through her — through her letters I first heard of you. That she spoke of you in another manner than she spoke of the mass who surrounded her, led me to hope that she would find her master in you. I then saw

you myself, and although through you my whole inner being was changed, yet I permitted no room to the wishes of my heart; and when at length you met her again, I then united to the purest resignation on my part the hope of both your happiness in the meeting."

"And did I stand the test, unsuspecting that was subjected to it?" exclaimed Lacy, laughing.

"I can hardly say," returned the Princess laughing likewise, "for you know how soon the social intercourse of this house was interrupted by the increasing illness of my father, and thus you also were withdrawn from the sweet seductions. You had now time, removed from all chance of comparison with what was more beautiful and better to observe the poor pale Claudia, who had firmly determined as little as possible to rivet your attention."

"Ah, Claudia," said the Count, "without your willing it, you thus gave our happiness the most beautiful confirmation. Heaven itself shielded me and permitted me to go out of the way of temptation, which would have given to me, perhaps, more brilliant, but at the same time a very doubtful future; for I am candid enough to confess that a man with a free heart, and opportunities of often seeing the Princess, might be in great danger. I am, however, of precisely the same opinion as you; I should consider the bringing back, through kindness and love, so nobly organised a being from her errors, to be a beautiful occupation for life."

"Oh!" said Claudia, "if your amiable wilfulness has conducted you past the danger, and you have no feelings of the kind to give away, why should not we both, through the same beautiful power of friendship, labour for the lovely mistaken one? On the whole, men have greater influence on my cousin than women. Take some trouble, dear Lacy, to win the friendship of this erring being, and then we will unite for her help,—perhaps we may greatly succeed."

"You are always innocent and inexperienced as a child, dear Princess," said George Prey, "and take your measures accordingly. It is not permitted to the divine who must lend his ear to confession to retain this simplicity, for whilst he listens to sinners in order to afford them the comfort and the benefits of the church, he becomes, alas! instructed by what ramifications and temptations the Evil One creeps over the earth; and, in deep humility, the conviction of the great weakness of the nature of man is established in his mind. It is beautiful to combat with temptation when, without our co-operation, it assails us. But," added he smiling, and almost with confusion, "I always advise every one to go out of its way, or to inquire, at least, whether our circumstances will permit us to make a dangerous venture. Of this kind I should reckon it, if a married or a betrothed man should think himself called upon to bring back through friendship a beautiful sinner from the error of her way; and, especially, if the said object were in matters of love dangerous, and were not of stern conscientiousness."

and as the benighted announced supper, just she gave her hand to the divine, and they sat opposite each other at the little table happiest state of mind.

Before the Count left the Morani Palace again expressed his wish for a speedy marriage the Princess's journey to Tein, which he regarded as so necessary for her health. He met, however here with the most decided opposition.

"My health," said the Princess, "will also establish itself. You may depend upon feeling of happiness, which is the most beneficial restorative of physical nature. It seems to me I am quite in health already; and new life-strength glows already in my veins! I fancy myself younger and handsomer since I have adorned myself as your bride."

Lacy kissed the hand which was tenderly extended towards him.

Gertrude now made her appearance with courtesies, and an announcement which was made to the Princess.

"Come, gentlemen," said she, turning to

from without, as their inner entrance was only through the sleeping-rooms of the Princess and her old waiting-woman.

It was the most beautiful summer night. The moon had just risen; the clumps of trees in the garden stood out in their dark masses, and were overflowed with the soft glory, which, it is true, robbed them of their pomp of colouring, but seemed to beautify their forms in roundness and in affluence of foliage. They turned to the right towards the western side of the castle, where lay the flower-gardens, which were only separated from the chambers by a gravel-path and a small fountain. The trees which threw the rest of the garden into considerable shade here retreated, and merely protected at a regular distance the smaller shrubs and parterres from the wind. These chambers enjoyed the freshest air, and were considered the most healthy in the whole house. The two cabinets, in which the poor children had found their places of repose lay near each other, connected by an inner door, and each with a half-glass door leading into the garden, by which light was admitted into the apartment. Both rooms were wainscoted with fine wood, and ornamented with exquisite gilding. The furniture corresponded with the walls, simple, as compared with the general establishment, splendid as the sleeping-place of the poor children.

Both of them were now for the first time, after a comfortable bath, apparelled in the clothes which were allotted to them, and the delicate feeling of the Princess was recognisable in the circumstance of

room of the Princess. At the farther end
room stood the little bed, from which the ha
were drawn back. The moon shone brightly
the fragrant flower-garden before the room
the reflection illumined the beautiful child.
warmth and sleep after the day of excitement
flushed the cheeks and lips of the child wi
most glowing crimson. The coverlet was t
off, and with an infinitely lovely grace the
rosy foot was placed in the hand, where it
as lightly as if sleep had surprised it whilst
ing. The wonderfully beautiful countenan
with lips apart, thrown back so that benea
chin the charming outline of the delicate nec
seen. The eyes had that glorified expression
they looked upwards beneath the closed lid
every moment it seemed as if they would open
roses which the Princess Therese had placed
abundant curls were so tightly woven in, that,
prayer of the child, the old waiting-woman h
them there. The roses hung over the sleeper:
they were curious to see a child which was as
as themselves. Those which had adorned the

of the dance, in the midst of exultant, delicious joy.

Silently, and with emotion, all gazed upon her, and Lacy, in particular, seemed so entirely lost in the contemplation as to observe nothing else around him.

"God bless thee, my dear child!" at length said the Princess, with a gentle, tearful voice. She bent herself down, and kissed the brightened forehead; but when she turned round to Lacy and gave him her hand, he said,—

"I fancy I have at length discovered why this child seemed to pain me with remembrances and exercised such a power over me. The present repose of her look shews to me her great and striking resemblance to a picture which hung in the sleeping room of my uncle. It was to him a sacred treasure, and awoke in me as a boy such a passionate admiration that I might almost call it my first love. The picture represented the Princess von D., with whom it was said that my uncle was in love, and even had hoped to marry."

"She must have been very beautiful," replied the Princess, "and you will make me jealous of Hedwiga; you must, therefore, come to the boy; we must see both the children in their repose; and I must know whether my arrangement pleases you."

The boy lay straight, stretched out upon his back. His little rapier, which Guntram had made him, which he had brought with him, and which he was accustomed to take with him to bed, now also lay,

tenance of the boy made upon all a lively impression."

"He looks like the effigy on the tomb of a knight," said George Prey.

"Oh, no!" replied the Princess, "and feel myself reminded of a beautiful monument."

"He looks like a young knight who is using his arms for the first time," added "I would not counsel the wresting away sword."

"Oh, no!" began Gertrude, timidly, "I consented that he should take it to bed with him because Bernhard said that we could take it from him when he slept. But, when we attempted it, he held it only so much the firmer; he has still wrinkles on his brow, so angrily contract his sleeping countenance."

"Claudia," said the Count, as he conducted her back, "send for Mrs. Mora to-morrow morning to unravel the mystery that rests on these children. My foreboding certainly does not deceive me. We shall discover something more than we know."

fied ; for Gertrude, who on the following day betook herself to the Ursuline court to bring Mrs. Mora to the Princess, found the cottage empty and locked, and receiving the intelligence from the weeping Bábili, that Mora had taken her leave without giving her any information regarding the object of her departure ; but saying that she had gone the evening before with the assurance that she should one day return. Mrs. Barbara Hulshöfen and Magda also had set off the day before, as Bábili declared, the one to the north, the other to the south, and Bábili's tears fell so abundantly for this sudden separation, that Gertrude gave up the attempt to gain more information from her.

CHAPTER XV.

BEFORE the Counts Wratislaw had built new mansion on the Tein estate, the old Tein was not much more than a protecting shelter for social meals, or for a night's repose, when its lords and lords' retainers, with their retinue and merry guests, used to assemble in these great forests to enjoy the chase. Thus it happened that there was a large space capable of containing during their hours of carousal the frequent numerous assemblies, amongst whom were always ladies. But regarding their lodging for the night, they were much less particular. Here a slight accommodation was deemed sufficient; in general, there was but little share of repose; at the first beams of day enticed the hunters to abridge even the short hours of freedom granted to the peaceful, dew-drinking deer.

wings a handsome front. Art lent a helping hand to the surrounding wood, and it was soon converted into those grave and majestic gardens which, in connexion with the terraces, and protected by walls of foliage, formed open halls, adorned with cascades and marble seats, and which, peopled by a whole host of ancient gods and goddesses, afforded, during the fine season of the year, a charming space for the festivals of their possessor.

But, in the present instance, it is not this splendour which claims our attention, however much it may contain for our future observation ; we will at first linger in the more humble abode, which appeared sufficient to the forefathers of these splendour-loving descendants.

As we have observed already, all that was there required was a great space, containing an ample hearth, and in which the tables could stand, where vigorous appetites might appease themselves amidst merry jokes.

This object, in the present instance, had been attained to a wonderful extent ; and although the gentlemen of that age might trouble themselves but little about the origin and object of this old house, satisfied that it existed and was suitable to their purpose, the later observer, connected merely with grey antiquity as an anxious inquirer, would ask, with astonishment, in what age it had arisen, and to what service it was dedicated.

Regarding this point there were as many opinions as inquirers ; but all agreed in thinking it owed its

origin to a pagan age. Equally obvious was it that at a later period its destination had been changed. Various additions, of more modern taste, were seen which utterly confounded all sagacity; for the last possessor having paid little attention to the proportions and arrangements of his predecessor, and perhaps, not even having understood them, the result had arisen the most extraordinary and contradictory confusion of ideas; and no written chronicle existing, the old walls themselves should have given a relation of their origin, and of the various changes which they had passed through, for antiquaries foundered upon problems impossible to solve.

This old house lay on the borders of that wood in the midst of which was situated the new castle, and on one side was only separated by pasture surrounded by ditches, and protected by a few groups of trees, from the village or highroad, which in spite of the neglect of former times, still exhibited a kind of animation; for the village had risen to some importance, in consequence of its lord's protection. Various traders, and the workshops of different artisans, shewed here a greater activity; and the neighbouring villages, receiving no encouragement to similar undertakings, entered into active trade with the inhabitants of Tein, who were enabled to furnish them with many necessaries which they would otherwise have had to procure from the more distant town.

The front of the house lay towards the road, the back quite among the ancient elm-trees, which he

surrounded it as with a girdle. The prospect from the few windows extended only among their leafy summits, or over the carefully cut deer-paths, or permitted, here and there, a solitary glade to glitter, with its bright, clear green, between the dark trunks of the giant trees. The house on this side bore a still more ancient character. There were but few windows to be seen, and these only in the towers, which the house shewed at each of its four corners. The principal wall was composed of huge masses of stone, joined together, truly, in the strangest order. The foundation, heavy and projecting, was formed of carefully hewn granite blocks, and above rose the wall of sandstone; and the cornices and arches, which rested upon half-protruding pillars, were of marble—now weather-beaten, and, perhaps, never of careful workmanship or polish. This wall certainly seemed to justify the supposition of a temple having been here first intended, for even the filling-up between the pillars might be of a later origin.

At all events, the four round towers erected at the corners belonged to a later time, for they were built of brick, and had a mural crown, such as was first seen in Roman castles. It was these towers which occasioned the old well-known name of this house—that of Teinburg or Tein Castle—to be disused; for, from time immemorial, there had dwelt in the two towers adjoining the wood two jackdaw families, which at length, and owing to the house being never regularly inhabited, nay, often standing empty for a series of years, had so increased that

their nests might be perceived from a distance, and their cry heard an immense way off. Thus the abode had become known in the neighbourhood, first and near, as the *Dohlen*, or Jackdaw-nest; and when eventually human inhabitants returned, this name had so supplanted the former one that it was still retained, and every one said, "Mr. Thomas Thyrnaer was going to the Dohlen-nest," when this faithful friend of the Count von Lacy prepared the massive old house as a summer residence for himself and family.

These latest alterations made by him, it is true had most thoroughly destroyed those traces which had excited earlier curiosity and inquiry; yet, spite of this, the whole interior also preserved an extraordinary and unusual appearance. The whole hall formed one single square room, without any intersecting walls, and a colossal column which stood in the middle of the hall was the supporting point of the round arches of this vaulted roof. From it, like from a palm-tree, arose the branches of the arches and rested themselves against the four walls, upon the columns, placed at equal distances. The height of the hall was considerable, and, if one imagined the vaulted roof without the modern additions which now confused the original form, one could scarcely think otherwise than that it had been adapted for pagan worship. The middle column was now surrounded by oak-panelling up to the very ceiling, and from this arose a wooden network on all sides, first connecting itself with the arches, but when these gently curved themselves, forsaking them as

shooting up in Gothic tracery. Although from length of time the oak was changed into a substance reminding one of black marble, still the rich carving had been well preserved, and it required the study of a whole day to follow the fantastic forms, seemingly the creations of delirium; the most horrible monsters—half-men, half-beasts—amidst lovely garlands, and the most faithful representation of wild and domestic animals, which were all united here in the richest and most artistical manner.

It was thus that the advocate's family had found the hall, for more had not been needed by the merry hunters who had at times dwelt here before them. Yet we must not forget a large and well-appointed fire-place, which had been discovered beneath a mountain of rubbish when the Counts von Wratislaw had taken up their abode in the old place, and this occupied a considerable portion of the wall on the right hand as you entered.

The entrance was a large pair of folding-doors; they were of oak, and the approach to them was by a small porch, such as one finds in chapels, where are figures of saints, and where the little bell hangs as in a shrine. Here also the richly carved pillar, against which the folding-doors closed, formed a cross, on which stood the queen of heaven with a crown upon her head, and the child Jesus in her arms; beneath her feet was the silver crescent of the moon. It was one of those tastefully coloured pieces of carving which from its beautiful sentiment and harmonious tinting had become a very expressive work of art. The broad threshold was of black marble, as were the

door-posts also, from which, as if growing out of the marble itself, hung the vessel for holy water. The first thing on crossing the threshold which excited your attention was the floor, which, being inlaid with black and white marble in strange hieroglyphic figures, belonged evidently to the same age as the carved arches of the roof. The walls to a considerable height were wainscoted with oak, by means of which the old stone hall was become much warmer and more comfortable. Along three walls ran galleries of the same wood, and to the gallery opposite the entrance ascended two spiral staircases, the elegant, light balustrades of which, as well as the galleries, were very ornamental to the hall.

These stairs led also to the chambers in the towers, which could otherwise be only reached from without by steps which had now fallen into decay. These interior staircases rendered the towers much more serviceable to their present inhabitants. Each tower had two rooms lying one over the other: above, were the sleeping and private chambers of the family below, sleeping places for the domestics, and a store room for provisions. The small entrance-doors were concealed in the wainscoting. Two large windows on either side the house door did not suffice to light the whole of this vast space; but in summer the huge folding-doors were thrown open, and thus light enough was gained for the domestic occupations carried on within the hall. In winter people were all the more easily satisfied, as the fire on the hearth and the lamp were soon and willingly brought in requisition.

This fire-place, which was at the same time the kitchen hearth, played an important part, and, in truth, the church-like hall was so large that the frequent and busy activity around it often was passed over unobserved. The high brickwork chimney rose into the vaulted roof, and the gallery was carried round it in a fantastic manner. In order to restrain the kitchen domain within just limits, trellis-work had been raised around it, forming a perfect square, which might be closed at pleasure by trellis-doors, but these, towards the centre pillar and opposite the fire-place, stood generally open. Around the pillar ran benches, and before it stood, towards the fire-place, a long table, of polished oak, with seats belonging to it.

This place, however, was most frequented in winter time and in the evening. The chief resort of the family was on the left hand of the door, beneath one of the large windows already mentioned. Between the door and this window extended a screen of perhaps twelve feet in length; it was as high, and of the same wood, as the wainscoting of the walls, and terminated in a gracefully curved pillar. Although little more than a screen was contemplated, this partition formed by its firm material a small room, which opened out again into the general space. A long, narrow table, of costly workmanship, and inlaid with the rarest woods, stood in the middle of this retreat; bright metal ornaments were seen on the beautiful legs and on the retreating drawers. Around this table stood twelve equally exquisitely carved arm-chairs with crimson velvet cushions.

The floor was covered by a Turkey carpet of great beauty. Before the window hung on gilt rings a heavy damask curtain of deep red; and within a shade, in the broad and deep recess of the window stood lighter arm-chairs and a small shrine which contained women's work, devotional books, or the histories which beguiled the long winter evenings.

Here the family assembled for breakfast or dinner, guests were received, and light and social occupations pursued.

The chambers in the towers were distributed according to the requirements of the different members of the family; and we shall become acquainted with them later.

It was towards mid-day when an increasing activity around the hearth which we have just described announced that the dinner-hour was approaching. A pleasant odour was diffused in the neighbourhood; and near bubbling pots and kettles turned the spit with its delicate joint of roe-venison whilst, in brazen vessels, quails steamed in their own fat among young herbs, and that delicate confection was prepared without which no south-German table was ever in any age complete.

An elderly woman overlooked this animated scene and by her quiet, gentle manner exercised a sway around her very different to the usual spirit of a bustling kitchen. Yet it appeared neither fear nor sadness which reigned here; for the boy who watched the spit amused himself by now whistling, now imitating most excellently the cries of various

birds and domestic animals; and two girls conversed together over their work, in low voices it is true, but often interrupted themselves by merry bursts of laughter.

This all went on unobserved by the worthy dame, who was addressed as Mrs. Gundula. She moved calmly from one place to another, stirred the contents of jar or kettle, laid the wood together, glanced into a basin in which one of the maids was making paste, and warned the other carefully to scale the fish. At times she left the district of the kitchen, and contemplated the small table beneath the window already mentioned, and which was being arranged for three persons by a domestic. Now and then she spoke a few words in her sonorous voice, or opened with a key from the bunch at her side one of the small closets concealed in the wainscoting, to give out to the old serving-man, who seemed to pursue his occupation with peculiar attention, a handsome goblet, or some exquisitely formed silver vessel, for the use of the table.

He was now busied with the greatest care in placing, exactly in the middle of the table, a richly embossed silver salt-cellar, and then, glancing with a satisfied air over all his preparations, he rubbed his hands and nodded his head well pleased.

"I think it is now faultless," said he; "and even if we do dwell in the forests and can pick up nothing from the grand folks in Vienna, we still know how to live, and, after all, pride can only have every thing that it desires! And I fancy nothing is wanting here,—all that is sufficient is here!"

He addressed these last words to Mrs. Gundula and she also glanced at the well-appointed table and nodded equally contented. "Faultless! faultless my dear Veit! Every thing in its place," said she "only we must not forget to cool the wine!"

"Then, madam," said Veit, already somewhat offended,—“then your humble servant would truly have forgotten the principal thing; and I should like to know how Dr. Hieronymus would screw up his mouth if the old Johannisberger were not cooled.”

"Yes," said Gundula, "and our master can endure no such neglect being offered to a guest."

"Our master!—yes, our master, madam!" pursued Veit thoughtfully; "to-day he will remark whether the wine is cool, and whether your roast is tender, and the table complete. But tell me yourself, do you think if we ceased to attend to these things every day by ourselves, that he would observe the omission?"

"I should not like to try!" returned Gundula. "what is unnecessary he soon sends away, and excellence is agreeable to him. He has a right demand it; it does not occur to him that it is there or why should he mention it?"

"Yes! yes!" said Veit, "with him every thing must be done thoroughly, and every thing has place. If he eat, one would think he never ate any thing besides, or was so fond of any thing eating; and if he sleep—heavens! an old gentleman and yet if I were to fire off my loudest fowling-piece beside his bed, he would only move as if striking a fly, and fall asleep again."

"And for all that, he is more moderate than the youngest man," returned Mrs. Gundula; "and, often as he has been forced to recommence his life, he yet has always risen high again."

"Yes! he has ever needed his strength! He has endured much, Mrs. Gundula—and we two also with him."

Gundula sighed. "When I think of this table between then and now—of how many places are here unfilled—ah, Veit! when we first returned here, after our long separation, it seemed to me as if I never could bear remaining with my old master. I would go away, far away from him, to escape the grief of seeing the empty places where my angels had formerly dwelt. But better thoughts came from above. He must bear it, the good gentleman—and he bore it more easily, when he saw us, his old faithful servants, bringing all things again into their usual order."

"That might well be!" returned Veit. "He had not, like us, merely this one place. What we miss here, we miss our whole lifetime. But he, if he misses any thing here, he may find it somewhere else. Where is his home?—do we know? Is it here, or in Prague, or at the castle, or with the French gentleman yonder? We do not know, however!"

"We do not know!" repeated Gundula; "yet still I always think a man's home is where he has placed his wife and child, and where he preserves that which he loves."

"Yes, certainly, one would think so," said Veit:

“and what a precious treasure he has brought home! How much she resembles her mother—does she not?”

“Yes, indeed!” said Gundula. “I see in her a miracle of God. Where has she learnt it all?—where has she seen it? When she calls Gundula, fancy that I hear her aunt—the same sweet tone of voice; and when she bends down to make me look about for her, it is just like her mother. And then, too, her little feet, when she runs downstairs and the way she has of pausing on the last steps leaning on the balustrade, and then flying off again like an arrow from a bow, who has told her that her mother did just the same? And when she wishes to have something, how her eyes sparkle with impatience! She asks you, but soon she becomes impatient, and thinks of being angry if you do not immediately comply with her wishes.”

At that moment there flew a well-aimed, deep red carnation into old Mrs. Gundula's well-stiffened white linen neckerchief. “Maria and Joseph!” shrieked the terrified woman, and a short low tittering above her head directed her glance up to the gallery. Magda's charming face looked laughingly, over the balustrade.

“Dost thou see, old calumniator?” cried she “there, thou hast thy punishment! You two good-for-nothing old creatures! there you stand talking about your poor master and mistress, till you don't leave them a single good hair. Wait! you shall get punished for that! First you abuse your good old master, and then you attacked me, eh? Wait!

patiently to wait, and hear how many sins you chose to ascribe to me? Shame upon you, you old gossips! Away with you! away to your places! Thou look after my pastry; and thou, old Veit, away with thee to the door—away with thee!—there are riggers coming along the road; they will be here directly!”

“We are going, my sweet love,” cried Gundula, in return, whilst Veit, murmuring many kind words, went towards the entrance-door. “And do thou come down, my love?” continued Gundula; “only see how beautiful we have made it for thee!”

“Dost thou think,” cried Magda, “that I am looking about me with blind eyes? A long time have I seen all thy trotting about and beautifying, thy moving and straightening, and yet thou hast forgotten the best thing, after all, thou old thoughtless thing!”

“Heaven help me! what is it, my darling?” cried Gundula, and her eyes wandered inquiringly over the table. But at the same moment there flew such a rain of flowers over the old woman, that she was quite blinded; and when she had removed herself, and shaken them from her, there stood Magda before her, holding in her hands a graceful silver vase, in which the most beautiful flowers were arranged.

“Dost thou see?” cried Magda; “if I did not think of the best thing, where would it be? The beautiful table which thou hast laden with thy heavy ware would be dead without these flowers! A table without flowers in the middle of summer!

old people like us are growing stiff and together!"

"Thou seest! thou bad old woman, thou! Magda, quickly flinging her arms round the woman's neck, pressing her warmly to her. calumniator!" pursued she, "say! hast thou me my little cream-tarts to-day?"

"Yes! yes! my angel! they are baken ready!" cried Gundula, beaming with joy. "Come now, my little treasure—thou wert not angry?"

Magda looked merrily into the old woman's eyes, as if enjoying her uncertainty. She was about to answer, when the door opened, and Veit, who flung it wide, entered the guest-chamber, the arrival Magda had announced. But it was not the expected guest, Father Hieronymus, the parson of the house and neighbourhood, but another stranger, as it seemed, to all.

But who this was that, without many questions, seemed inclined to take up his quarters there, remained a somewhat difficult enigma to solve, especially as it did not appear the stranger's al-

attend to his horse, and bring him a cup of wine.

Veit bowed, and said the groom had already led the horse into the stable, and that the wine was at his command.

During these words the broad muscular figure of the stranger strode with a bold step up the hall to the pillar opposite the fire-place, and, pushing aside the chairs which impeded his course, he seated himself upon the bench which encircled the column, took off his round hunting-hat, flung it down, and resting his elbows on the table, supported his head with his strong hands. There lay a security and confidence in his whole bearing, which, in spite of much that was contradictory in his appearance, led the old, experienced domestics to believe that it was with an eye to rank that they had to do. His short hunting-coat of Brabant cloth was, it is true, without embroidery, but of the finest quality; in the same manner was his hat without lace and feathers, and his cutlass, which, together with the girdle, he had laid upon the table with his hat, and a scabbard of costly wrought gold, silver, and ivory, and a row of coloured gems encircled the sheath. He had observed golden spurs upon his large gaiter-boots, which reached above the knee, and he had perceived a cut stone upon his fingers, set in rich gold.

When Veit brought him the cup of wine which he desired, he removed his hands from his head, exhibiting a strongly wrinkled countenance, which, in the manner of a huntsman, glowed a deep

with an expression of daring at the corners, that of a haughty mind. The eyes lay deeply set eyelids, and were of that undecided colouring blends the pupil and the iris all in one. The white part of the eye was with him blood. his glance was proud and rapid, but did it fix you, you felt, as it were, a sudden sting, and question with yourself where was the wound. hair was uncovered by wig or powder, and cut an equal length round the head, as gentlemen were then accustomed to wear it at the time was already considerably grey, and he was evidently a man above sixty years of age.

When he had half emptied the cup of draught, he placed it on the salver which Veit and fixed his wandering eyes upon the domestic

“This is the old Dohlen-nest, is it not?” he asked in a rough voice; and a hoarse laugh tortured him strangely after these words.

“Yes, sir!” returned Veit, and the court man was filled with horror at the scornful expression which accompanied these words. The people of this neighbourhood so christened the

has not kept his brood together, and is become somewhat unstable himself; but it seems to me that the old nest is well suited for such a creature!"

At these words a short jackdaw cry was heard, and the stranger listened on all sides; but all being again silent, and finding no explanation in the domestic's features, he gazed sullenly before him.

"Sir, do you wish to drink again?" cried old Veit, whose heart swelled with displeasure, and who, perhaps, considered it very haughty behaviour in the uninvited guest to keep him standing with the wine-cup like a bondsman.

"Old fellow!" cried the stranger, with an angry, flashing glance, "needest thou any other occupation when thou hast the honour of serving me?"

"Not knowing who it is that desires my services, I am aware of no such great honour," returned Veit, peevishly; "however, you shall not fail to meet with reasonable civility, since it is in my master's house you claim the right of hospitality."

A short, scornful laugh burst from the stranger.

"God's lightning!" cried he, "old fool! thou art very condescending; now give me the remainder. I will empty the goblet in honour of the blooming descendants of Mr. Thomas Thyrnau—of the old and young Jackdaws of this nest."

This cut the old man to the very heart, he sorrowfully bowed his head and remained silent, whilst the other drinking observed him over the goblet. At the same moment the jackdaw cry was again heard, still louder—yes, it was as though several were quarrelling together. At first the stranger

many descendants does thy master reckon think he must have sons-in-law and grand enough to fill this nest !”

“The will of Heaven has been otherwise turned the old man, gloomily ; “ my master tained but few of his family, and but little domestic happiness.”

“ Indeed !” said the stranger ; “ there then, a more mighty bird of prey among the brood, from which the old Jackdaw could detect them ?”

But he observed during these words the domestic raised his eyes towards the ceiling ; lustarily his followed the same direction ; now observed, straight before him, in an opening which hung upon the huge chimney, beautiful, young, and fantastically attired that his words forsook him, and, full of astonishment his gaze was fixed upon the charming apparition.

And she, certain of the impression she seemed determined to increase it by her proud bearing. Her eyes rested angrily, slightly contracted brows upon the arrogant

The maiden raised her hand, waving it as proudly as Maria Theresa herself on the throne of her forefathers.

"Who—who is the lady?" cried the stranger, eagerly, his eyes riveted immovably upon her.

"It is the last of the Jackdaw's brood which the bird of prey has spared," returned the maiden from above, in place of the servant, in a grave, sonorous voice, which so terrified the stranger that he started back and pressed with both hands his low, mysterious brow, through which action this hard, presumptuous man appeared almost embarrassed or terrified. His mood seemed strange to him—he could not understand himself; he raised his glance determinedly towards the gallery, and there stood the same maiden as calmly as before, and her sharp eyes did not fail to perceive the effect produced by her words. Her courage seemed exalted by seeing the de guest abashed.

"How? do you, perhaps, wish to be the bird of prey to penetrate into the Dohlen-nest and destroy the young brood?" pursued she. "Attempt it! if you have skill, and raise yourself—for now the Jackdaw stands above the Hawk! Open combat will be difficult, for thy pinions are, certainly, no longer the stiffest."

"Ha!" cried the stranger, impetuously, "what dost thou dare? Maiden! maiden! what language is this?"

He was become glowing crimson, and the wildest in which is called forth by passion shot across his brow like a writhing serpent. He hoped to terrify

...ing ...
governable man to follow her.

“What thinkest thou I dare attempt, Sir Bird-of-Prey? Didst thou think Jackdaws had no bills—could not defend themselves from a poison-bite? Didst thou watch the moment when the young bird is unprotected by the old Jackdaw-father, and now astonished that the young bird can strike its wings?”

“Wild, ungovernable girl!” cried the stranger angrily; “beware of exciting this bird of prey! It is powerful enough to raise himself, and thou—last of this cursed Jackdaw brood—wilt not stoop too high for him to reach thee; for he whom thou scornest has a well-proved swoop upon such trippers as thou art.”

“Yes,” cried Magda, laughing, “thou lookest so; and if I encountered Sir Bird-of-Prey in the wood, I would fly whither the reeds are thick. But here it seems to me time the gentleman should be taught that he is not in his own nest, but where the Jackdaws reign and command. Heh! Bats and Screech-owls, my faithful servants, hither! fill the air! Bird-of-Prey’s own eyes were! Such high air

m in such a manner as though she herself aware of those points on which he was itive. Owing to circumstances, only too erwoven with his life, he had been driven ness by her whole being. He hated her feat he had sustained—he clenched his fist eating action as she disappeared. And ; so unlikely that she should have thus imed her words at him ;—it was chance, he d to confess. Suddenly his mood changed, und what had just occurred excessively a loud, rude laugh burst from his lips, eit, who had just then then brought him l cup of wine, started back in terror.

, Sir Screech-owl," cried he, " thy mistress vitch, who defends her nests well, but thou eem to possess half her courage."

ssess as much as a domestic's share. It ecome us to wage war with words."

-go all of you," said the stranger, con- ily ; " leave me in peace—I am weary, and until your master comes, then you may "

; this he folded his arms and raised his ,—soon were seen the unlovely slumbers of eated and exhausted traveller. His breath and deeply rattling, as if it boiled within chest, and his nostrils dilated themselves nns of smoke released themselves from his sternal fire.

d domestics felt their dignity much wounded est. Thus unseemingly to take possession

of their master's house appeared in their eyes
 offence which they all the more resented with dislike
 as this was the only weapon which became theirs.
 The small trellis round the hearth now contained
 the whole company of servants, assembled to express
 their joy in seeing how the favourite of all, their
 young mistress, had courageously opposed the foe.

"That is a child," said Veit, "who is always on
 the spot; she never will yield in any thing; she
 always knows her own and other people's rights,
 and knows how to uphold them."

"Yes," said Gundula, "wherefore is she a
 girl? she should have transmitted our old master's
 name, then the world might have seen another
 Thomas Thyrnau."

A low jackdaw cry was heard from the turnspit

"Bezo!" said Mrs. Gundula, "cease thy follies
 We are all, I fancy, glad that the intruder sleeps
 do not wake him through thy croaking."

"Bird-of-Prey scratch eyes out—for Magda,
 cried the half-idiotic young man—"Magda, young
 wagtail—clear as the sun—throttle old Bird-of-
 Prey."

All laughed.

"Only look at the lad!" said the elder maid
 "one thinks he's not his senses; and yet often one
 not sure whether he is not wiser, after all, than
 other folks."

"His understanding lies in his faithful heart,"
 said Gundula; "I have often remarked that
 senses are aroused when he hears the name of the
 he loves, and then again all is past as quickly as

Nay, only look at him now ! how more than ishly—how like an idiot, he stares before him ! ound beside him is now more intelligent than

his was a sorrowful truth. Bezo was an orphan undling, such as war often strews along her

Whether it was owing to early desertion, or r impressions from the fearful devastations of times, we cannot say ; but he was discovered like a wild beast, upon roots, among the innts of the forest, which endured him as a nion, divided their food with him, and per- him to sleep among them like one of their

Hunters had discovered him, on the ap- of winter, in the pastures, and, after much e, had at length captured him. The inhabit- f the Dohlen-nest had humanely taken him to with them. It was long even before he re- d his speech, before he could endure living : men beneath a protecting roof or in warm s. Gradually his consciousness began to dawn ; lthough treated with uniform kindness, his tanding never rose above that of a faithful tic animal. Still he was beloved by every r he possessed all the virtues of such a crea-

He was full of attachment, vigilance, and votion. Thus a small circle formed itself l him, in which he became active, and where shes of a higher existence shewed themselves h the growth of his affections ; but these e, being only transient, and producing no nent advance, his friends at length, leaving

him to himself, awaited such marks of as he should occasionally unfold himself. difficult to decide upon his age. Nature t repressed in him; his legs were thin and c and his arms long, although one was than the other. His face was yellow, old, a brutal expression; yet the physician co him not any older than twenty; and a : knew not at the first glance whether he were at a child or an old man. He had christen self Bezo, for that was the first word he pro when returning to a human being. He wa ficient in running, climbing, and leaping; which, he had learned several small acc ments; he carved elegantly in wood, and the vegetables; he cleaned and attended to t and birds; he was invaluable in the chase, t as if it were intuitive to him, with a kee eye and a correctness of calculation whic have been excelled by no Indian savage. All . exertion in teaching him to read was, howe less; he gazed ever fixedly at her, and only like an insane being when she besought listen to her. Still she had taught him a few which he repeated now and then when he s and regularly night and morning beside l She hoped that, through her endeavours, gained some idea of the Almighty Being; preserved on this point an affectionate sile though to the greater number it appeared regarded Magda as that being of which she now awake a consciousness within him.

for her was the most developed sentiment; and since Magda had no other love, and in her philanthropic view his education, her endeavours failed to be rewarded by surprising signs of consciousness. When present, he had his eye,—nay, he even became aware of the ordinary action of sight and hearing, and it through one of his droll, imitative sounds, the song of a bird, a bark, or a mew. His inspirations were of so much humbler a nature, often recognised, by a kind of instinctiveness, circumstances which might be troublesome to her; and the manner in which he endeavoured to relieve her from them shewed his mind was capable of a certain craftiness.

All Magda's endeavours to apply this power to other objects fruitless! For the world he remained deaf and idiotic; and, as usual, his kindness, and his observation, gave some similar qualities observable in a domestic animal; whilst, each time after a seizure, an extremely gloomy period followed, in which he must be absolutely forced to eat, to avert his famishing himself to death, and in such moments flashes of intelligence were again exhibited.

Now sunk once more into his perfectly insensible state, out of which only Magda could arouse him; he had retired to the roof of her turret-

instead, Father Hieronymus, the old physician travelling companion. His arrival was a caution to her, for this strange guest had unpleasantly excited her; and although she had attacked him with all the small artillery of words which stood at her command, she in nowise felt a great serenity perhaps, all the less so as in the first instance she had so overshot her mark. Therefore she descended the small neck-breaking, rude staircase which encircled the exterior of the tower, and pursuing a byway through the wood, reached the house of good Hieronymus before he had been able to approach the house.

At sight of her the old man descended from his saddle, and flinging the bridle over the mule's back, was certain that it could find alone its well-known path; he followed his beloved ward along a small path which withdrew them from all observation. There Magda told, in hurried words, of the mysterious stranger and of her *hauteur* to him, requesting Hieronymus to hasten forward and gravely ascertain who he was, and what he wanted.

“Aha! my daughter!” said the physician.

"Thou mayst say what thou wilt," cried Magda; fear it is not! I could go to him now, and shake him out of his bearish grunting. I could tell him how revolting, how bad, how godless he appears to me! I could heap reproaches upon him; and because I know not wherefore I should do this, I would reproach him for his very existence even; and when I fancied that he would attack me like a wild beast, I would laugh with scorn, for methinks I would both wound and command him!"

"And yet I am to do this for thee, and thou remain in the background! This great courage, therefore, exists after all, then, merely in thy bold imagination?"

"No, Hieronymus! Thou art old, and must be able to answer every one, the good man as well as the sinner; that thy profession has taught thee. Thou canst do it sooner than I! I—why yes—I feel myself too good for it,—I feel as it were defiled by his presence,—I feel a horror of him! This is not from want of reliance on my courage, it is that I do not consider him worthy of my courage."

Hieronymus laughed aloud, and his fatherly eye glanced with satisfaction over his favourite. "Girl," cried he, "thy reasoning has its artifices! Another person cannot follow them. But thou makest all right for thy own purposes; take care that no one having undertaken thy education, life itself do not come and be thy teacher."

"That I myself believe," said Magda, earnestly, "and I wait for this, for what else is there that can lead and bow my spirit? Let it only come, I

have always the idea that it is for that which I really wait."

"God preserve thee!" said Hieronymus; "and lead thy heart so that it do not grow hard through vain self-reliance. Girl, girl! thou hast a proud sinful reliance in thy own strength; this is the strength which will earliest break or entice thee to chase and dizzy heights where thy destruction is certain."

"Thou dost me bitter injustice, Hieronymus," cried Magda, and folded her hands upon her bosom. "What thou callest self-reliance is nothing else than reliance upon God, through which I feel a fervent desire to live according to His will. But this I cannot do without His help, and thus my soul always appears to me to lie within her most secret recess before God, beseeching Him to be with her. But never satisfy this soul, never do what she desires how, therefore, should I have self-reliance? Dost thou hear? self-reliance, it is not! But, reliance that every thing which life may do will be as a blade of grass beneath my foot, if God be with me!"

"That is not so bad," returned Hieronymus, concealing his emotion beneath an indifferent air. "Prayer is, in truth, the only help, and therefore, let thy soul be prostrate before God; but take care that Magda do not leave her lying there, and do something else meantime."

"Yes, thou art right, Hieronymus! Magda of course does quite differently to what the soul desires,—the soul which lies praying before God. I hear her call; I feel that she weeps; and I stand quite hardened beside her, and see how I have separated

myself from her. That is really terrible! I fix my eyes so full of anguish upon her, and yet cannot come to her; and see! how she struggles and strives to reunite herself with me, and then I stand lifeless, lead, a mere empty shell, breathing without life! This endures a certain time; at length she has released me through her prayers; at once the miracle occurs. I am again united to her, and she is again filled with the breath of God, and my bosom swells with unspeakable bliss. I then rush onward in my happiness, and whether Magda or the soul prays, it is all one; but my prayer is a thanksgiving of joy! What thinkest thou, Hieronymus? Dost thou believe that in this manner self-reliance grows? Oh, it becomes so small, so small, like the little worm which crawls beneath the moss to snatch a little sunshine."

"Well," said Hieronymus, "I have always thought that God is indulgent even towards those errors with which men burden themselves on their way to Him. Believe in Him; He will not deceive thy expectation."

They had penetrated farther into the wood than they had at first intended. Thus they had now a longer distance to return; Hieronymus walked more slowly, owing to the noon-day heat; Magda was become silent, nor did she incline to a quicker pace.

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THE
CITIZEN OF PRAGUE.

TRANSLATED BY
MARY HOWITT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"That was a man! we shall not find a second like him."
THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA.

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THE
CITIZEN OF PRAGUE.

CHAPTER I.

ON their return to the house, Magda and Hieronymus learned that Thomas Thyrnau had arrived, and desired to remain alone. As they passed the entrance, the two folding-doors stood open, as he loved to see them, and he himself might be observed within pacing to and fro beside the stranger in animated discourse.

One could scarcely imagine a greater contrast than was presented by these two men, whose age, however, must have been much the same. Thomas Thyrnau was, like his guest, a perfect picture of manhood, but in him it was not, as in his companion, the personification of physical strength, an expression of ungovernable passion. Thomas Thyrnau was taller than the stranger, strongly and broadly built in chest and shoulders. Although the stranger had strong, well-formed legs, they had, either through neglect, or from much riding, become crooked, and

his gait had that uneven motion which arises from such a circumstance. Thomas Thyrnau, on the contrary, had a foot and leg of the most elegant proportion; his gait had a military precision, he stepped freely out; and his back, as well as his whole figure, was erect and firmly built. At the same time, however, he sank his head somewhat over his breast, and carried — as at the present moment — his hands folded behind him. His hair was parted back and finely powdered; it rose rather in a toupet on the temples, and was confined at the back of the neck in a small black silk bag. In no place on the earth could Thomas Thyrnau ever have been overlooked. Wherever he appeared he excited attention, and, involuntarily, people fixed their gaze upon him when they spoke, and imagined that they had something important to say. His dress was always unassuming, though elegant; and he wore to-day a perfectly well-preserved suit of some dark colour, the velvet of his coat adorned with gold embroidery. His countenance, with the exception of a beautiful straight nose, was neither regular nor handsome; but his fiery black eyes, which shone forth beneath strong, grey eye-brows, gave such expression to his face, that one thought but little of the rest. His complexion was very dark, but his brow was considerably whiter. This brow especially bore the impress of unusual strength, shewing in the middle the antique cleft and wrinkles with which we are acquainted in the brow of Jupiter, whilst the lower portion of the face, when passive, expressed great joviality and kindness, which, at such times, excited

peculiar wrinkles in the corners of these eyes, and changed the expression of the balls of fire, making them appear as if laughter were their only object.

This peculiarity, however, was not observable in him whilst pacing up and down beside the stranger. Violently they walked to and fro. Thomas Thyrnau's brow was wrinkled, and his lips expressive of passion, yet he presented a mild aspect in comparison with the stranger, who seemed torn by his contending feelings.

"What right can you have," pursued the stranger, "precisely now that the most favourable moment has arrived, to free yourself from decided co-operation? Every where the fire smoulders beneath the ashes; Prussia prepares herself for war; her objects are undeniable, and will give the Empress, in the first place, enough to do in Silesia. Nothing can be more secure. In Italy, there are as many wounded interests as there are states; and Austria, in her struggle with Spain, seeks ever a field of battle. Both hope to establish their dominion there, and to swallow up the small states which lie, in their way, and are too weak to offer opposition. But, nevertheless, they leave nothing but smoking craters behind them. Think of Genoa, and of the 5th of December, 1746, and thus is it every where! Holland and England—both threatening and restricting the Empress's claims—stand hungrily before the Netherlands; and when all breaks forth, it may be a difficult question which she will keep hold of. Thus her old enemy, France, need no longer trouble itself, but do just what pleases

it, I fancy. How then could you say most favourable moment was past, and grand undertaking had fallen into nothing have you to reply respecting the state of affairs, which I have thus briefly and concisely explained to you?"

"That this is a somewhat antiquated title is but little suited to present circumstances," returned Thomas Thyrnau. "You have an extensive knowledge of how affairs stood after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748; but there they stopped short, and in the meantime Count Kaunitz has caused a revolution in the politics of Europe, which has put an end to half the former combinations. Soon, I hope, we shall no longer be in need of our dear sea-girt neighbour; the British land will have to protect her German provinces against France; and Holland, without this assistance, will be of no importance."

"Stop! stop!" interrupted the stranger, suddenly pausing, and looking wildly at Thyrnau; "what mad views are those you speak of? what is your reason for fooling me with impracticable dreams? Do you think I am a philosopher?"

"On such a subject, even in the most difficult cases, I permit myself to give no decided judgment," returned Thyrnau, with cold irony, at the same time shaking from his arm the hand of the stranger; "but soon the half of Europe will be surprised by what I have just communicated, and before it will be reconciled to the new

of things, much will have been brought about by the wise Empress calculated to secure her advantage."

"And even if this wild, insane supposition be true," cried the stranger, "how does it prevent our scheme? Have I to do with cowards—with men who break their words—who, on account of this silly tale, would let this long-cherished, well-prepared plan, which has cost so many years of toil, be annihilated? Do you think that the subversion of such an old and proved system of state policy can serve otherwise than to conceal those views which will all the more decidedly direct France's attention to Bohemia?"

"Every one reads the politics of the day after his own manner," said Thomas Thyrnau; "one person sees in all a means for fresh deception; another believes in the holiness of the transaction. I belong to the latter, and consider the affair which you would pursue as given up by France also."

"Given up?" scornfully cried the other—"given up? You who have made your bows in the boudoir of the Marquise de Pompadour, you speak of any plan being given up which has once busied the mind of this woman?"

"Perhaps," pursued Thomas Thyrnau coldly—"perhaps, because I know her so well, I can conceive that a change of circumstances, such as the present one—a change from which she promises herself greater satisfaction, is merely necessary to cause her to vary her scheme of policy more quickly than her head-dress."

“Poh!” cried the stranger; “don’t teach me how to know women. Were Maria Theresa a man, I would believe you; but that a woman,—even although she were ten times an empress,—should presume, in opposition to the Pompadour, to rule and defend her realm, whilst she alone would have the gaze of Europe directed to herself,—and that this woman is handsome and an empress, intellectual and mad enough to remain faithful, even to her husband, these are offences which she will not forgive—to leave unmentioned, what would be decisive enough in itself, that this woman looks down upon her, denies her influence, and will be indebted to her in no wise! If a sinful woman will forgive a prudent man all this, then you are right, and I am wrong!”

This speech, spite of the challenging laugh which accompanied it, did not disturb Thomas Thyrnau’s calmness. “Truly, it must come to this!” said he when the stranger had ceased laughing. “A reconciliation between these foes will be necessary to vanquish the French opposition; and it is the clever statesman, the true patriot, who can bring about this. Such a thing could only be accomplished by Kaunitz,—that is unquestionable!”

“Kaunitz bring about a reconciliation between Maria Theresa and the Marquise Pompadour? Has this fine, smooth courtier an alchemist also? Has he distilled some elixir which can bind these opposing elements?”

“This will not be impossible after all!” returned Thomas Thyrnau.

An expression passed over the stranger’s count-

ance, expressive of a mood, doubtless rare with him. It was that of perfect stupidity! The small eyes seemed to start forth from his head; the wide mouth remained open, and he could proceed no farther. This expression, however, soon passed into a more natural one, he bent forward, and looked not unlike some horned animal, which, from internal rage, desires to rid himself of his adversary by running him through. Thomas Thyrnau turned away from him. It seemed as if this revolting sight wounded him, and he looked around as if in search of something else.

"Stop!" cried the stranger, "answer me! I say, do you mean that the Empress has already become reconciled with the Marquise de Pompadour?"

"You may draw your own conclusions!" said Thomas Thyrnau.

"Do you know that this is such an offence against the Empress," cried the stranger, "that it might procure you a safe and life-long retreat in some fortress? And," pursued he, as the advocate, merely shrugging his shoulders, passed by him, "do you know what I consider your relation? I consider it a concerted plot to drive me off *that* stage! You have—by what means, I know not—lost all pleasure in our undertaking, and now it is not to succeed! You have now as many reasons against, as you had formerly for it! For if you still desired it, I believe the Marquise could oblige you to keep your word, even were your tale true!"

"Think what you please of my tale, as you call it," returned the advocate, carelessly. "The hastening

time will spare me the trouble of answering you. With regard, however, to my opinion, you are right — I have changed my views—I have given up those plans for the fulfilment of which I have lived. And do you know who has brought about this change—Maria Theresa herself, my exalted sovereign!”

“Ah!” cried the stranger, scornfully. “Have you there also found an entrance? Have you exchanged the boudoir of the French mistress for the boudoir of the German Empress? Give heed—give heed that the floor prove not too slippery for you—and that might chance to happen did people know from whence you came!”

“I think,” replied Thomas Thyrnau, coldly “that seeing your Grace was so long a time there also, it will be difficult to shew that I was there alone; and these tidings of your Grace will be one of the surprises experienced by the Empress!”

“Sir!” cried the stranger, wildly—“do not forget with whom it is you speak! Too long have endured your arrogant behaviour—it must come to an end—you forget yourself!”

“Would to God I could forget myself!” suddenly cried Thomas Thyrnau, with such energy that the impetuous wildness of his opponent sank before it. “Or that I could forget before whom I stand! Do not remind me of it! You have crossed this threshold without my consent. I know that this roof must protect you so long as it rests above you; but do not excite me—I am a man—a deeply injured man—and through you!” The voice which had been raised to its highest pitch and warmth sunk

before the end of the speech into an almost unintelligible murmur.

And yet the dark glow on the stranger's countenance changed to a grey, streaky paleness, and instead of standing calmly before his enraged accuser, he ran up and down before him as if driven; whilst Thomas Thyrnau stood firmly, and with an expression of the deepest grief gazed into the distance.

"Thus you also," at length cried the stranger, in an uncertain voice, "believe the evil reports spread of his father by a degenerate son, whom God will judge? I know what you would say, but you forget what I could say. You dare to accuse; but you overlook what I, the father, the Prince, have endured—what insults I have had to revenge!"

"For God's sake do not stir up the past!" shouted Thomas Thyrnau, and his voice resounded like the thunder which follows a flash of lightning which has kindled above our heads. "I suppress all memory of those times, so as to endure your presence—do not awake it, or you will not leave this house alive!"

The other cast a glance through the open doors, as if in search of some assisting hand, as if asking whether he were really alone; for something might be aroused in his spirit which deprived him of his strength, in which he seemed generally inclined to rely. On the short, green carpet of turf, which stretched out before the doors, and on which alone rested the light noontide shadows of the old isolated

oaks, he perceived the beautiful maiden, who was walking at some distance beside an old man, who, startled by the voice of her grandfather, flew like a terrified doe towards the house. Both saw her approach, and, different as were their sentiments, neither of them desired her presence.

“Away! away!” cried Thomas Thyrnau, in a voice trembling with excitement. “How canst thou dare to enter when I desired to be left alone?”

“Command what thou wilt,” cried Magda, and flung herself upon his breast. “I do not leave thee. For he dares to wound thee; and if thou do not send him away, I will!”

She turned her head towards him, and her eyes sparkling with displeasure, and raising herself, she stretched forth her hand against him as if warding him off, “Go! go! thou dark spirit. Be thou whosoever thou mayst, thou art connected with evil! Away with thee from hence where my grandfather is!”

Her grandfather was encircled by her arms, and freed himself from her, almost roughly. “My Lord said he, in a suppressed voice, “put an end to this scene, I beg. It will soon be evident that the same roof cannot cover us; but now, I beseech that your Grace leave me!”

But the stranger stood, and stared at Magda; then said, as if he had heard nothing of what had passed around him, “Who—who is this? Does one still survive? Art thou her daughter?”

“Away with thee, Magda!” cried her grandfather, with such gravity and dignity, that she obeyed.

and hastened out of the house, shuddering as she passed the mysterious guest. When she had retired, the stranger returned to consciousness.

"I will know who this maiden is!" cried he, with returning brutality, in tone and manner. "Whom art thou here supporting in secret? What plans hast thou with this girl? Ah, confess, old sinner!"

"You are out of your senses!" cried Thomas Thyrnau, with dignity. "And I will not avail myself of the advantages you offer me. But once more—our meeting must here terminate! Your Grace is acquainted with my unalterable opinion. The plans which once united us have fallen into nothing; they are rendered impossible by the state of political affairs at this moment, and still more so by their having become *unnecessary*! Thus, henceforth, we shall have no mutual point of connexion; give heed to my declaration, and then I will endeavour to forget you."

"But I—I will not forget you! I will think of this day, and these continued affronts, and avenge myself—that I swear, both to thee and me! And whatsoever design thou mayst have with this girl, be assured I will find thee out, and do not doubt but that I shall have means to destroy it!"

"I doubt it not," returned Thomas Thyrnau. "For you have already shewn that nothing deters you!"

Once more the stranger raised his clenched fist in a threatening manner against him, then rushed in wild haste through the door.

Father Hieronymus, having long foreseen the issue of this conversation, had ordered the stranger's horse to be brought forth. The groom soon led it toward him.

Thomas Thyrnau, although pale and altered by the inward struggle, followed him with that serene command and calmness which he considered due to his hospitality, and remained standing until the stranger had flung himself in the saddle; and when, on parting, the stranger once more waving his hand in an ambiguous manner,—a clenched fist waved as a parting greeting, being, at least, a somewhat doubtful thing,—Thomas Thyrnau bowed as one is accustomed to do before a person of rank. The stranger dashed forward, and as he crossed the moat which divided the road from the meadow-land, a small body of armed attendants was seen to issue from the coppice and join the wildly careering stranger. A proud, scornful smile played around Thyrnau's lips as he gazed after them; his eye then fell upon Magda and Hieronymus, who approached him.

"One moment," cried he to them, regarding Magda with an indescribable expression, "and then we will eat together."

He vanished in the interior of the Dohlen-ness and he was seen ascending the stairs to his turret-chamber, where he remained for some time.

"And if thou wilt not tell me who the stranger is my grandfather shall—for I will know!" cried Magda.

"Restrain thy curiosity," cried Hieronymus, "and do not think of sparing thy grandfather. This meeting

must only have agitated him too severely, and he has only left us now to recover his composure. Wilt thou, therefore, when he returns in the hope of refreshing himself in our society, directly lead him back by thy inquisitive inquiries into the old course of his sad thoughts?"

"That I will not do, and to-day I can be silent, unnatural as it is, and certainly as he will know that I am merely dissembling; but some time I will, however, ask him, for I wish to think no more of this man; therefore, I must learn who he is, then I can forget him!"

"That may be more difficult than thou now thinkest," returned Hieronymus. Both entered the house, and whilst Hieronymus inquired after the health of the domestics, Magda stole away to her chamber.

CHAPTER II.

THOMAS THYRNAU was not a man who required long to overcome his feelings; he soon stepped out of his chamber into the gallery, and, looking down into the kitchen domain, he inquired of Gundula whether her roast were ready? This was the same gay, jesting language, which always, in its first tone, excited gaiety in the hearts of those around him, and doubly so was this the case to-day. For although the space had been too great for the retired servants to learn the purport of the conversation with the strange guest, yet, still they were persuaded that their master's voice would never have risen to such an angry fit, had there not been sufficient occasion. Thus with his returning gaiety, it seemed as if a stone rolled from all hearts; and Mrs. Gundula assured her master that all awaited his commands. The bright soup-tureen was immediately filled with savoury-smelling bouillon, whilst Bezo quick sprang towards the rope of the bell, and, by his uniform leap, occasioned the well-known signal dinner, at the sound of which, old and young, gentlemen and simple, all hastened to the spot.

w, my old friend," cried Thomas Thyrnau Hieronymus, at the same time tenderly embracing him, "thou receivest a late greeting from me; and unless Mrs. Gundula work miracles, this long delay of our meal will have made me as thou hadst not turned thy back upon the streets of the cloisters, steaming beneath the archway of St. Francis!"

"Yes! that is just like thee," said Hieronymus, "I must jest with thee, and satisfy thee at length, yet I know how it is within thee! Nay! I am angry with thee; couldst thou not turn back at the threshold when thou sawest that the devil had possession of the house!"

"It might have been the case," returned the old man. "But there lay the old beast in the back-yard, grunting in his heavy sleep; no one knew that he had led me to him as if he were some infernal monster. He heard my voice, which must exercise an extraordinary power over him, for he awoke up from his frightful sleep as if he heard the trumpets of the last judgment. Then, of course, he would not fly before him, and that thou thyself should not have counselled."

"It may be," said Hieronymus, spreading the white napkin over his stout form. He then raised the silver soup-tureen towards him with its lid open, and with the air of a connoisseur he held out the plate that was extended towards him.

Gundula now entered, and when Thomas Thyrnau saw her hastening forward so lightly, and with such a cheerful, friendly air, he laid down his spoon, drew

her to his heart, gazed tenderly into her eyes, and seemed no longer able to speak in his rallying manner,—all seemed dissolved in the question, “Have I thee then really safe in my arms; do I possess thee as my own?”

“Wild girl!” said he, at length smiling, merely to evade the tenderest names, and as a transition into that gaiety which might never fail at table, “what, indeed, must I do with thy sauciness?”

“Only leave it me,” laughingly returned Magda; “I am not so wild and saucy as thou thinkest, and so much as I have, no one can take from me, and who knows what use it may be to me? But help me, father, let me eat, for I find that that is also necessary. Ah! Gundula! Gundula! if my tartlets should be spoilt.”

“They will dissolve on thy tongue, my precious,” returned the old woman from the end of the table, where she always occupied a round seat, so as to arrange the dishes and properly forward their circulation. “Meanwhile, take this red-speckled trout. Bezo has stuck a piece of grass in its fin, saying that he had caught it for thee.”

“Well, Magda, what progress hast thou made with thy pupil Bezo?” cried the advocate, in jestful manner. “Does he pray the breviary, and repeat the litany, or is he still unable to distinguish between Mother Maria and my little Magda?”

“Be silent,” returned Magda, “and do not ridicule him! Who can say whether thou or he knows the breviary best? And as to a knowledge of the saint thou wilt certainly not enter into a contest with him.”

"God knows, maiden! Spite of thy instructive presence, I fear that neither are very perfect in their knowledge; and it is lucky for me that the spiritual courts of our inexorable Emperor Ferdinand, of orthodox memory, are abolished, otherwise I might have expected a summons before one of them, which might, perhaps, have terminated ill for me."

"There thou seest!" said Magda; "therefore leave me poor Bezo at peace; there is more in him than any of you imagine; and although his soul may sometimes hide itself, it again shews itself in such a manner, that one might really imagine he was endowed with something more than what people call their five senses."

All laughed. "Yes," cried Magda, forgetting in her zeal the warning of old Hieronymus, "you will scarcely believe, but it was he who made me watch to-day up on the tower, and made me understand that an evil guest was coming." But here she suddenly broke off, and continued in haste, "And then, how many things he can do, how clever he is, how quick his eye is, and how quickly he hears, and thus learns things which escape us!"

"Ah! yes," said Gundula, "there is a deal in it, gentlemen! But Magda forgets that he is only thus so long as she herself is here. The rest of the time he sleeps, or, what is worse, wakes; but then any domestic animal is wiser than he."

"Thus thou seest, my Magda," said Thomas Hyman, laughing, "I possess, after all, one advantage over him. The whole year through, I am lively and merry, a true Czeche, in whose veins careers the

merry blood of his old forefathers, and whose old song is still sung from his very soul;—‘ My sweet love, be gay, even if thou hast not sown the smallest seed.’ ”

“ Only tell me! ” cried Magda, “ have I not the same gay blood as thou? See! it is as if I could always feel it leaping within me,—as if it yearned after liberation, but there is something which prevents it, it does not escape as in thee; tell me how this is? ”

“ Because thou hast a portion of heavier blood than I. My father and mother were both of true Czeche blood, and the chronicles, in speaking of this old race, vaunt its gay mood, its hospitality, frankness, and careless spirit, ever ready for a jest.”

“ Yes,” cried Magda, “ according to this thou art a complete Czeche, it is just as if the old chronicles had described thee! ”

Hieronymus also laughed pleasantly, although he was too much occupied at table to take part in the conversation. The time having now arrived for the tartlets which Magda herself had ordered, the cloth was withdrawn from the artistically inlaid table, and in a richly chased silver wine-cooler, stood a bottle entirely covered with labels, over which the old wine-connoisseur quickly ran his eye with a smile, whilst he held up against the light, with much satisfaction, the green, sparkling glass which stood near for himself and his host.

“ Now calumniate me no longer,” cried Thomas Thyrnau, whilst with vigorous blows he broke the thickly pasted neck of the bottle, “ by saying that

do not serve the saints ; I should like to see another person who devotes himself more completely to the service of St. John than I do. His whole rock, on the points of which he sits enthroned, and from which he gazes down into the Rhine districts, I will, if required, humbly take possession of, and cherish every vine in honour of him which twines along its surface, vowing solemnly never to drink a single drop of wine which has not ripened beneath the protection of my saint !”

Hieronymus again laughed, well pleased at this heretical apostrophe of his old friend, for he had already emptied his first glass of the delicious Johannisberger, and, in truth, felt himself inclined to accede to any vow of this description. But Magda, who had leaned her sweet head against her grandfather's left arm, and who was aimed at by this joke, threatened him with her taper fingers, crying, “Be quiet, and do not excite me. St. John will, doubtless, not punish thee, because he sees that thy Czechen blood gives rise to good deeds as well as to jesting. But let thy reverence for the saints now rest. Dost thou imagine that the wine of St. John would taste less pleasantly did the old Czechen god Bog reside there, or Wuda, or Law, and Mir, or how you call your old Czechen gods ?”

“Hush, my sweet love !” cried Thomas Thyrnau, mysteriously, “do not thus lead an honest Czeche into the temptation of denying the saint of his race, and here, especially ! Dost thou not know that I have all possible reasons to consider the Dohlenstein as the first and foremost residence of the old

majestic Bog? Who knows in which column, or on which stone block of the foundations, the altar of the old Czechen gods may not still rest? Dost thou not know that in later times Libussa prophesied here, and declared to her people where lay arable land in all climes, discovered veins of gold, silver, and iron in the earth, and described the position of salt and mineral springs; hearing them battle within the bosom of the rock?"

"Yes!" pursued Magda, laughing, "that thou art acquainted with! But thou hast forgotten that here at length all this heathenish nonsense was atoned for by Ludmilla, the pious martyr, who, after the death of her husband, King Borziwog, lived first at Tettin near Beraun, where she brought up her two sons, Spitignew and Wratislaw; but later, after the death of Spitignew, and when, upon the approach of his own, Wratislaw confided to her his two sons, it is said that she often quitted the castle of Wischrader, where she, together with Drahomira, her wicked daughter-in-law, and the foe of the Christians, held her court, and found here, in an old Pagan temple, which stood in the forest of Kaurzim her priests, celebrated worship with them, and received consolation and advice from them, she being no longer safe in Tettin."

"Oh! thou miracle of learning!" cried the advocate, laughing loudly, "say, out of what chronicle dost thou draw thy wisdom? Dost thou know still more?"

"If thou hadst not interrupted me, I should have told thee how Ludmilla was at length murdered in

tin by command of Drahomira. She had been arded on her way from Kaurzim by the overflow-; of the Moldaw, and, owing to bad weather, and ough compassion for the few attendants who mpanied her, she had remained for the night at ttin. This we can no longer prevent, but, cer- n it is, that the Dohlen-nest lies in the Kaurzimer ests, was once a pagan temple, and Ludmilla's use of prayer and worship."

"Well!" cried the advocate, "thy wisdom is so the ascendant, that I shall with great modesty d, that in the castle of Tein there exists a family dition, the truth of which we truly cannot vouch r, which asserts Wratislaw, the son of Ludmilla, to : the founder of the house of Wratislaw, from hich the Lacys received their possessions."

"That agrees well!" said Magda, suddenly louring. "But tell me, do we ride to-day to Tein? have business there with the gardener, and it is ng since I have arranged the Count's rooms; it is beautiful, bright afternoon to-day!"

"Then order the horses, my girl! whilst we cover what stands written on the bottom of St. hn's wine-flask!"

Magda threatened him with her finger, then ng her arms firmly round his neck, and pressing n to her and kissing him, she gazed into his ming countenance. Then hastening out, she pped her hands, and soon the attendant spirits the house assembled round her, for all loved the ung being; on all she showered a thousand kind- ssa, amidst a world of railery, and this with a

lavish bounty, which found an inexhaustible store in Thomas Thyrnau, who knew, himself, no bound or measure in his benevolence. As it was known that above every thing Magda loved the great expedition in the execution of her commands, all towards the stables, whilst Magda amused herself with Bezo, who, eating in the sunshine, looked up at her with a simper, and in vain received her command to stand up and dance with her. He did not understand her, or he did not feel capable of translating his understanding into action, and Magda flew at length impatiently back into the house again where she found the two old gentlemen sitting with their empty bottle, and in a far graver mood than before. She was, therefore, about to withdraw when her grandfather, who perceived her, stretched forth his arms towards her. Assured now that she might remain, she leaned against him, whilst the two gentlemen pursued their discourse undisturbed.

“I am well aware that this fire, which has cherished within me since my earliest youth, now that I desire to extinguish it, consume me,—yet, my old friend, I cannot regret it,—yes, with warm, pure enthusiasm do I reflect upon the part upon the great men with whom I have lived, instructed, and with whom, if thou wilt, I have indulged in extravagant dreams. These were high-minded sentiments to which I will never become false! Hieronymus! if thou hadst only known my father! The noblest, purest, greatest man, under whose protecting care my youth was passed! His dear friend lived at Leopold’s court as the first man,

ement centred in him and in his principles, had been transmitted to my father. He has y fate, and never—never, shall I lament it. He e early in life a friend of my father ; he liked sult him as an able lawyer, and soon the e interest bound them together as the dearest . What part he and Lobkowitz took in the ts' war, I know not, but they were both of nd already at that time ; and I was brought up father to glow for the rights of man, and to othing more deeply than oppression, than that ble, proud denial of the godlike nature of man, ough a grey jerkin be his garb, and a hut his . Only five years did my father share with s influential position by the side of Leopold. ince was then found to yield to the corrupt f the times. Full of terror, the interested party ed how this spirit of light rose above it, and e old bulwark of its privileges, illuminated by ch of truth, appeared in such a frightful form, ey were forced to blush before it. They yearned



never calculated upon its duration. On this account he was unceasing in his endeavours to loosen the bands which held his noble fatherland in bondage so long as he possessed it. But Leopold was surrounded by a host of Jesuits, and all hope of a free condition, such as was meditated by Lobkowitz, was soon again extinguished by the subtle doubts which these spiritual counsellors cast upon every innovation. These counsellors, who, instead of perceiving in the sublime goal of a free and God-pleasing human condition, regarded it as a desertion of God and his holy church. Ah, noble man! what would my fatherland have become hadst thou remained its protector? Yes, thou wast in connexion with France; but with Fénelon, with Bossuet, with Pascal, with Racine and Corneille. Thy letters, which were openly despatched and received, were only written in cipher for such as were unprovided with the key of a high intellect. But thou wast destined to fall; and how was the great man dismissed? Without an accusation—without a defence; without being permitted to make a single inquiry; like a common criminal in the same coach which should have taken him to the privy council, was he, under pain of death obliged to fly. My father shared alternately his banishment with him, and assisted him in writing down the experiences and memories which he had collected during his life. The room in which they worked was partly a state apartment, partly a peasant's hut. Thus would he preserve the two important antitheses of his life ever before his eyes."

"Oh, father!" cried Magda, as Veit now

... than the memory of a great man!"
"But, father," besought Magda, "to-morrow,
perhaps to-day, even, when we are together in
the library, thou wilt tell me more!"

"Perhaps!" replied Thyrnau: "now let us
mount our horses. I long after a merry ride through
the beautiful wood."

With youthful activity, Thomas Thyrnau strode
out of the house and towards his favourite horse,
neighing and pawing with his feet, gave him
a look of recognition. As lightly trotted up the
old lady's palfrey, which was to bear the
form of Thomas Thyrnau's granddaughter,
Hieronymus mounted his quiet mule, and fol-
lowed with a somewhat quicker trot than usual the
others who bounded on before.

Soon the riders rode abreast along the broad
road through the shady wood; and in the midst of
good merriment, they enjoyed the beauty of the
scenery which, in the brightness of the sun which
shined high above it, now mingled in a charming



mity to the castle ; and at the end of this meadow-land were seen the white walls of the large park, above which the high trees waved their tops. Here they again entered the highroad, which ran through a portion of the property, and now conducted our party to the principal gate of the garden, on either side of which stood a small tower, affording the porter an abode.

Through the large iron gates, you looked along the tall, closely clipped walls of beech-trees, which, equally firm and full from top to bottom, seemed a mural setting for the broad gravel-road ; in the distance was discerned the castle, rising a considerable height upon a low terrace.

Mr. Thomas Thyrnau was regarded here with almost as much reverence as the proprietor himself, and, in truth, he exercised his power with such decision and wisdom that by all his right was willingly acknowledged.

At the first terrace the riders dismounted, and, leaving their horses with a groom, they ascended the few steps leading to the platform on which the castle stood. This castle was not so vast in its extent as was at that time usually the case in Bohemian estates. But to the right of the castle there was situated in the garden a building of almost equal size ; the ground-floor was devoted to a riding-school, the upper portion prepared in the most sumptuous manner for the reception of strangers.

Opposite to this building, to the left of the castle and divided from it by a wooded portion of the garden, stood the lazaretto. This was a handsome

stately building, separated from the garden by a closed trellis, and at the back connected with the wall by small vegetable gardens, and through this wall a door opened upon the highroad. Above the wall, by means of which you gained admittance, were seen the words, "Enter, ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

This house was founded by the Countess von Wratislaw, a daughter of the Count von Wratislaw, who, after the death of Joseph I., ruled the land as regent until the arrival of Charles VI. from Spain. She was married to Count von Lacy, the grandfather of the present possessor, and this was the third union formed between a Lacy and a Wratislaw. This truly admirable establishment was conducted with the greatest piety, and was not merely an hospital, but at the same time a hospice for every weary and weary wanderer, who, having been here strengthened and well cared for, was dismissed with clothes and money.

One must consider the arrangement striking and calculated to call forth reflection, by which the beautifully decorated front of the lazaretto looked towards the front of the castle-like strangers' home or riding-school, so that both buildings saw each other in perspective. They were separated only by a long avenue, which, like the one leading to the castle, was of high clipped beeches: these two avenues crossed at right angles. On the pediment of the strangers' house stood these words, "In thy joy think of the poor!" Thus it seemed that it was not unintentional that the house of sorrow and benevolence

should stand opposite to the house of gay enjoyment as a pious admonition.

The castle itself, however, was merely destined for the family of the proprietor, and was, comparatively speaking, small. At the back it was simply one story, whilst on the terrace-front there were two, and this was owing to its being built against rising ground. Two small wings, which had been added later, were used more for household purposes; and these also opened on the terrace-side.

The peculiarity of the situation of this castle, built against a low hill, which had been in part levelled, caused you to ascend to the second story, and then immediately to step out through the glass-doors into the garden. Here were the dwelling-rooms of the family; at either end of the building stood forth a bow-window; one contained the library, the other a small but choice collection of paintings: this opened into the apartments of the Countess; the library into those of Count von Lacy.

A small, circular hall of white marble, the graceful dome of which was supported by Corinthian pillars, united these suites of rooms in the centre. Opposite to them, with the windows looking upon the terrace, lay the reception-rooms. The lower story was devoted to the children's use; there were the apartments for them and their attendants, the play and dancing-rooms. Small as this castle was, it was still said that Count Wratislaw had, after its completion, ordered all the accounts of the building to be burnt; at all events, it seemed as if the intention were to make each door-post and window

a work of art; and as all the decorations from the floor to the ceiling were master-pieces, the most costly materials had been chosen; and thus the best paintings, and marbles of all colours, the woods, and the most massive and rich gilding, employed without restraint, together with the most costly silks and velvets.

The library, to which the newly-arrived guests repaired, formed, as we have already observed, a part of the mansion. This corner room was a large room with a book cabinet, and with its three tall narrow windows commanded the most beautiful points of view, whilst the sofas, which stood against the walls, and the small elegant reading-desks, invited you to an inspection of the costly works which adorned the shelves. This room, besides the bow-window, had two glass doors towards the south, and two towards the west. To sit in one of these doors looking to the south was Magda's great delight; and as soon as she appeared at the entrance of the room, the domestics hastened to open these garden-doors in the library, and to carry thither refreshments or whatever else might contribute to her entertainment.

It seemed as if the goddess of solitude had bestowed her kingdom in this abode with its various *tableaux*.

From the white marble steps leading from these garden-doors the ground sank in a scarcely perceptible descent, and covered with the softest turf, down to a small lake, which was surrounded by clipped hedges and walls; and these now rose into columns,

now formed circular or angular bowers open towards the lake, in which were seen lovely forms pressing forth from leafy niches, on antique pedestals of white marble. These beechen walls extended as far as the castle, thus entirely encircling this portion of the garden, whilst, from the park beyond, on all sides arose the most varied tree-tops, with their natural peculiarities of growth bounding the horizon, which, on the day we are describing, lay in cloudless azure above them.

But, in Magda's opinion, nothing exceeded the magic of the little lake, which was ever bright and clear, gently flowed as if beneath the seal of silence; whilst beneath the tall masses of reeds, on the opposite shore, a garland of white water-lilies, resting on their broad green leaves, entwined themselves along the margin. This still-life was disturbed only by the noiseless waves, occasioned by two dazzling white swans, which silently furrowed the lake.

Here Magda would sink into that silent dreaming, which filled her soul with a deep, inextinguishable poetical longing, and to which she yielded without being herself conscious.

White marble seats extended along the margin of the lake on that side which was open to the castle and their steps were washed by the gentle flow of the water driven towards land as if by a soft breath. Here Magda sat for hours, little dreaming that she might easily appear to an observer the nymph who preserved this silent enchantment. This day, she she quickly hastened down to her dream-seat, Thomas Thyrnau had named it, for he had lo-

with his quick-sightedness, recognised the mood of mind in which Magda hastened towards this spot, as if she there awaited an explanation of the fancies which arose within her, and after which she yearned, but without being able to obtain from her prolific imagination a clear interpretation. But she was surprised to observe that here, precisely at this spot, the same thing always befell her. She investigated this extraordinary circumstance until she was again there, and then forgot every thing in the wonder itself. She did not know that the fruitful experience of every noble-minded and imaginative dreamer can point out some spots where he accidentally discovered exterior form harmonises with the inward wants. In this harmony, which is the soul, arises the creative power, and the power conducts us into a new realm of the mind, which we struggle to approach, seized upon by all the horrors and delights which attend upon the aching Psyche.

Within the airy archway of the doors sat the two men, Hieronymus and Thyrnau; the former expressing his affectionate opinion concerning the situation of the other.

“Yes, I myself see difficulties before us!” said Thyrnau, with the assurance of manner so peculiar to him, “and only desire an occasion when I may make my confession of faith. Even should I be pronounced guilty, I should not lament this decision, on account of the happiness I should enjoy being able to lay open before the great soul of the Empress thoughts which must fall like sparks

upon tinder. My fidelity as a subject has, it is true, retrograded somewhat; at first I remained true to my poor ill-used fatherland, but had little regard for the rulers who had been thrust upon it, and now it is this very fatherland which makes of me a faithful subject. Yes! it is true, that I have almost hated Leopold I. and Charles VI. I will not speak of Joseph. God did not permit his reign to endure until his noble views had burst into life, otherwise I should then have become a subject. Thus I was forced to endure the misery of the long, unequal struggle between a clearer and better consciousness and an evil will and confined views. Oh, Hieronymus! it is a more painful fate than the mighty of the earth are willing to believe, when a subject, wounded in his most holy rights, struggles beneath the yoke which presses upon his neck until it is raw, and, desiring freedom at any price, seeks the strange hand which is powerful enough to raise it. I will not lie to my great Empress; if she asks me, I will tell her how I have striven to procure for us, poor Czeches, a ruler, who, at the threshold of our beautiful land, should swear to help us in obtaining possession of our innocent human rights. For these thoughts have I lived, suffered, and striven with the best men I have known! This old room!" cried he, glancing back into the lofty library, "could tell us of these things! Louis XV. was the very man to favour discord and sedition in an enemy's country. But he was mistaken in us. When he proposed the French Prince to us, by the means to raise Bohemia into an independent lan-

he did it in such a manner as to debase us in our own eyes, and filled us with abhorrence, almost of our own schemes. We desired to become free men, enjoying the rights bestowed by our old and suitable laws; he wanted us as allies against Austria; we should avenge him on the country of his much-envied neighbours! With wrath was this condition rejected, and, growing distrustful of our own design we let it rest for a considerable time."

"Thou wert, meantime, conducting the affairs of the Prince von Z., wert thou not?" asked Hieronymus, "or wert thou then in Prague?"

"Both!" replied Thyrnau. "After we had despatched our answer to France, and wished to give up the scheme which threatened to make common traitors of us, each one went his way, and we vowed to prevent injustice, and to cultivate justice on that spot where birth or occupation called us. Thus, I went to Prague, and by means of my name, which already, through my father, had a favourable sound, became a much-sought-after advocate. There were many things to settle then: clever men who were well acquainted with all the distresses of the land were greatly needed in a time when there was so much arbitrary power, so many parties, and justice was so often violated. I was fortunate, won wealth and an important position. I was applied to in all difficult points of law by the neighbouring states. The minor princes of the empire especially applied to me for my counsel, and thus it happened that I was most generally opposed to the Emperor. At the same time, I was a happy husband and father, and

possessed in Lacy a friend who filled every vacuum in my soul. My beloved wife I received from the hands of the Countess Lacy. She was the daughter of an intendant of the Wratislaw estates, and her father was a Pole, a noble, as is so frequent in this country. She had been brought up with the Countess and accompanied her to Tein after her marriage. After she had become my wife, we seemed complete one family. We dwelt together as much as our profession would permit, and we took up our abode in the Dohlen-nest, at first for the summer merely but my absence becoming longer, my family remained there during the winter also; and at length we considered our home only to be there; and unanimity—what happiness was that?"

"It was a strange thought," said Hieronymus "to choose that old house as a place of abode? Did not thy patron offer thee his own castle or strangers' house?"

"Patron?" asked Thomas Thyrnau, shaking his head, and a satirical smile passed over somewhat flushed countenance—"Patron?" he repeated he slowly—"listen, my old friend! I have always seemed to me that this designation was not suitable for one who had intercourse with nobles, and, least of all, for one of these noble gentlemen. I have soon taught them, that an intellectual equality extinguishes all difference of rank, and have never liked to descend out of that state of independence which I have gained for myself. The Dohlen-nest was the very place for me, because I almost repaid my obligation to its possessor by the money I e

pended over it to make it habitable. He ate as often at my table as I at his, and he knew well what I thought about his so-called privileges!"

"But Lacy was a man proud of his nobility," pursued Hieronymus. "Thus thou wouldst not convert him after all,—he would merely conceal his opinions."

"Truly, that is the way with the majority," said Thyrnau, almost with violence. "They are ashamed in presence of a highly-gifted man of the burgher class to boast of their deep-rooted idea of higher prerogative, but find consolation for the restraint they imposed upon themselves in the circle of their equals in rank, where they all the more freely ridicule the intruder, supported by their faction, who bear with pleasure those sentiments expressed which they would desire to see at any price victorious!"

"Stop! stop! my friend," interrupted Hieronymus. "Thou dost really terrify me. Didst thou stand on this footing with Count Lacy? How does this agree with many a connexion which I know existed?"

Thyrnau's excitement was over. His head had sunk gloomily, and his eyes were riveted upon the gold net which confined Magda's rich hair, and which glittered above the back of the seat which concealed her.

"We resembled a couple of sharp angular corner-stones," said he, thoughtfully; "the more difficult the task of bowing such a will, the more it excited us. But we loved each other with that beautiful affection which overcomes all obstacles,

We were often separated—hard times came—miserable events occurred—and yet I closed his eyes, and he betrothed Magda to his nephew—his sole successor!”

“Well!” cried Hieronymus, with animation, “she is fitted to live in wealth and splendour—she is a worthy possessor of Tein. But tell me—does she know all this?”

“She knows it! Upon his knee old Lacy rocked the child—he must almost have worshipped the blooming girl—she gave the last blow to his prejudices! When he asked her what she would be, she used to cry, clapping her hands, ‘The possessor of Tein!’ and whom she would marry? her reply was, ‘Count Lacy, and no one else!’ And then he laughed merrily, and at length would hear of nothing but it should be so.”

“But tell me,” pursued Hieronymus, “how it happened that the unhappy negotiations with France were brought up again?”

“Thou knowest that Lacy had a son,” returned Thyrnau, with gravity. “Stephan, his only son,—his pride—his hope! He could not fail to be brought up in the same opinions; he was informed of our views. We had already given up our plans, when he suddenly returned from France, where he had lived for some years. He laid a plan before his father, which, concerted by the Prince, who had been formerly elected, and supported by all the enemies of Austria, was a hellish tissue of treason, and offered only weak support for that single, holy good, for the sake of which we had deemed this

separation possible. The horror of his father was great. Stephan, who had fallen into the snares laid for him, had already lent the Prince money, by means of which a corps had been formed, which was to act as escort to the Prince, he being mistrustful of the French troops, who at that time had taken the field in Bohemia for the Ex-Emperor, Charles VII. My old friend soon found that he required assistance, and, above all, must those voices be silenced which might betray us from France. For this purpose, greater means were required than he possessed at that time; for he had slowly commenced on his estates that great work which we had proposed to ourselves to obtain for the whole of our fatherland. Serfdom, in the true sense of the word, was no longer known there; but he could only be of use where he could command, and when he confided to me the state of his affairs, it appeared that he stood in need of my assistance to prevent his abandoning, or seeing pass over into other hands, or into their former miserable condition, those beings who had through him become men—who had experienced better things!”

“I know,” said Hieronymus, “thou didst sacrifice thy whole fortune to save him; he concealed nothing of this from me. But although he confided to me at that time the state of his affairs, years have passed since then, and my long abode in Hungary has driven many things out of my head. But tell me, was it these engagements with France which reduced his princely fortune?”

“The magnanimous sacrifice,” said Thyrnau, “which my noble friend made, to surround himself

by human beings, free body and soul, and safety of whose life and property was insured diminished his revenues, and had already expended the capital. He could not release himself from the heavy engagements into which he entered with France. I was then Prince von ambassador at the court of Prince von S. Lacy. I had for some time ceased to have personal intercourse with each other; our wives had long been in their graves, and all that remained to me of domestic happiness I had placed under the care of my venerable sister, Barbara Hülshofen. The Ducal nest had been desolate for years; and there was a feeling of resentment between us, which, together with accompanying grief, kept us separated. In spite of this, I was his man of business, and never mistrusted the other. When this necessity arose, he thought immediately of me, doubted not of my assistance I would afford him, and would have done else! Oh, Lacy! noble, exalted soul! never, never shall I forget this love! Thou didst understand me—hast loved me!

“What increased the unpleasantness of the situation,” pursued Thyrnau, after a short and melancholy silence, “was, that at the same time I learned that the Prince von S. had been won over to this plan by France, that he was in possession of our secret, and with him others also had joined the French interest. The question in point, therefore, was to obtain their secret as securely as we had obtained ours; one sword must hold the sheath in its sheath! I proposed myself as mediator

I was chosen to conduct their affairs in France. My situation was there a most intricate and dangerous one. Lacy and I had pledged our solemn word to destroy, at any price, this connexion with France; for already had that great star, Maria Theresa, arisen over our fatherland; we would confide in her, and not prepare fresh impediments for her approaching reign!

“After I had in Paris well considered my ground for some time, I formed a mad, daring determination, the only one from which I might yet hope for salvation. I approached the Marquise de Pompadour! I had learned that she hated the Prince who should be our king; and in revenge for the disrespect which he dared to shew her, she pursued him with the most unbounded mockery, and sought to cast whatsoever ridicule she could discover upon him. Upon this my plan was based. This woman, the most beautiful and intellectual in the world, sometimes would cast aside the restraint imposed upon her by her exalted and difficult position, and repose herself in a small and strictly private circle of old acquaintance, which would assemble in a detached portion of the castle, in the apartment of one of her ladies, and thither were conducted such persons as she did not choose openly to receive. I had long known this lady, and now employed her for my scheme. From her I learned the hatred of the Marquise for this Prince,—a sentiment in which I only participated too strongly since I had become personally acquainted with him. At that time wit

and gaiety were my daily humour, and I here employed them in forwarding my purpose. The Marquise was desirous to see me, and from that time forth I belonged to the small circle. After her first witticism over the Prince, I expressed my unbounded astonishment, and professed that I had always considered her as his ally. She laughed for a whole hour at this idea, and then I besought for a private interview. I revealed to her the whole plan, and besought her for protection and assistance; for since I had become acquainted with the Prince, I could laugh at him, but no longer promote his wishes. This was precisely what she wanted, and now I had only to observe how, with a cleverness any diplomatist might have envied her, she deluded first one and then another, and how, at length, the Prince was verbally commanded by the King, under pain of imprisonment in the Bastile, to give up this affair, which should, in this instance, be forgotten. The Prince was now under the necessity of abandoning the whole scheme. We were in the greatest haste dismissed; the French cabinet had said nothing—had done nothing. All was a mere whim of the Prince's—an intrigue of the Bohemian nobles!

“The Prince von S., for whom my negotiations were too slow, came himself to Paris. He also wished to draw the Marquise into the interest, but she mystified him, by saying, that the plan had been placed under her protection; that I also had exerted myself to obtain her powerful intercession; that he need not trouble himself at all, for she alone

would achieve every thing! He was then persuaded that all was as it ought to be, and travelled back contented.

“Contented I also might be; but, alas! only in the principal affair; for the money embarrassments ever increased. Neither was the Marquise accustomed to work for nothing, and at times I received directions from her as if I had been her banker, and might not reflect for a moment how I was to pay her.

“The other affairs also made me sometimes absolutely despair. I perceived the injustice and infamy of the Prince’s demand upon his associates and accomplices, and when full of anger, I would break off these negotiations; the next moment of calm reflection persuaded me that I could nowhere find justice and protection, and that not alone was fortune to be saved, but the menaced house of Lacy! At length I laid the whole affair before the unhappy father: I might no longer spare him, for each delay increased the evil.

“The Empress defended her throne from her numerous enemies. We neither of us could endure the false position in which we stood with the high-minded woman, and Lacy at length proposed to me to sell his estates, and to follow his son to Italy, where, in the most perfect retirement, he hoped to conceal his true situation. This was the very position I desired, in order to assist him, for until then he had most obstinately refused every offer of my fortune.

“A decree passed shortly before by the Empress

permitted wealthy citizens to purchase estates the nobility. I availed myself immediately of it became the possessor of Tein, but only upon one condition, that this acquisition should remain a profound secret between us two, and that Lacy should always remain as ever the possessor, and preserve openly his authority as administrator of the whole domain. Stephan had died meantime on a distant estate whither he had retired after all the misery he had occasioned. Lacy brought up the son of his young brother, who had confided the boy to him upon his death, which occurred about the same time as that of his wife. This child became a balm to his wounded heart!" Thyrnau was silent.

Hieronymus passed his sleeve across his eyes. "Brave, old Thyrnau!" he then cried. "Yes, I knew well that I did not love thee without cause. I remember, also, that Lacy related this to me at that time, but not after this manner; for he was then in his last days, and he could never find words to express his love and admiration. Besides, in his communications, the principal thing always was, that I should be a sort of witness, and be made acquainted with the state of the property!"

"Yes," said Thyrnau, "but he will not tell thee how much trouble he gave me before he would consent! He would never have agreed, had I not called in to my assistance his favourite scheme, the emancipation of the peasants, which neither of us ever lost sight of. At that time I could not have resided upon, nor yet even taken, the estates under my management; had he left them

good seeds which were already beginning to germinate must have perished, for we, with our plans, stood yet alone among the Bohemian nobles. They desired to re-obtain their privileges and independence, were therefore easily excited, and willingly listened to foreign insinuations. That plan cherished by us of raising the lower class from its horrible and ignominious condition, was censured by them as folly, and they sought to oppose it by every means in their power. As it was impossible for me to travel to Tein, and equally impossible for him to come to Paris, we decided to meet half way at a small place, where was a court of law, and there, after long and mutual opposition, we settled our affairs.

"I became possessor of Tein, and paid off the demands which even exceeded the sum which had previously been levied. We now examined what still remained to him. This was the palace in Prague, a small allodium of the Countess Wratislaw, his wife, who had brought him but little fortune. I wanted to be the lender, not the possessor of Tein. Lacy's nephew, whom I knew not, yet warmly loved, because he was his uncle's consolation, should be the son of both of us. What struggles were endured before I conquered! At length, after four weeks of consultation, we closed the extraordinary and mysterious covenant. He returned as unsuspected lord of his possessions, and I had promised to return to Tein as soon as possible, which, after two years, I was enabled to do."

"Well!" said Hieronymus; "and how do

things now stand? Am I here in the house of Thomas Thyrnau or of the Count von Lacy?"

"I know not," said Thyrnau; "however, I am certain that I do not require the domain. My fortune is not large, but sufficient. Lacy also would have paid the debt, had there not been the accident. But how was it possible for him to pay such a debt in the midst of all this fearful ruin and heavy affliction, and when his dependants, unconscious of their situation of their lord, besought assistance from him in their need?"

"At that time we lived once more together, after a sudden paralytic stroke, imagining his life in danger, his anxiety increased, that after his death his beloved nephew, brought up in the expectation of vast possessions, should be informed that he, considering the name he bore, might be called upon to even. Thus, through our daily intercourse, our mutual conversations, and mutual consideration and explanation, it was at length agreed that we should each of us make our will. In mine, Magda, the only daughter remaining to me, was made heiress of all my property, therefore of the Tein estates, if thou wilt; under this condition, that she should bestow her hand upon no one but the Count von Lacy; and in this case she was bound never to regard the Tein estates as property which she could dispose of; she could alone do with that portion of my property which was an independent capital. But should she contract another union, the Tein estates were to pass uncontestedly over to the Count Lacy, and she would no longer have any claim upon them.

"In Lacy's testament were the same conditions, namely, this marriage with Magda commanded as a last will. But as it was probable this testament might become public, and thus the true circumstances of my noble friend give rise to useless gossip, this was merely declared to be AN URGENT COMMAND of his, and the power of disclosing the reasons to the heir was granted me."

"Well," said Hieronymus, "with *thy* heiress thou hast not acted quite magnanimously; should this marriage not take place, she will be, in a manner, disinherited!"

"Is such a thing to be thought of?" cried Thomas Thyrnau, with enthusiasm. "Look at the girl! Is she not like a flower of paradise—a jewel which one might see sparkling in a crown? Who can see her without loving her? Who could think without delight of her becoming the ancestress of a blooming race? Lacy's nephew also pleases me; and although I never saw him, he having, shortly before my return to Tein, commenced his studies at the university, yet his letters have confirmed the picture which my good old friend had ever drawn of him. And Magda? I have not exposed her to the dangers of the world; she has grown up here, or under the conventual discipline of Mrs. Barbara, where she received suitable instruction from the nuns of St. Ursula. She has seen no young men, and Lacy is as handsome as he is amiable."

"That is likely enough," returned Hieronymus; "but—if he were to reject her? Such marriages are still, after all, somewhat scandalous in the great world."

“Then,” cried Thomas Thyrnau, starting up with warmth, “she is possessor of Tein, and needs not the Count’s coronet! For it is only in case she rejects this marriage and unites herself with another, that she loses her right to these possessions!”

“I know that already a long time!” said Magda who, at these last words, came forth from the Count von Lacy’s study, which she, unobserved by the two men, had entered by the glass door; “and thou hast nothing to fear from me! But, I tell thee once more, that I will not have either the Count or myself bound in any way. Thou must leave me my own will in the affair, for thou hast been already far too rash!”

Thomas Thyrnau laughed at the reproof he had just received, saying merrily to her, “That, having had no tutors in his youth, he must now make up for it in his old age.” Magda flew laughing towards him, and stroked his cheeks, whilst he pressed her to his breast. But suddenly rising in his arms “Let me go!” she cried; “I came to tell thee that there is a stranger here! I saw him first on the other side of the lake, throwing pebbles into the water and frightening the swans which came to me, but I vanished out of sight while I was calling to them and watching their quick sailing. But just now when I was gathering flowers on the terrace in front of Lacy’s room, I saw him coming round the terrace from the riding-school.”

“Then we shall immediately have the honor of seeing him,” cried Thomas Thyrnau, but started somewhat when a servant entered, and in a high excited voice announced the Count von Lacy.

Magda became pale, and involuntarily stretched forth her hand towards Hieronymus, who, aroused from his usual calmness, took it affectionately. "Come, my dear girl, we will go for a short time to the hospital," said he; "they want to speak with me there, and thou, also, hast something to do there. Then we will attend prayers together."

This was agreeable to all, and Magda allowed herself to be conducted, without any will of her own, along a road by which she would not meet the Count.

Hieronymus endeavoured, but in vain, to win a few words from his companion by making various slight observations as they walked along. Magda walked beside him with her head bowed, and her breathing was so unequal and at times so violent that he besought her to repose a little in the shrubbery, where there were seats. Here sank the usually so active, light-footed Magda, called by her grandfather Atalanta, as if utterly exhausted, and the paleness of her countenance varying so rapidly with a glowing crimson, made the old physician uneasy, and he laid his finger on her pulse, anxiously questioning whether she could walk farther.

"Oh, yes, father!" cried Magda, at the same time rising with determination, yet with evident exertion; "I will not return to the castle to-day. The horses can be led to the highroad before the hospital, and thou, good Hieronymus, wilt ride on before with me!"

The old man understood Magda's delicacy; and promised her to do so, under the condition

that he might first transact his business in hospital.

Thus they walked on until they reached the portal of the house, where stood the stewardess, several of the attendants, laughing very much and talking loudly. Hieronymus, with some impatience, inquired what all this was about; and the stewardess, who did not like to be seen by the gentlefolks, endeavoured to assume a character so unlike her usual grave dignity, as to endeavour at least to turn the occasion of all this noise to her own justification.

“Ah! where, then, do the gentlefolks come from,” cried she, kissing his and Magda’s hand, “that you have not seen the gracious gentleman? It is not an hour since that he stood here before the young Count von Lacy! Ah, what a handsome young gentleman! grown as straight as a fir-tree, fresh and handsome as a rose on the bough,—the image of the blessed lord, his uncle!”

“Good! good!” said Hieronymus; “but I do not see the cause for all this laughing and upbraiding Mrs. Grete!”

“Good Lord, your reverence! so long as we people have been without our gracious master, could we not our hearts to laugh when his lordship arrives, and enters full of jest and merriment in his self? And, then, was it not droll enough that his lordship should have forgotten the entrance, and instead of dismounting from his horse at the gate, should have done so here, before our house, thinking no other than that this large house, with trellis-work and carriage-drive, must be the castle?”

“What dost thou say, Grete?” cried Magda, suddenly stepping forward, and with an air of inquiring astonishment laying her hand upon Grete’s arm; “the Count von Lacy imagined that the hospital was the castle?”

“Yes, dear young lady: only think! and this is why we are laughing so much, and I was relating to Kathrin and Stina what a long absence can do. At Michaelmas it will be just ten years since his lordship, a pale, thin young gentleman, went to the university. Yes, ten years are a fine long time, and affect the memory. I should never have recognised the pale, delicate young gentleman who then left us in this rosy young man! He then said himself, it did not seem quite right to him, but he thought he should soon find admittance somewhere.”

Magda followed every word that passed good Grete’s lips. But Hieronymus interrupted the talkative woman, and made necessary inquiries after the sick people. Magda now awoke from her meditation, and commenced her customary walk towards that quarter of the house where the old people and the children were placed so as to wait upon each other.

Magda was always sure to cause the greatest delight here by her visit. Young and old stretched forth their hands towards her, and here she exhibited the whole peculiarity of her disposition; for jesting and rallying, reproving and commanding, she passed from one to the other, whilst with a glance she at the same time saw what was wanting, and how alleviation, assistance, or consolation, were to be adminis-

tered. And thus the next time she drew from her pocket what was requisite, or Mrs. G ordered to procure it; and as no one could vex her, Mrs. Grete must often, also, exceed limitation, when Magda, who could endure censure, exercised her rule. But to-day one would have thought Magda merely wandered from habit. She nodded a greeting to each one who would have dared to address her. The others even tittered in their corner, and all seemed to doubt whether this were Magda, their protectress, their benefactress, their gay companion! And she merely went through the hall, in which to-day they all assembled, to reach the small apartment of old Angela; for her old nurse, now beyond eighty years of age, sat here in a small, comfortable room, where was a window looking out on the park. In the recess of this window sat old Angela from day to day, turning her wheel and spinning the finest yarn in the whole house.

"Well, my old woman," said Magda, "thy distaff yet empty? must thou always vex me for thy bread?"

"Don't scold me," returned the old woman. "I am doing it for my bread, for I do not know how to live unless I work for it."

"But now thou must leave off," cried Magda. "I cannot endure when I am with thee; thou shouldst think partly of thy thread and partly of what thou art saying to me."

"Art thou angry again to-day?" said the old woman. "hast thou again thy insolent humour up"

Go—go! I don't like to see thee in such a temper."

Yet at the same time she pushed aside her wheel, and Magda said,—

"Tell me, was my mother as saucy as I am?"

"That may be," returned the old woman—"but wherefore dost thou ask? Let the dead have done in the world as it pleased them, only do thou manage thy affairs more wisely thyself."

"But thou must tell me about her, Angela. Tell me, was not the Count Lacy, who loved her so much, called Stephan?"

"Stephan! Stephan! my child, that was love!—my God how great! it cost him his life. But then what a girl thy mother was!—and that the old people saw,—but they were like steel and iron. Our old Thomas has his little prejudice also. And then must the great Count condescend, and come to the Dohlen-nest, and beseech that the daughter of the citizen and advocate Thyrnau would honour his son by becoming Countess von Lacy. Yes, such things do not go according to one's wishes. We citizen folk are always looked askance at by these old families with their long pedigrees. I have seen a deal in my time, but such things have never turned out well."

"And they two who were concerned?" cried Magda. "Stephan loved my beautiful mother—but she, tell me, she—did she love him then?"

"Ah, how she talks!" exclaimed Angela—"love and love. A young gentleman—such a handsome young gentleman—why should not she love him?"

It cost him his life when he heard she was married and gone."

"His life?" cried Magda, clasping her hands together; "poor—poor Stephan! Yes, that I can comprehend,—far better die."

"What is the matter with thee then, Magda?" cried the old woman, annoyed by the unusual tone of the young girl. "What canst thou comprehend about it? Men's hearts always break when they cannot get what they desire. I have often scolded him,—often driven him away when he lay in the dew half the night, before the tower where the poor child slept, and became ever paler and more miserable. She did not act amiss when she set off so suddenly. 'Angela,' said she, 'here is nothing but discontent and enmity: I am the cause; when I am out of the way all will again be right.' But there she was wrong, for now began a regular unnatural quarrel; the son reproached the father, the father the son—our old master Thomas said the Count had robbed him of his daughter, and he said in return that the son was the sacrifice."

"Ah! and he was right in that," cried Magda; "for my mother was, although only for a short time, happy."

"That is true," said Angela, "for here there was no longer happiness—all were dispersed—the Dohlen-nest stood empty. Count Stephan died at length on a small estate which had belonged to his deceased mother. And what happened beside? People said a deal, but what I did not see I know nothing of—enough that all is past! The hand-

some, elegant gentleman sent for his father to his deathbed—yes, then repentance came too late—death knows no command.”

“And yet it rejoices me,” cried Magda, “that this grand Count von Lacy should have loved so much my good, beautiful, citizen mother.”

“What a silly thing it is!” cried Angela. “Had she, then, such happiness in it? And the poor gentleman himself! that is, indeed, something to rejoice in when a person loses his life. Away with thy joy!”

Before Magda could reply Mrs. Grete entered, saying that Father Hieronymus was already in the chapel, and all were with him. Angela immediately rose with difficulty from her chair, and Magda, presenting her arm, the old woman supported herself upon it. But as they went out Magda said,—

“Thy hands are quite cold, Angela—thou must have a little fire in the evenings; at thy age it is not good to be so cold. Grete, take care that Angela has a fire in the evening, the sun does not enter at all through the window.”

“How wise she is!” returned Angela; “just as if she knew what old people wanted. Nay, nay, just like thy mother, she had always a place in her good heart for every one.”

“Would to God I resembled her!” said Magda, quickly.

And the three entered the chapel together.

The prayer had already commenced; but when Hieronymus perceived his young favourite approaching so sad and depressed, by the side of Angela, he

raised his voice and exclaimed, with great feeling,—

“‘Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.’ But,” pursued he, “if you follow the invitation of the Lord who calleth to you, reflect before whom it is you are summoned; and if, full of confidence in Him, you hasten onward, leave the will of your sinful hearts behind you. In order that the Lord may assist you, say, ‘Thy will be done!’ for you may easily imagine, when surrounded by foolish imaginings, that the words ‘weary and heavy-laden’ have reference to you. But are you sure that the evils for which you beseech consolation or assistance are not merely imaginary ones created in your own heart? Do you not alone experience them because your heart clings to the things of this earth? Are you not heavy-laden because you cannot and will not renounce those things which excite your desires? Do you not suffer because you will not mortify your desires, will not bear and endure? Are not you weary because the yoke of passions lies upon you, because your eye is blind to the blessings you possess, and clear-sighted for those which are denied you? Therefore, again I say to you, do not let him who follows the invitation of the Lord expect that the promised help, the consolation, the balm for every evil, will reach him who, weary and heavy-laden with earthly wishes, approaches the Lord. He has his portion. He will have to pant still farther beneath his self-chosen yoke, for the Lord our God and Saviour has no scope to work in

him. His prayer will be an unfruitful work of his lips, a despicable struggle after the wishes of his heart, and he will doubt God's omnipotence and justice because that which he prays for is not granted. But who, weary and heavy-laden, approaches the Lord with an humble heart, will become possessed of that imperishable consolation which is found with God, and which has never yet deceived any one. But thy heart must be an empty vessel, into which He may pour forth His grace : thou must regard thy sufferings, praying, Forgive me my share in them ;—thy hopes and wishes with the desire, Not my will, Lord, but Thine be done. Then will God be mighty within thee, and work great things, for it is written, ' They who have trusted in Him have not built upon sand but upon a rock.'

When Magda, after the termination of the prayers, joined Hieronymus, her eye and whole countenance had assumed their former brightness, and as he inquiringly gazed at her, she said, " That was the very thing I wanted ! Thou hast given me a regular good shaking ! Now I am much better ! "

" Yes," said Hieronymus, " the sleep of the soul steals over us only too soon ; we cannot call often enough to each other, ' Watch and pray ! ' "

At the same moment they heard Mr. Thomas Thyrnau's voice. He was already on horseback, on the highroad before the garden, and a groom was holding Magda's horse and Hieronymus's mule not far off.

" Come ! come ! " cried he, " you have been busy

a long time to-day! The sun is not long our guest now—he has already set, and it is time for our evening meal.”

Magda quickly mounted her small, beautiful steed, and then giving him a slight cut with her whip, flew past the two men, and vanished like a hunted doe in the wood.

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CHAPTER III.

“WELL,” said Hieronymus, “how does thy new acquaintance, Count von Lacy, please thee?”

“Humph!” returned the old advocate, “this is a droll affair! Why he should come precisely now, without announcing himself previously, so overhasty in every thing—so restless—so careless—so strange and absent! There is something beyond this—there is something out of order, either in him or in his affairs; but he will not say what it is, otherwise he would please me very well. He is a handsome, open-hearted, kind lad, whom one could soon like, if he were only to lay aside this strange, unaccountable manner. But, my old friend, what will Magda say to him? I would swear that Magda has imagined him otherwise!”

“Was she then spoken of?” inquired Hieronymus.

“This is the strangest of all,” pursued Thyrnau, “that he should all at once be quite mad about her. He watched at the lake longer than she imagines, and is madly in love with the girl. I believe he would wed her to-morrow.”

“That does not quite please me,” returned Hieronymus; “that will sooner injure him in the girl’s eyes than assist him.”

“To speak the truth,” returned Thyrnau, “neither does it please me very much. And then, some way, I have imagined him quite a different kind of person, although he does not displease me.”

“He dismounted at Mrs. Grete’s,” Hieronymus now related, “having mistaken the entrance to the castle. She said much about his likeness to his deceased uncle; is that true?”

“The fool!” said Thyrnau, laughing; “not a single feature resembles him. He may be the same height, and have the same brown eyes. Well, thou wilt see him soon enough! To-morrow he will dine at the Dohlen-nest; in the forenoon I will go over, and thou hadst better ride over and assist me. The impression is unclear which the youth makes upon me. It is strange when one only knows the handwriting of a person, and imagines from the words, and the thoughts, and the feelings expressed, what the appearance of the writer must be. But should he appear other than we have pictured him, we do not lay the blame upon our foolish imagination, but upon the one who has disappointed us; we regard him with mistrust, as if he were not the right person.”

“Yes! yes!” said Hieronymus, “man is a self-willed, dogmatical sort of thing; his imaginations must ever harmonise with reality, and should they not choose to do this, we more willingly believe that truth is mistaken than ourselves.”

They now overtook Magda, who, having reached the wood, flung her bridle over the horse's neck, and left him to pursue slowly his own way, she sitting dreamily all the time in the saddle, as if she bestowed no thought upon either her steed or road.

"Well, fairy-child," cried Thomas Thyrnau, "has the erl-king visited thee?—do the elves dance over the moor?—or dost thou listen to Titania's music?"

"A little of all," said Magda; "moonshine and an autumnal night weave the fairy's festal robe. There is a whispering among the branches, a rustling among the dead leaves; the fountains are too full, and the little brooks travel farther than their bed. He who lays himself down upon his left ear dreams he possesses too little; he who sleeps on his right ear has all his wishes fulfilled; and he who lies upon his back knows that the elves are deceitful, and hears how they laugh."

"This thou hast imagined," said Thomas Thyrnau, "or did Queen Mab sit upon thy nose, and invite thee to her merry court?"

"Had she only taken that trouble, I should have followed her, for it must be merry where the tiny cup of the fern-flower is a comfortable couch for the queen, and the water-lily leaf the island on which is held the banquet, where the glow-worms are posted to superintend the illumination, and where a drop of honey, let fall by a bee in flying over, and carefully caught up in the empty egg-shell of an ant, is

sufficient to intoxicate the whole company. That call being merry without much expense! What deal of trouble thou hast, and Mrs. Gundula, an Bezo, and Veit, and all the rest of them also, to regale as many guests as our little room in the Dohlen-nest will contain!"

"And, therefore, have I need of the counsel and assistance of wise people, who, at evening, learn from the elves in the wood; and thou hast had an audience with them precisely at the right hour, so as to arrange the repast to-morrow, when the new lord of Tein waits upon us in the Dohlen-nest. But augment thy scale, and add something to the drop of honey."

"I thought so," said Magda; "and it was on this account that the wood attracted me so especially this evening, and imparted to me more than usual, and promised to open all its secrets to me would I follow it, and leave all else, which only promises me heartache. Listen, grandfather! I must tell thee that all my joy in thy Count Lacy is gone now that he has drawn near to us; I would rather leave him his Tein, and follow thee through the wide world, or clear away dusts and make coffee with aunt Barbara."

"Well," returned the grandfather, "this is no particularly flattering for the poor youth; dusting and making coffee are the very least of thy pleasures, I rather think."

"If one does it for the right person," answered Magda; "my aunt understands how to find good

in every thing ; I never felt weary when with her, and neither do I choose to do so here. But tell me how the young gentleman pleases thee ?”

“Aha !” said the advocate, laughing, “have we then at length come to the point after all our circumlocution ? So bold and indifferent at first, and yet, after all, we wish to know how he looks.”

“That I do not need to learn from thee,” cried Magda ; “take care, I will tell thee : there thou wast, standing alone in the library, and hadst not the courage to go forward to meet him ; the door opened, thou didst start, for there entered the living picture of thy old friend, just as he hangs in the cabinet, a man of eight-and-twenty. And he opened his lips, and it was the soft voice of the deceased friend, and then thou hast rushed towards him, and pressed him to thy breast.”

“Dost thou see ?” cried Thyrnau, turning to Hieronymus, “the girl has imagined him just as I did ; I was truly afraid of this.”

But Magda heard no more. For having arrived at the Dohlen-nest, she dismounted from her horse, and when the gentlemen had entered, she wished them a good night from the gallery, and vanished in her turret-chamber.

The next morning when Magda listened from her door, she heard how Gundula’s gentle voice at times was raised above its usual key, whilst giving her commands for these extraordinary preparations. Magda quickly drew back her head, and neither desired to descend to the tumult, nor yet to see the old gentlemen, who, gay and full of discourse, sat in

the beautiful autumnal weather before the dogs enjoyed their ample breakfast. Nowhere did she wish to shew herself, for she was no longer in enmity with herself, and yet she felt that especially was a firm and calm self-possession necessary. At other times she always saw herself the pleasure the centre of every thing; to-day, however, painful to her to think that every one observed that every one knew this was an important character for her. And thus it happened that she had never been able to persuade herself to disclose to her father how she was already acquainted with the betrothed, and although it already appeared to her that this disclosure, she found it utterly impossible for the day. She dreaded this disclosure, as if a great weight lay upon her heart, and she would rather not see him whom she imagined she had thus deceived. Meanwhile all was prepared for the gentlemen's departure, and she might expect this to take place immediately after breakfast was over, and she had hoped during their absence to recover that assurance which she so unwillingly missed.

This occurred as she desired. Thomas then rose from the breakfast-table, and having learned from Mrs. Gundula that all was still quiet in Magda's turret he would not disturb her sleep. The two gentlemen mounted the steeds waiting for them, and said that they should return by and by with their guest.

The present inhabitant of Tein had, in the meantime, prepared himself for the expected guests as well as he was able, and although he soon

manner, and accompanied by Hieronymus, and; and as it appeared to the inhabitant of greeted him in a more stiff and formal manner than he had done the evening before, at the time presenting Hieronymus. This sentiment of pleasure did, in fact, exist, and had reference to something the advocate had learned from the servants when entering the castle.

"My Lord Count," said the advocate, whilst his fiery eyes rested penetratingly on the person dressed, "I have heard on entering the castle nothing but complaints of your lordship, and according to the custom of old people, feel equally a desire to scold a little, which the old friend of your respected uncle may dare to do, I presume."

"Every word of yours, whether of instruction or of, or of whatsoever nature it may be," said the young man, with a sentiment of candour in tone and expression, "will be of value in my

Therefore, I beseech, tell me what I have which displeases you. I imagine it will not be



who have known and loved your lordship when youth, and who have never one single day forgotten the eighteen-year-old stripling who left this castle—they feel it hard that their young master who has now returned after an absence of ten years, should have no recollection of, and no sympathy for, them; he allows himself only to be waited upon by his own strange valet, inquires after none of them, and refuses their humble request of being permitted to present themselves to him.”

“Ah, is that it?” cried the young man, laughing and much relieved, “well, we will soon make up for that neglect. And you, my excellent friend, ascribe it to youth and my long absence! Certainly I will speedily set that right, and the old people shall be satisfied. It is true,” pursued he, in sympathising manner, “that I have not yet inquired after them. But tell me something—name them to me—which of them that knew me are still living? They will find me changed.”

“Not one of them is dead,” returned the advocate, “and thus there is no need for me to name them to you; for, although your lordship may have changed during these ten years, I am very certain that the same thing will not have happened with these old people; and your lordship, however absent and abstracted, will still distinguish the old, well-known domestics.”

“Oh, certainly, certainly!” cried the young man. “I shall, at all events, reproach myself if my memory play me false in this instance.”

“That I should consider as impossible,” returned

the advocate, in a decided tone. "And thus we will now, if you please, pass on to other affairs, and I must inquire your reason for this sudden, unexpected visit, seeing that your last reply to my urgent summons was a decided refusal, and, permit me to add, appeared written with the intention of destroying every hope of an amicable arrangement."

"If my object had been to become acquainted with your grand-daughter,—if, having become heartily weary of this misunderstanding, I wished at length to become acquainted with the mysterious condition laid down by the worthy deceased gentleman, would not these have been reasons sufficient?"

"Certainly, I must grant that," returned the advocate; "but it grieves me to say, had this reflection occurred to you earlier, many an unpleasant impression might have been spared."

"And yet better late than never! Therefore, let them avail, and do not disturb me in any thing. That is, do not disturb my endeavour to win the love of your grand-daughter. In truth, my intentions are honourable, and should I only succeed, this union will put an end to all disputes, all embarrassments."

"That is true!" cried Thomas Thyrnau, "and I know no other means. Strange as are the measures which your uncle saw himself obliged to pursue when drawing up his will, you will still find them natural when you become acquainted with the occasion, and recall the character of your venerable uncle. He could be saved by no other means!"

"Be saved!" cried the young man, with lively

astonishment. "Was the affair so grave? Save from what? I am surprised! What could occasion such grave proceedings?"

"No child's play! no folly! no imaginary necessity, my young gentleman!" cried Thomas Thyrn excited, "that you may believe! Yet we will let that for to-day. You do not know the girl, neither does she know you. Until you have both decided my communications are confined to warnings. Your grand-daughter has heard them as well as yours. Now become acquainted with each other! Meanwhile let us pass on to necessary business; let us proceed to those forms which are necessary for your recognition here as lord and master. The lawyers have been informed last night, and ordered to attend here at this hour. In their presence I shall deliver over to you my stewardship, and shall await your side a declaration *written by your own hand* importing that all has been done according to form after which you will add your private seal, this formality will invest you with your rights."

"Ah! only trouble me with no business to-day," cried the young man; "I thought I was to be your guest in the Dohlen-nest! If the gentlemen of quill are arrived, we will let them rest and refresh themselves here. But before I have been presented to your grand-daughter, before I have seen neither that beautiful, enchanting being, which so captivated me in the distance, I do not wish to be proclaimed as master here. Until then I have attention for nothing else."

We will pass over the dispute which arose

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was increased. He retired with the law-considerable time, and a letter, which he despatched that forenoon to the next day, from whence an express conveyed it to

young man was never weary of talking with us about Magda, and in his discourse cleaved to introduce a number of questions Thomas Thyrnau, and his peculiar connection with the family. Hieronymus, smiling, returned to the subject, and amused himself with the man's cunning and his clever manoeuvres. In short, of this, we will not say that he gained much, for the dreamy, good-natured excellent old gentleman concealed a very counter-craftiness.

While Magda had employed all kinds of means to bring herself into that state of mind which rendered her worthy of the guest with whom she was peculiarly connected. At length, dressed in the costume of a young citizen girl of Prague which we are already acquainted, and which she wore at the Dohlen-nest, she left her

a few presents for the children in the village of Tein. Wherefore she precisely took this walk to-day, she well knew, she would not expect him; she wished to busy herself with something which should lighten her heart. Bezo bore a large basket for her upon his head, and jodelled at the same time the most laughable imitations of the cries of all possible creatures, yet this time without exciting Magda's attention, which appeared, after all, to be his sole aim.

Arrived in the little town, she soon perceived that an unusual excitement reigned there. Groups of men and women had come forth from their homes, busily talking, and appearing as though they expected or had witnessed something, which they still tried to see in the empty street, for their eyes and hands were as eloquent as their words, and sought to explain or make palpable to each other something which was connected with the street. Magda was known to all; the basket on Bezo's head revealed her intent, and whoever hoped he possessed in his small shop an article suited to such a purchaser stepped back indoors with an inquiring look, full of expectation, expressive of his readiness to serve her, or named the article which he considered suitable. Magda appeared inclined to purchase something from many of these good people, and she soon entered a door where hung upon a string a dozen small, quilted children's caps of the gayest colours, and which, swung hither and thither in the wind, looked like small, round children's heads. The whole string walked into Bezo's

basket, and he, uttering a wild cry of joy, suddenly imitated all manner of shouting and rejoicing children's voices. The next shop furnished gay handkerchiefs; then came little coats, and, at length, in the most genteel house of the whole town, a house two stories high, and standing in the market-place, were toys to be bought. But when Magda turned the corner of the first street which led thither, she perceived a number of inquisitive spectators assembled round the house to which she was bound, and several servants in rich liveries, who held a horse, which appeared waiting for its master.

Magda would have preferred returning, but as soon as she presented herself room was made for her, and she was forced against her will to proceed along the little street which opened before her. Thus she stood on the threshold, and thought immediately of entering the shop, which lay on the right hand, when the people who had congregated there rushed forth, and Magda, stepping back, suddenly felt upon her shoulder the warm breath of the horse, which the servants had led nearer. She turned suddenly round, but it was a moment when no one could give way, much as the servants exerted themselves to do so, and Magda, although she herself did not think so, appeared in danger. But before she could participate in this confusion, she heard a manly voice approach, and almost as quickly was she seized hold of, and stood in safety on the door-sill.

“My sweet girl!” said the same voice, “has any harm happened to thee?”

Magda raised her large eyes towards the speaker, whose voice seemed to soothe her very soul, and gazed into the noble and handsome countenance of a man, whose majestic form bent affectionately over her, and whose eyes looked into hers with inquiring kindness.

Magda's gaze remained riveted upon his countenance, and she asked herself, "Where have I already seen thee?—where hast thou occasioned me weal or woe? These loving, glowing blue eyes—this mysterious low brow—this form of face!" Magda was only aroused from her dream by the smile with which the stranger received the grave review of the handsome girl. She coloured deeply, and quickly freeing herself from him, said, "No, no, nothing hurt me," and fled towards the shop-door, which immediately concealed her.

The stranger looked after her. He would like to have known who she was, but when he gazed around him it seemed to him as if no one there could know her. He thoughtfully mounted his horse, his eyes were riveted upon the windows of the shop, but the vine foliage hung down too thickly for him to see any thing, and he now slowly turned his horse away and rode through the little town, the inhabitants following behind.

Meanwhile Mrs. Münden, the proprietress of the house, approached Magda, who still stood behind the vine-leaves, reflecting who this handsome stranger in his rich general's uniform might be.

"Ah, dear young lady," cried she, "do not take it ill that I am so confused. But, only see, all

rested upon my shoulders, all the trouble since last evening. Who has such another house as I in old Laurzim? therefore whoever wishes to have a night's lodging like a grand gentleman, knocks at my door. Ah, this trouble! all gone to bed, when ere came riding forward police or city watch, and announced the grand gentleman—a princely think! Ah, the name? that stands written on the letter which has already been sent to the town-hall—then the anxiety! Had not the gentleman been so good himself, there would have been no end of my trouble; but then things went off better than we could have thought. 'Every thing good—excellent—sufficient'—such words inspire one with courage, and are very becoming to the great. Then a good idea occurs to one, and they get more than when one forgets all one's possessions through fear."

"And thou dost not know who he is, Mrs. Lünden?" asked Magda.

"No, dear young lady, not his name. But he is a prince—ah, and a grand general. Ah, my daughter, things stand but badly with us: every one says he is come to prepare for war—things have a bad look-out. People say that war will break out every where again,—every where will they attack our most gracious Empress; and, therefore, the grand gentleman is gone forward to shoot a bolt, as people say—and then how will it be? And in our dear Bohemia they say war will begin again. But against the little King of Prussia, whom we have already had here, against him nothing is of any avail. He is a heretic, my jewel! and, therefore,

he has help from whence no pious Christian can get it. But this time the clergy should march first with the host and the cross, and then it will be seen then they can advance no farther, and it will be awful to see how the arch-enemy will flee before them."

"And thou dost not know the name?" asked Magda once more, paying no attention to all the intelligence.

"No—no, my young lady. But he is a prince as true as I stand here! and he is going through the country to man the ramparts and lay ready the rockets. They will put every thing in readiness and we shall then see what will be of use; for it was only last Sunday that the Abbot of St. Brigit said that the Prussians were all heretics, and in compact with the devil."

"I will go," cried Magda. "Fill Bezo's basket with toys, and give him brown sugar and honey cake for the village children, and almonds, also and whatever thou hast. There is a piece of gold what is over thou canst put into the poor-box."

"Good—good, my jewel! God bless thee, my good child! The best that I possess such a kind young lady shall have. I will attend to all, and may the penny which I take more than belongs to me as an honest tradeswoman burn in my hand a coal."

Magda heard her no longer. She was hurried back along the road by an unaccountable impulse she knew not wherefore the stranger was so important in her eyes. It was only when she entered

the deep green wood, with its cool, purling streams, that she was aware of having walked so quickly. She sought on one side of the path for a spot beneath the tall beeches, where the mossy ground resembled a carpet, in order to repose herself. But as she emerged from the nut-tree thicket, she found herself near the stranger, who, with folded arms, stood beneath a tree, whilst, at some distance, his servants were busy with his horse, fastening on the shoe which had become loose.

They both looked at each other with surprise and evident pleasure.

"I thought," cried the stranger, "that I should see thee again; therefore I did not like to speak with thee further among those people. I knew immediately that thou couldst not belong to them."

Magda now looked at him, now cast her eyes upon the ground; but at length she said, when his kindly pressing glance still more urgently invited her to speak,—

"I did not expect to see you here, but I thought I should see you on the road."

The stranger carefully avoided betraying to her that, by this answer, she had confessed her desire of seeing him again, and his warm, sympathising glance did not express a sentiment of flattered vanity. There was a thoroughly noble, manly air about him.

"Well," said he, gently, "now that we have met again, we will first rest ourselves a little, and then thou wilt, perhaps, be able to tell me how I can find my way through the Kaurzim forest to

Tein—or, more properly, to the Dohlen-nest, if thou knowest that house?"

"If I know it?" cried Magda, joyfully; "that is where I come from, and that is my home."

"Thy home!" cried the stranger, and in a strange manner all the colour fled from his countenance. He seized Magda's hands, his own trembled, and the whole frame of the powerful man was suddenly agitated.

"My girl—my dear girl, speak!—oh! God, speak!—who art thou?"

"I am Magda, the grand-daughter of Thomas Thyrnau."

"Holy God!" cried the stranger, pressed his hands before his eyes, withdrew them as quickly, gazed with delight at the astonished girl, opened his arms as if to embrace her, but suddenly turned, with a painful gesture, from her, covered his countenance, and went into the wood.

Magda looked after him with disquietude. How gladly she would have consoled him now she saw that he was unhappy! But she could not conceive why she should excite this sentiment in him, and therefore she could find no words, for none appeared suitable to her. He did not long leave her in doubt, he returned composed.

"My dear, dear girl!" cried he, "lead me to the Dohlen-nest. I will go with thee, my people can follow slowly with my horse."

Magda was ready to set forth, the stranger gave his commands, and they now hastened along the path by which Magda had arrived, and pursued

he footway which, winding beside the streamlet, stretched out before them.

"Then you know my dear grandfather?" asked Magda.

"Yes," said the stranger, "I have known him long time—yet much time has passed since we have met. Oh, tell me about him, my dear girl. How shall I find him? Is he in good health? Will he, art thou always with him? Was he so happy as to bring thee up? Dost thou love him? Dost thou love him with all thy heart?"

"Do I love him? oh, sir, how could I do otherwise? He is the very man for one to love—the very person for young people. Every thing that does please me so much that I always rejoice in anticipation over what has yet to happen, for it seems to come out of my own heart."

"Yes—yes!" said the stranger, "I believe thee—beautiful, noble girl! Thy soul must be exalted—thy heart free as his."

"No," cried Magda, warding off the compliment, "do not think so; it is not such an easy thing to resemble him. And many things I cannot at all understand in him, he is so different to other people. And then, too, I am but half a child. At I often remark that I understand him better than Hieronymus or any other man; this causes me always to think, 'Now what will he say or do?' And then I can never rest until I have come to some conclusion, drawn from my knowledge of his character. Understand me," said she, and paused; this is, as it were, exercising myself in his thoughts.

And is he present, and I can observe with him, **my** practice helps me. I often come to a conclusion of what he will do as quickly as *he himself* does; **and** then if he should only say or act as I have imagined, that is a delight!"

"Ah!" cried the stranger, "thou knowest **how** to love! The man who shall once win thee **will**, indeed, be an enviable man. But **who will** be worthy of thee?"

Magda bowed her head. She glowed like **fire**, and he saw the crimson mount to her very **neck**. "Do not be angry with me!" besought he **softly**. "I have been thoughtless, impertinent—do not **think** ill of me!"

"No, certainly not," said Magda, and looked him full in the face; "I could never think ill of **you**. If I only knew where I had seen you before, **and** why your expression partly rejoices, partly wounds me? Were you, perhaps, in Vienna?"

"Yes, my dear girl, I have been frequently **there**, and for a long time together. Hast thou seen **me** there?"

"If you were ever in the convent of St. Ursula, otherwise not?"

"No, there I have not been," returned **the** stranger; "yet why do we inquire of this? We **are** mutually attracted to each other, and the reason of this we can alone discover in our hearts; I also **feel** as if thou didst belong to me! As a precious **treasure** for my whole life do I consider the happiness of having found thee; and yet I cannot understand **it**, and will not think how nearly connected with **me**

ou mayst be, for that thought quite overpowers
;!"

Magda glanced at him somewhat perturbed; s was too much for her! He was so passionate, d still young enough to make her feel bashful. t he did not think of the impression he was asking. "Dear girl!" pursued he, "tell me canlly—tell me, dost thou already love? Hast thou n the man in whom, after thy grandfather, thou ldst entirely confide? Oh, be candid, and do t be angry with me! Confess we cannot measure r acquaintance by the ordinary rules! We are ends,—thou dost confide in me as I in thee!"

Although thus strangely pressed, here was still ore in these words that accorded with Magda's aracter than she was herself aware of, for she ough, "It is all true what he says; this is ecisely what I feel!" At length she said aloud, Just as I can read my grandfather's thoughts, so n you read mine. It is so!—and yet when we bk around us—from the great oak hither is not ,—and yet that is the length of our acquaintance!" e suddenly laughed, and the stranger joined in r merriment.

"But what has that to do?" said he at length. Hast thou never felt a sudden confidence in a rson? Dost thou not know of the predestined traction of souls which have existed primevally r each other, but have circled unseen until that oment arrives in which they recognise each other?"

"Dost thou believe in this?" cried Magda. See! this is the most beautiful belief there is, and

I believe in it! Thus, no mistake is possible—eternal—*primeval* as thou sayest, and e This *primeval* is a beautiful word—I want thank thee for it! Now I can express what when something whispers, ‘This thou hast possessed; in thy former state of existence, thou had the same memories, sentiments, thou much that is similar has occurred before: canst thou understand? Quite similar! But now lies these experiences the secret, the separation, transformation, or death; I know not how it!’ And now when souls meet who were together, but *where* they cannot explain, speedily accomplished; one knows the thoughts—they gaze at each other, and try to see in one another’s eyes where they have met. But the word fails them, perhaps in their intercourse they had other means of communication. But what does that matter? They feel the happiness in each other, and can never part!”

“Maiden! enthusiast!” cried the stranger, “has taught thee this? Who has developed and cited these thoughts in thee?”

“I have so much time for reflection,” said she frankly; “and first one thing occurs to me, and another; this last, I have experienced!”

“Thou hast experienced?” cried the stranger hastily and with emotion. “Where? How hast thou experienced it? With whom?”

“With him, who, it seems to me, will ever be united through *primeval* life with me!” returned

thoughtfully. "Oh that beautiful word! But let me besilent on the other subject."

The stranger looked at her as gravely; and with a holy peacefulness she walked beside him, her beautiful head, with its glorious line of profile, bowed upon her breast. He suppressed every question, and by his silence did honour to the young girl.

She suddenly paused to listen with a smile. A jackdaw cry might be plainly heard. "Ah!" said the stranger, "we have reached our destination. The sentinels of thy castle give warning of our approach!"

"Yes," replied Magda, "observe it is a jackdaw from that nest, but it flies after us." The cry was again repeated, quite close to them, and Bezo rushed forth among the bushes with the heavily-laden basket upon his shoulders.

"Bezo," cried Magda, "why dost thou come with thy heavy load through the bushes? See how it makes thee pant, and how tired thou art! And my presents will hang upon the branches—my dolls, my little caps, my handkerchiefs!"

"No! no, Magda!" stammered the idiotic lad, "no, Magda—all there—nothing lost!"

"But why hast thou not come by the highway, and why hast thou fatigued thyself thus? Poor creature, how tired thou dost look! Set down the basket and rest thyself. Thou canst follow us shortly."

Bezo uttered a loud jackdaw cry, and with such a wild distraction of his idiotic countenance that the stranger started with horror.

“What is the matter with thee?” inquired Magda, calmly, being accustomed to his language. “I am quite safe—why dost thou cry in this manner?”

But he repeated the wild cry with almost greater violence, and Magda glanced inquiringly around.

“The poor boy is seldom mistaken,” said she. “He must have seen something in the neighbourhood which makes him uneasy about me.”

“Uneasy?” repeated the stranger. “What can threaten thee, love? And let it be whatsoever it may, with me thou art safe!”

Bezo listened so intently, that his eyes almost started from his head. “Men!” said he, and pointed into the thicket; he then imitated the loading of a piece, knelt down, presented his thornstick, and aimed at the stranger.

“Have you enemies in the neighbourhood?” asked Magda. “I know what he would say. He has heard that an attack is meditated upon you—you may believe him—he is seldom wrong.”

“That is impossible,” returned the stranger. “Yet these unquiet times are not to be trusted. A number of lawless people, drawn hither by this levying of French troops, are wandering just now through this part of the country bordering on the frontiers, and robbery and plunder are ever rife among them. Thou shouldst not wander about thus unattended!”

“I have nothing to fear here; Bezo accompanies me always, and this excellent wild beast would tear any one to pieces who came near me!”

Bezo replied by a wonderfully natural barking, for in most instances he understood Magda.

“I do not doubt his will,” replied the stranger, “but his power!”

“At all events, here I am in safety,” returned Magda; “for here we enter the domains of the Dohlen-nest.”

CHAPTER IV.

As the stranger looked up, they stepped out of the wood into an open space, where a low wall with ditch separated the territory of the Dohlen-ne from the forest. The stranger perceived the back of this extraordinary building rising at some distance and from this point it might very easily have been mistaken for a mass of rock, so grey, and so covered with a net-work of ivy and creepers was its unshapely form. But when they approached the front, they perceived several horses which were led about by grooms, and Veit hastening out of the house to meet them. Magda's stately companion, it is true, arrested the old servant's attention for a moment, but it was evident that something important had happened, for he rejoiced in Magda's return, as if her presence was especially wanted, and then said, "A misfortune has happened to my lord the Count, who has just arrived with your grandfather, and the consequences are not known! One thing, however, is certain, and that is, a wound in his right shoulder, out of which Father Hieronymus has already extracted a ball, but which he does not consider dangerous!"

"Good God!" cried the strange officer, with

rising anger—"what have you here? Are these **w**oods full of robbers and murderers? When my **p**eople come, a body of infantry shall be ordered to **c**lear this neighbourhood of these vermin. It is an **u**nheard-of insolence! Thy Bezo then was right **a**fter all," cried he, turning to Magda, who stood **p**ale as death, her eyes riveted upon Veit's lips. "Poor child!" pursued he, tenderly taking her cold **h**and—"how terrified thou art! But do not fear! I **w**ill take care that thou shalt live here in perfect **s**afety. The affair must be carefully sought into, for it is still uncertain whose life was aimed at!"

"Let us approach the house," said the girl, with a stony glance, and as they drew near the portal **T**hyrnau came forth, quickly summoned by Veit; **h**is features were gloomy from the event which had **j**ust occurred, and with a stiff bearing he approached the officer. But he, recognising Thyrnau, rushed **w**ith extended arms towards him; Thyrnau also **r**ecognised him, and this first moment, as they hung **l**ocked in each other's arms, was disturbed only by indistinct sounds. The greatest agitation seemed to **o**verpower both.

"Thyrnau!" cried the stranger, "my father, **m**y benefactor! most beloved of men!"

"Oh! my Prince! my friend! my beloved **f**riend!" returned Thyrnau.

They held each other at a little distance, so as to **g**aze at each other, neither of them releasing the other. What did they read in their agitated **c**ountenances? Tears rolled off over the burning cheeks of these strong men, the Prince sank sobbing on

Thyrnau's breast! After their first emotion was over, and the Prince had risen, Thyrnau led him beneath some shady beeches which grew near to the house. But the Prince paused before Magda, and, seizing with wild delight the hands of the pale, agitated girl, he cried, turning towards Thomas Thyrnau, "And this, this being by whom my whole heart is attracted,—tell me,—oh, tell me, what she is to me!"

"Be calm!" returned Thyrnau, "control thyself, dear Ernst—follow me, we have much to say to each other!" He led him forth, although he left this young girl with unwillingness, for in the short hour he had passed with her, he had experienced a sentiment of happiness long unknown to him.

Magda gazed after them, and it was only when they vanished among the shadows of the trees, that her thoughts returned to that occurrence which occupied her more nearly. She did not dare to cross the threshold; she was uncertain and timid, at length she sank down upon the stone seat against the wall.

But she was not long here before Mrs. Gundula stepped out, anxiously seeking for her, and was no little surprised to find her in such a place. "Ah! my child, come in and rest thyself in the cool house. Only see how agitated thou lookest, my dear little love! Only be calm, Father Hieronymus assures us that nothing very dangerous has happened. The ball had only entered the flesh, as he said; and had it not been for the loss of blood and the ride here, the fainting would not have been so violent.

He is now lying in the stranger's turret, and sleeps, Hieronymus is watching by him."

"But how did this happen, Gundula?" asked Magda, "are there really robbers here? Was it an open fight, and were not my grandfather and Hieronymus also in danger?"

"Yes, see, my child; such a thing has not happened since I can remember! In the war-time it is natural, but then we were in Prague, and suffered and endured with the rest; and when we had peace again there were thieves and beggars in abundance, and we built a shed above the moat, there the sufferers were relieved; and although there was a vast throng, owing to the great misery in the country, we still gave freely, and I cannot complain much of theft, and we none of us suffered violence!"

"Yes, Gundula, that was in those times! But, now, how did it happen? That is what I wish to know."

"They shot at him!" cried Gundula, "the shot came from the bushes. The Count made your grandfather ride between him and Hieronymus; behind rode four servants of the gracious gentleman in their rich liveries, as is the custom of the Lacys. Who would have thought such a thing possible? Such attendants! Seven men! Yes! the villains! An open attack they did not attempt. Suddenly the shot was fired whilst the Count was speaking with your grandfather. The noble gentleman fell forward over the pommel of his saddle."

"Great God!" cried Magda, "does he yet live?"

“Yes, my child. Only think, in a moment the blood flowed over his handsome blue silk dress; but the noble young gentleman raised himself, and said, ‘It is of no account, it is only a wound.’ And your grandfather and Father Hieronymus cried and wrung their hands, they were out of their senses. But this was not long the case with your grandfather, the servants came up; two were sent into the thicket to search about, and one was despatched for a letter. Then they lifted him off his horse, and Hieronymus did his part by him. The young gentleman wished to return to the castle, but your grandfather insisted upon bringing him on here, being so near. But he fainted, and then the dispute was at an end; they bore him in the litter hither; ah, he was quite like a corpse to look at?”

“Merciful God!” cried Magda, whilst tears glided over her pale face, “Thou wilt save him, protect him, preserve him!”

“Yes, certainly, certainly, He will, my sweet love! Thou must not be so fearful. Now, tell me, in return, who this guest is whom thou hast brought us; a very stately gentleman, and the servants all in gold, and the handsome horses!”

“God knows!” returned Magda. “It is true, I heard my grandfather call him Prince, and he is good enough to be one; he has truly a king’s soul!”

“Well! thou art very much taken with him. How hast thou learnt all this so quickly?”

“Ah!” said Magda, “I have remarked that if a person is only thoroughly excellent, it is as difficult for him to conceal it as it is for another to

conceal his deficiency. His mien, his carriage, and the tone in which he speaks, all harmonise so beautifully that one is ready to shout with joy!"

"Good Heavens! how lively thou art again! All my days I have heard, 'Do not trust first appearances!'"

"Appearances! appearances! yes! if it be only appearance with him, why should he fascinate one so much? But when the man is himself formed truly after the image of God, that excellence which is so richly stored up within his soul must beam forth from him. This no one can imitate, this is alone possible to him who is truly what he appears to be. This Barbara used also to say; this she well knew, and has often shewn it to me!"

"Yes, truly, she will understand these things better than I do. But now, I must go, for I see the gentlemen coming, and dinner must be served."

Magda turned towards them. This animated discourse with Gundula had recalled the colour to her cheek. She perceived that her grandfather beckoned to her, and she hastened towards him, for she yearned after the soothing bosom of her beloved protector. The stranger approached her, his handsome countenance glowing with affection and emotion; he stretched forth his arms.

"Permit it, Magda," said the grandfather, "he is nearly connected with thee, he has right to thy love."

Magda looked at him with a friendly air; he flung his arms round her, pressed her to his breast, kissing tenderly and repeatedly her beautiful cheeks, "Girl! Beloved girl! my heart could not deceive

me? Oh! receive me among those whom thou dost count as thy beloved ones!"

"That I have done already," said Magda, with a smile, "and rejoice that I was not mistaken!"

"Mistaken?" cried the Prince, "how couldst thou mistake? In thee all is truth, whatever thou receivest must be true likewise, else it will find no place in thee."

"Do not make the girl insane, and confound her with all thy admiration," cried Thomas Thyrnau.

Magda flew to his arms, and her agitated countenance again smiled, whilst with her taper fingers she stroked his glowing cheeks, and gazed archly into his eyes.

"Dost thou know whether I am pleased with what he is now saying to me?" asked she, softly.

"Ah!" answered Thomas Thyrnau, "do not pretend to instruct me in the knowledge of woman! They all like to receive a little adoration—have always a little throne in reserve, which they bring forth immediately, and, in certain cases, ascend quickly enough."

"This time is the throne in my heart," said the Prince; "I have made it for thee, but thou hast furnished me with the means of constructing it."

"To dinner! to dinner!" cried Thyrnau, and drew the girl away from her adoring friend, and soon the cool interior of the house received the three. Here Hieronymus approached them, he had just left his patient, whose present state merely demanded rest. The good physician had caused himself to be relieved by the Count's valet, in order to

enjoy the pleasures of the table after his exertions, and greeted, with a complacent smile, the large silver soup-tureen, which, borne by Veit, was on its way to the dinner-table. The Prince, however, besought a moment of time to despatch an announcement of what had just occurred to the city magistrate at Prague, with the request that he would send forthwith a body of infantry to the forest of Kaurzim, to hunt out the ruffians concealed in it.

Thomas Thyrnau mentioned the occurrence to the justice at Tein and to the keeper of the estate, and availed himself, with more confidence than he chose to avow to the Prince, of their speedy assistance, which was expressly directed to exploring the woods with such followers as could be raised. These two, both clever men in their situations, informed Mr. Thomas Thyrnau that they had already met certain suspicious persons, who had caroused in the village, shewn themselves possessed of a deal of money, and had, at the same time, declared that they preferred a night's lodging in the forest to repose in any other place.

Magda also related to her grandfather what Bezo had hinted, and to her was intrusted the examination of the lad, she alone possessing the power of collecting his thoughts. After much questioning, it was at length discovered that Bezo had not seen the men who were concerting an attack upon some one on his return, but in the early morning, when he was always roaming about; but that this had only occurred to him again, when, on his return from Kaurzim, he reached the spot where he in the

morning had observed them, and that his fidelity and love to Magda, instinctively, as it were, in giving him with anxiety for her safety, he had hastened after her. It was, therefore, agreed that he should accompany the keeper and the justice, partly to point out to them the spot he had mentioned, partly because his extraordinary power of hearing and his quick sight might be of service.

"The whole affair is remarkable," said Thyron when they all had seated themselves, with the patient Father Hieronymus, at the dinner-table. "for the attack appears so completely to have a personal character. But one shot was fired, there was no other attempt to discomfort us, the Count, sinking forward, shewed that he was wounded. A robbery of seven men could only be attempted by a greater number! And then at night, and so near the house, too—what a mad undertaking if they thought of booty! Besides, something happened which at all looked like such an intention."

"This may probably be the case," returned the Hereditary Prince of S., who had just made himself known as such to Hieronymus, "and perhaps, we should have done better in inquiring the private connexions of the young Count before making the affair so public."

"He would be unable to give us any information now," said Hieronymus; "the loss of blood exhausted him, and the wound is painful."

"I detest," said Thomas Thyron, "this species of criminal connexions. Has he such, and those

a nature to occasion an attempt of so horrible a kind, he must endure seeing them brought to light. Believe me, nothing sinks youth deeper in ruin than this veiling, this forbearance towards its thoughtless follies. Did young men immediately suffer when suffering is deserved, they would find the wild intoxication in which they indulge less charming. But it is the vanity of parents and instructors, who will not confess that they have brought up a good-for-nothing fellow,—yes, it is this vanity which ever averts the just chastisement, inspiring frivolity with fresh courage to indulge in all pleasures and follies which still appear attractive.”

“So severe, my old friend?” said the Prince, smiling, “and yet once so mild and forgiving?”

“Neither reproach applies to me,” returned Thyrnau; “I only desire truth, and the older I grow the more I feel its want, the more urgently do I require it, for the arch enemy of mankind glides over the earth, concealed under a thousand forms, and from him the best men even will steal a disguise, in which to wrap some little vanity. I do not venture to determine how near on this earth we approach to the absolute conception of truth, and as little how near or how far I or others are from it; but the truth which ought to be demanded from every human being, and which is most generally neglected, is truth towards ourselves. This eternal dissembling of our motives, in order to support our own weak and foolish actions, so that, should the results be evil, we may at least be able to say that we had the noblest intentions, and are in nowise an-

swerable—this eternal dissimulation is it which turns my blood to gall, and against which I seem severe. Thus there arises, even among the most well-meaning people, such an obstinate system of deception, that it is almost impossible to equal it and the gentlest and most penitent souls even, will at last confess that they have served themselves and their vanity, whilst accustoming themselves to dissimulate their motives, and regarding themselves as innocent martyrs, they have considered they were fully justified in railing against fate.”

The Prince smiled and nodded approvingly to the ardent old man, who continued, with animation,—

“ People will readily confess how far they are from the truth, and also that they have reserved certain favourite sins; but only do not let them rebaptise their favourite sins, so as to form a pretext for indulging in them with impunity. I have all my life long found that the sins in which we deceive ourselves are far more numerous than those with which we deceive other people.”

“ At least,” said the Prince, “ we reproach ourselves for the lies employed against others, but we do not even experience repentance for those employed against ourselves; and yet by the sentiment of repentance is the soul truly born again; it strikes a balance with the past, and strengthens us for a new career.”

“ Yes, it *may* be so,” returned Thomas Thyrnau. “ and I do not think less highly than you do of true repentance, but I look very closely into what is termed such. I have a perfect disgust

what is usually called repentance. Those persons who have most readily accused themselves, and most violently lamented their faults, have preserved them for ever. Either they have met with fools who have assured them their transgression was not so great after all, and that they were really worthy of admiration for their humble confession, or they have prepared for themselves this flattering assurance, and through it have enjoyed a self-exaltation, which would console them for their short humiliation; and with this the matter was at an end. They preserved their faults as a necessary stage for their repentance, and at length attained such dexterity in it that they could as easily and often accuse themselves and repent, as we take off our hats when we meet an old acquaintance. I have often pleased myself with embarrassing these coquettish penitents by appearing to credit every thing which they accused themselves of. At first they would start and imagine I had not heard them properly, would repeat and exaggerate their laments with the wildest extravagance. But when they could only excite my astonishment at the wickedness of human nature, and perceived I only applauded their repentant thoughts, they would at length put forth all those excuses which they had expected from me, and was there only time, they would wash themselves at length so white that nothing remained beyond some small amiable weakness. But, on the contrary, he who feels deeply and bitterly the frailty of human nature, he who would become victorious through God, suffers from his past sins as from a burning

wound in his bosom, and in the certainty that there is only One who can heal it, will bear his suffering and repentance before this Being! From him will come the power to strike a balance, and as if born again to commence a new life. Such a man, my friends, will rarely confess himself penitent before men. Pious shame for his truly acknowledged fault will permit no confession of the tongue, but his downcast eye and flushed brow will move me far more deeply than the other's howl!"

"My father," cried the Hereditary Prince deeply affected, "tell me whether I have understood thee?"

Thomas Thyrnau rose, and as the others followed his example, he embraced the Prince, and kissed his brow, whilst his eyes sparkled, and he resembled the patriarch whose touch communicates the blessing proclaimed from Heaven. But he was too much affected to speak. He strode towards the open doors, and the Hereditary Prince following him he took his arm, and stepped forth with him. The two now pacing up and down communicated much to each other, intended for no ears but theirs.

The Prince related to Thomas Thyrnau his kind reception from the Emperor and Empress and how it had been all the more difficult for him to decline joining the army again, now that the present state of affairs threatened an immediate war. It being naturally feared that Bohemia might suffer the first attack, he had been commanded to traverse its frontiers, and to give the needful orders for the fortifying of Prague. His staff had remained

in Prague, whilst he had hastened to Kaurzim at his earliest leisure to seek for his friend in Tein.

"At all events, it is well that you did not come a day earlier, for yesterday I was surprised by a visit from your father!"

"My father? My father here in the neighbourhood!" cried the Prince, and a terror which he was unable to overcome was expressed in his whole figure.

"He came to remind me of my old ideas about Bohemia," said Thyrnau, "and considered, with his short-sighted political views, that the present moment was a very favourable one for renewing connexions with France. It astonished him somewhat to learn that Madame de Pompadour was more inclined to receive the Empress's glove into her escutcheon, than to oppose her in the lists. He appeared to me to have retrograded intellectually. I bestowed but few arguments upon him, and had some difficulty to prevent myself forgetting that he was under the protection of an old Czechen house, and having in my absence crossed the threshold, he must return with impunity, but I felt the danger increase as he himself inconsiderately irritated certain wounds."

"What madness to think of those plans now!" cried the Prince. "But how did he leave thee? didst thou calm him?"

"Calm him?" returned Thyrnau. "He withdrew like a half-slain bull which carries with him the broken spear that struck him; by his bellowing giving us to understand that although half-vanquished, he has still retained his peculiar nature, his

wildness! He threatened me, and he doubtless thinks of revenge!"

"Would to God he possessed less power to do than is the case," said the Prince. "Thy carelessness on this point goes, perhaps, too far."

"Do not think so. I am acquainted with a danger which threatens me, and therefore it makes me no longer uneasy. What appears to thee careless is the peace which springs from a well meditated and clearly understood subject. It surprises me no more. I have long since settled with God and with myself; I now let men make what they like of it, what they must; and anticipating it does not even excite my expectation, and therefore I shall pursue the aims of my life in undisturbed peace until that moment arrives which must arrive either sooner or later. I often feel thankful for having placed myself in such danger, rest has been granted me to such an advanced period of life before the consequences have disturbed my peace. I might say, now I have time! At my age toil for ourselves ceases to be important. The youthful fancy which causes men to think that they in preference to others are summoned to call forth, develop, and complete some great work, quietly giving place to the conviction that we are indebted for our success to the cooperation of numbers; and that no one can entirely complete his schemes who ventures beyond plans for his house and home, or for the simple intercourse of life; but he can merely encourage others to carry a stone to the building, which Time will then receive into her uncircumscribed stewardship!"

the same degree that through this conviction those around us rise in value, does it diminish our own individual importance. Those plans which I, in union with the noblest minds, gave rise to, have not been in vain. What I then desired has failed; and, perhaps, there is no circumstance in my life over which I rejoice more than that it has *failed in the manner* I desired. The birth of an idea resembles in its fate the birth of a human being. From the cradle in which it yet slumbers is it the willing object of all the hopes and plans for that future which we have marked out for it, for that life of usefulness which we expect from it. In nothing does this child of ours, this idea, disappoint us; it breathes, has head, hands, and feet; it cries as loud as any other. In what is it deficient? we think. All that was ever needful it possesses, and it must fulfil our anticipations. But now the idea goes forth from the small cradle of our brain in which we have rocked it, and grows so fast that we can no longer conceal it. This at first is what we desire, we wish it to stand developed before us; we summon those who with us impatiently awaited the birth of this idea, and have longed for its growth, and now we watch how its feet commence walking. Here, also, we promote its course, smoothe its way, and remove all impediments. But, my friend, how much does the course which now begins astonish us? Where is the path which we have pointed out; where in its rapid career remain the garments which we deemed fitting for our child? Now with over-haste, its dress will catch upon some object, now it will lose first

this article, then another. We hasten after it, to guide, catch, and bring it back, and are surprised to find that time, meanwhile, has changed the way. We wish to overtake our idea and direct it elsewhere, and, what happiness! should this still be in our power; if, during this self-willed course we have not lost our command over it, and do not, upon overtaking it, find it already so disfigured that we stand back with shame, exclaiming, We imagined something different. Pardon this long simile. It is applicable. Whilst we yet rocked this child in our brain, it was an angelic form, and we had faith in its wings. But when it left us, and came into contact with the world, we no longer recognised it, and it was to be silenced for ever when Maria Theresa, this true mistress of herself, ascended the throne. Then she became the idea which filled with enthusiasm, and we stood on her side."

"Oh! Thyrnau, if she only knew thee!" cried the Prince.

"Cease that desire, it is now too late. She was only become acquainted with me to condemn me; but for this, also, shall I thank her. If I have only time to shew her the angelic child which once was cradled here, if I have only time to tell her that later, when it came forth metamorphosed, I would not own it, then mine will be a beautiful life's evening! In this Empress's brow is stored the truth that shall kindle the world's purifying fire. For her I will not conceal my bold, youthful projects, because their execution would have rendered me culpable; she shall become the cherisher of

thoughts. She stands between two generations—she has graven in her mind the experience of the vanishing one, she belongs to the rising one by every sentiment of her exalted bosom, every thought of her soaring mind.”

The Prince looked at the countenance of the old man as he stood speaking with his eyes raised to heaven,—he had forgotten where he was, nay even that he spoke.

“Thou youth!” cried the Prince—“thou eternal youth!”

Thomas glanced at him; one saw that he was collecting his thoughts. As he returned to himself an expression of embarrassment—of shame—passed over his countenance. He had been too much carried away by his feelings, he would not permit the man—the old man, to indulge in such bursts of enthusiasm. He walked silently beside the Prince, his head sunk, his hands folded behind him. The Prince felt this, and sought to lead his thoughts into a fresh channel.

“Dost thou think my father knows of my being in Bohemia?” he asked, as they pursued their walk.

“There is little doubt about it: and I am surprised that you missed each other, for his route was through Prague, and he had a suite with him which would not be easily overlooked.”

“This explains many things to me, and I hope we may not discover more than is agreeable to us. I had only four of my people with me; one of them informed me that he had been questioned by an

unknown person regarding all the particulars of my journey. The honest fellow could have betrayed but little himself, and has been long enough in my service to evade inquisitive inquiry. Nevertheless he maintained that we were watched upon our way."

Thomas Thyrnau stopped short, and both gazed at each other with excited and questioning eyes.

"Were it possible?" cried Thyrnau.

The Prince shrugged his shoulders.

"It would only be another step in the course which has so long pursued."

Thomas Thyrnau shuddered.

"I know," continued the Prince, "that he has been severely treated by their majesties; whilst on the contrary, have received an office which is a sign of their unchanged feeling towards me."

"It is enough," cried Thyrnau; "we must be prudent. All prisoners who may be taken must first be brought before us."

"And I," said the Prince—"I will despatch a second command to Prague, which shall recall the former one; we should no longer have the affairs of our own hands were the authorities there to meddle in it."

The two, therefore, returned with this intention towards the Dohlen-nest, from which, in the fervour of their discourse, they had withdrawn themselves at a considerable distance. Suddenly, as Thomas Thyrnau on their return led the way through a light thicket, they perceived a human form, which, lying on the ground, had almost the appearance of a

neighbourhood. If this unfortunate
ere only able to express what he per-
ould hear of extraordinary results from
ve power of observation. But as it is,
ith difficulty learn any thing from him;
r conclude that where he is on the watch
s going on."

paces farther they perceived the keeper
his assistants leading Bezo back, and
e path which he had just left. The
mediately approached the two gentlemen,
d them that, as Bezo would not quit this
forest, they had reason to believe that a
erson had concealed himself here.

we will send you some more men to
athways," said the Prince, with anima-
l take care that your prisoner be imme-
ied to the village prison, leaving all ex-
ntil you have informed us."

nce withdrew quickly after these words,
s Thyrnau followed him, after some re-

for with the most careful search they could discover such traces as broken boughs and trampled grass, but no longer any human being; and the seekers imagined that Bezo, having discovered these traces, had obstinately remained at this spot. They had, therefore, left him to himself, and were already at a considerable distance, when a fearful cry of anguish reached their ears, and drew them back towards the quarter they had just quitted. Bezo's cry, for such they soon recognised it to be, seemed to echo from the sky; the experienced keeper soon perceived that it came from the tree-tops. They were quickly at the spot, and there they saw Bezo suspended perpendicularly between the boughs of a huge elm-tree, whilst his legs and arms hung down also; so that, at the first moment, owing to the thick foliage, which prevented a distinct view, it seemed almost inconceivable how he could sustain himself in this position without the aid of arms and legs. But when the keeper crept towards the trunk of the tree he saw that Bezo was suspended, floating in the air from the collar of his jacket, by a single hand, and that this hand belonged to a second body, which shewed itself in the summit of the tree.

Bezo's situation justified his cry of terror, for were this hand to release its grasp—and, probably it was out of no kindly feeling that it held him floating in the air—the poor boy would be precipitated from this considerable height down upon a mass of gnarled and tangled roots, and might be broken by his neck or be dashed to pieces even. No t

was to be lost—the keeper quickly communicated his opinion to his assistants who were arriving, and whilst they crowded beneath Bezo's floating form, they commanded the enemy to surrender himself. For some time no answer was returned, but the unhappy lad's cry now changed into a painful and groaning rattle, and all feared lest he should be strangled. In a moment the keeper directed his gun towards the strange form, and shouted to him that he would shoot did he injure the boy. Scarcely was this said before Bezo was precipitated from above, but was caught by the huntsmen, who saved this half-dead body from being dashed to pieces; his red and blue disfigured face seemed scarcely to belong to a living being. Yet they were unable to bestow attention upon this poor, help-requiring creature, for at the same moment a manly form, with the greatest strength and agility, descended, quick as an arrow, on the other side of the tree, desirous of availing itself of the momentary confusion occasioned by the fall of the boy to attain the neighbouring thicket. But this was too desperate an attempt, considering how active and well acquainted with the wood these huntsmen were, and it seemed, also, as if the fugitive gave himself up as lost, for being soon overtaken, he offered no longer any resistance, and let himself be secured and led back.

“Beasts!” said he, glancing wildly around him, “if I had only *one* ball in my piece and a few grains of powder, you might have whistled after me, but most certainly you would not have caught me. That

miserable worm!" cried he, disdainfully pushing aside poor Bezo's body, as he still lay unconscious on the ground. "Whatever sort of hellish cat did you then set at me? That beast climbed up into the very top of the tree to fetch me down."

No one answered him. Even the two huntsmen who held him glanced at Bezo, and thought only of the poor lad, about whom the keeper and the others were affectionately busied.

"Thank God! he is not dead after all!" said at length the keeper; "take him alternately on your shoulders and bear him to the Dohlen-nest; here you can receive no assistance! Ah! thou knavish fellow" cried he, turning warmly towards the arrested man "it shall go ill with thee if the poor young man dies."

"Is it, then, a man?" cried the other, laughing scornfully. "Well, no one who sees him first would consider him as such! I thought your woods must breed apes and sea-cats when I saw that worm running up the tree as if he had claws on his feet!"

"Hence!" said the keeper, and pushed him forward; "and do not forget that we have our gun loaded."

"Now I will go with you!" returned the other "otherwise your threats should not drive me!"

They took the way towards the village, and when two of the huntsmen bore Bezo towards the Dohlen nest, and announced the capture of the supposed murderer, was the latter consigned to the village prison, and after he had been securely locked in, two young men, at the command of the bailiff, guarded the strong door, armed with muskets.

To the surprise of the assembled village authorities, Thomas Thyrnau, usually so prompt on such occasions, was in vain awaited, and as night came on, the assembly was about to break up, when the advocate, accompanied by a gentleman, whose hat concealed his countenance from observation, entered the bailiff's dwelling. With acuteness and precision he immediately put the necessary questions, fixed the formal examination for early the next morning, and requested from the bailiff the keys of the prison, which was a well-guarded and secure apartment, near to the audience-chamber, and then dismissed the good country folks.

When the two gentlemen were once more alone, the Prince—for it was he who had accompanied Thomas Thyrnau—took the keys out of his friend's hand, "Let me go alone to the prisoner, I beg—not thee, I beseech!—not thee!"

The advocate demurred. "If we are not mistaken, it will not be without danger to thee!" said he at length.

The Prince smiled. "I have physical strength enough to oppose the enemy! Allow me—spare me!"

Thomas Thyrnau stepped back; the Prince took the keys. "On the road I shall find thee!" said he. The advocate nodded and left the house.

The Prince went through the audience-chamber towards the small passage which was open on the court side, and in which was the prison door. Here he found two strong village youths pacing up and down with their guns, and they manfully opposed

his progress, until the Prince shewed them the key and thereby overcame their scruples.

The Prince entered the small vaulted room where, by the light of a lamp, he recognised the prisoner; and closed the door after him.

The young men were no little astonished by the late visitor, in whom they recognised Thomas Thyrnau's noble guest, and respectfully withdrew from the door into the court. But their surprise was more increased by the length of the visit. At last the keys were heard turning in the locks; it was long ere the visitor had finished unlocking and the locking again; but at length the handsome, affable gentleman approached the young men and gave the keys to them. "Have you the night-watch men my honest lads?" asked the Prince.

"Yes, your grace!" replied the first, "we will remain the night here, although it is always difficult when the day has its toil also, which is the case here at hay-harvest."

"Let one of you go, then, into the village and bring a couple of bottles of wine, that will help shorten the night."

The youths joyfully extended their hands for the money, and the Prince left them.

When he reached the road he perceived Thomas Thyrnau pacing up and down, rubbing his hands violently, as he was accustomed to do when very impatient. "Ah!" said he, evidently relieved when he saw the Prince, "that was a long examination, my dear fellow."

"Pardon me!" said the Prince, gently, and went

an exhausted voice. "It could not be otherwise!
But let us return, I require rest."

When they had reached the Dohlen-nest, and the light of the tapers fell upon the Prince, Thomas Thyrnau no longer doubted that his guest needed repose, for he was unusually pale, and looked very melancholy and agitated. They pressed each other's hands in silence, and the social intercourse of that evening was at an end for the household.

CHAPTER V.

THE fresh morning, which gradually assembled the dwellers of the Dohlen-nest beneath the shady trees before the house, brought with it satisfactory tidings concerning the Count von Lacy and Bezó, both of whom Hieronymus pronounced recovered. The Prince, however, announced his return to Prague, and sought to observe in what degree of affection he would be remembered by Magda. Her dark eyes examined him with their peculiar flashings of arch merriment; she extended, willingly, her slender hand towards him, and her every action shewed that his words were not unregarded by her; but she was already woman enough to leave him no doubt regarding her sentiments.

Whilst the horses were being brought forth, a group of peasants was seen approaching the Dohlen-nest along the highway. Thyrnau went forward towards them, and from a distance it might be seen that a hurried and confused discourse followed, which the advocate at length brought to order by a few decisive words, so that he could hear the speaker one by one; soon after Thomas Thyrnau dismissed

hem with a few words, and without reply they quietly returned the way they had come.

The advocate returning, approached the Prince, who was in discourse with Magda and Hieronymus.

“I have the duty of announcing to your highness, that the prisoner arrested last evening, and consigned to the village-prison on suspicion of a murderous attempt, has found during the night means of escape.”

Saying this, Thomas Thyrnau bowed low before the Prince, and his solemnity of manner had an ironical character not to be mistaken. The Prince, not knowing publicly how to assume the proper bearing, also bowed low, avoiding the advocate's large, fiery eyes, whilst he returned an unmeaning reply.

“We might still cause the prisoner to be pursued,” continued the advocate.

“And wherefore?” cried the Prince, hastily; “he will doubtless seek the frontiers, and we need hardly expect further annoyance from him.”

“If such is the opinion of your highness,” returned the other, “I will for this time follow your decision.”

The Prince quickly embraced the advocate, and for a moment they gazed earnestly and inquiringly into each other's eyes. In this look they must have said much, for neither of them could conceal his emotion. The Prince took a hasty leave of them, and was soon seen, at the head of his attendants, galloping across the meadow-ground.

There now followed in the Dohlen-nest of those unpleasant periods when some important occurrence has disturbed the customary order of day, but which, nevertheless, does not make sufficient demands upon our own exertions to serve as a diversion for our thoughts. The invisible presence of the Count von Lacy, on whom Hieronymus imposed the most perfect rest, was to Magda the nightmare, and when she strove to rouse herself from her own depressed condition, and looked to her grandfather, hoping for relief from him, she easily perceived that he also had lost some of his joyous calmness, like her was become thoughtful, and that his sportive tenderness has assumed a graver and deeper character.

It was, therefore, a beneficial excitement for her when one day Hieronymus declared that he would conduct his patient at noon into the fresh air. Magda, it is true, would have preferred remaining in her tower among the tree-tops, but her playful spirit had disputed so long with her despondent heart, that she at length conquered, and courageously descended at the same hour.

Behind the screen, standing within the deep embrasure of the window, half concealed by the curtain, she heard how Thomas Thyrnau and Hieronymus conducted the sick man down the stairs, and distinguished their voices. She approached the dinner-table, at which they were about to seat themselves, and now heard distinctly how the patient complained that walking was more difficult than

had anticipated. She listened and rose, bending forward : there stood the three opposite, at the other end of the table.

" Ah ! " cried the sick man, " that is your granddaughter, the nymph of the lake ! "

" That is Magda, " said Thyrnau ; " and, my dear girl, thou seest the nephew of thy best friend, the Count von Lacy. "

Magda stood immovable, without a greeting or reply, but her flashing eyes seemed almost to penetrate the sick man. He, meantime, had come round the table towards her ; he was going to seize her hand, but Magda drew her hand quickly away, and said, stepping back, " No ! no ! Magda is too good for a carnival trick ! "

Thomas Thyrnau witnessed what he had so much feared. He saw that Magda had imagined him different, and would not now acknowledge him. He, therefore, laughed more loudly than the occasion demanded, endeavouring to turn this embarrassing scene into a joke.

" Here you have a specimen of this froward girl's behaviour, and of my good manner of bringing her up. Now take heed how she treats you, for I myself sometimes receive scoldings from her. "

Magda gazed inquiringly at her grandfather. To-day she could not read his soul, she did not understand him, but imagining all was intended for jest, she suddenly felt that there was no longer any occasion to be grave ; a stone fell from her heart, and she determined to enter into the joke, and make fun of them all, since she supposed that was what

they intended to do with her. She therefore laughed sooner than her grandfather had expected, and extending her hand to the Count, she cried,—

“I will now shew you that my grandfather has slandered me! Count von Lacy, you shall see in me an example of my good bringing up.”

She was wonderfully beautiful at this moment; there lay an expression of derision and scorn in her features, beneath which lurked a secret fire, glowing like anger. Neither did Thomas Thyrnau understand her, but it satisfied him that he saw her thus animated, for he perceived its effects on the countenance of the sick man, and he permitted her to avenge him for many a frosty repulse he had experienced.

Thus they took their places at the table, and the excitement of the three principal persons did not fail to give interest and animation to their discourse. The endeavour of the guest to draw Magda into conversation was soon crowned with success, for the young girl was spurred on by petulance. But the advocate said every now and then to himself, “She is so bold and unrestrainedly merry! That is not the mood of mind in which a young girl begins to fall in love; and thus he will have it all to himself for some time, for he is already deeply in love.”

“And if war comes, I shall remain precisely here,” remarked Magda, in discourse; “in the first place, I do not fear any thing, and, secondly, I will keep order here; all the women in Tein shall arm themselves, and I will lead them on—we will defend the village!”

Good Heavens!" returned her young adorer, believe, dear Magda, you could do whatsoever you like; but wherefore would you not rather care to be wounded and relieve the sick? War brings affliction of all kinds with it."

In the first place, I will, as much as is in my power, prevent it from desolating that hearth where I wish to relieve the suffering."

Well, then, accept me as the defender of your hearth, and pursue your works of charity at home, and I will protect that roof beneath which you live."

You at home?—when my beautiful Empress summons her subjects—when all rush onward—the whole nation becomes *one* armed man, against whom the enemy bows himself? Are you afraid?" cried she, leaning forward, and gazing at him with her flashing eyes,—“Go! go! you have forgotten the name!—this is not the humour of the times, that when thinking of war and arms they are only of defending a hearth, so that a silly girl remain quietly at home and weave her lace!” The young man laughed, blushing deeply at the time.

Reflect that you have before you one who is, without any sense, wounded and vanquished. Do not despise me because the hearth where I might have protected you would be dearer to me than all renown and the heroic deeds of earth. Every feeling has its time, and this time its privilege; now is this my beautiful, most blessed time, for nothing but you will I love, admire, and adore!”

“Perhaps you have as little right to say as I to hear this; and since there is a time for every thing, it is now the time that I will not endure this! What dost think, grandfather, the old Count von Lacy would say to me if I were to listen to this young gentleman?”

“Well!” said the old man, laughing, yet carefully watching the proceedings of the young girl; “he would, I think, as he has so frequently done, permit thee to indulge in thy saucy mood, and agree that thou alone wast]able to understand thyself.”

“I think so too,” replied she, with animation. “‘Girl!’ he would say, ‘thou hast lived long enough among Lacys to learn their mode of thought and action. Examine well, and discover whether he who is now before thee be of the true race!’”

Blind as the young man’s growing love mad him to Magda’s rudeness, still these last words seemed evidently to wound him. He turned from her towards the advocate; and here also was he met by an equally keenly searching look, which still more increased the impression made by Magda’s words.

“Would he not say,” cried he, with emotion, “wound no heart which approaches thee in love? Value a heart in which thou canst confide more highly than the lineage and splendour of all our noble families,—a heart which knows nothing of rights and covenants—which seeks a heart—woes a heart!”

Magda listened with astonishment; she cast down her eyes at length embarrassed, and blushed. His was no jest which made the young man's voice clearer, and called forth these words so truthfully and beautifully. For one moment she was uncertain, and this uncertainty diffused the charm of maiden bashfulness over her countenance, the only thing which had yet been wanting to her; and it now completed her conquest over the young man. How speedily are men reconciled when they are desirous to win a heart! It is only when they at length possess this heart that they feel how much they have expended in obtaining it.

"Oh, do not be wroth with my untimely ravity!" pursued he, immediately; "how I am to blame for having chased the gaiety from this child-like brow! Oh, smile again, sweet Magda! I subject myself to your examination, and even should you discover in me one unworthy of the name of a jester, there will yet remain much which will again reconcile us."

"Stay! stay!" cried Thomas Thyrnau, "this discourse is becoming too touching for old ears! Young people! do not forget that we desire our share in your conversation. Hieronymus, leave thy nails a moment in peace, and assist me to raise the conversation from its depth of sentimentality!"

"Thou art very much afraid of gravity to-day, grandfather!" said Magda, returning to her former mood; "and since thou dost intend to try my humour, it shall not deceive thee, although thou dost consider that I have more fun than under-

standing, and therefore I shall take an opportunity of avenging myself!"

Thus they continued to jest and rally each other; yet it was still perceptible that the young man strove to render the conversation serious, a desire so natural with men in the commencement of an attachment. But Magda appeared, so soon as she perceived the attempt, so excited by it that her excessive merriment had almost something of anger in it.

Yet, spite of all this, Thomas Thyrnau did not appear inclined to lengthen the meal-time as was usually the case; and, as he rose from table, Magda also seemed as if relieved from a great weight, and quickly freeing herself from the others, she sought her turret.

Scarcely had she secured the door than, burst into a violent flood of tears, she flung herself upon her knees and buried her burning face in the pillows of her bed, with the bitter sentiment having been deeply wounded. Here she passed the remainder of the day. Spite of the tears which flowed for her relief, her heart still seemed to retain its burden; and Magda, who but a few hours before had been so hopeful and so happy, now during this torturing anguish, sought to gain elevated views of life and to form proud and magnanimous resolves. Gundula was sent away from the closet-door, and when at length the stars illuminated the dark chamber, Magda hastened on the flat roof of the turrets to breathe the air; and the pleasant wood, with all its well-known joys, now wrapt by the moonless night, appeared to her a silent, so-

grave, in which she would like to sink and forget her deep grief.

The stars were already about to set, when Magda, in this dangerous situation, sank into a heavy and unrefreshing sleep. As she awoke the lateness of the hour shocked her, for she could easily tell the progress of the morning by the position of the sun. Her clothes were wet through with dew—she lay upon the cold, damp roof of the tower, and her body was stiff and heavy. But a few moments only were necessary for her to recollect the cause of this unusual condition, and these moments awoke the fire-stream of her blood, and sent it careering through her stiffened form.

She recollected this morning until her dying day, and regarded it as the crisis of her fate. She appeared to herself changed—it was gentle and calm within her, she only desired never more to speak, never more to quit her turret. She thought of Barbara with deep love, and yearned after her.

Meanwhile she did every thing silently as she had been accustomed to do it at Barbara's. She attired herself without Gundula's aid, with great calmness and attention; arranged her small room herself, prayed for a long time silently, and then, with the necessary agility, descended the exterior and ruinous steps which led down into the dewy wood. Here she again recovered her former free respiration, her swollen eyelids were refreshed, and her eye became clear. "Perhaps it is after all better than thou imaginest!" whispered Hope gently to her; but she felt, as reply, a pang in her bosom.

Then she collected her strength, and was resolved to act as she had yesterday determined. But where might her youth have gained the melancholy art of rightly commencing that which she had resolved upon. Sunk in thought she had almost trodden upon Bezo, who had been long recovered, and who lay cowering upon the turret-stairs, his instinct probably having told him where Magda had slept that night.

"Bezo," said she, "how didst thou come here, hast thou done every thing in the kitchen?"

Bezo pointed with his finger towards the sun.

"Thou wouldst say that it is already late?" pursued Magda.

"Nika, milk once more," said Bezo.

"Indeed!" returned Magda; "my milk has grown cold; well, then, it must be late indeed!"

"Magda has sorrow!" cried Bezo, mournfully, gazing at her with his idiotic eyes.

"Why dost thou think so, Bezo?" asked she.

But Bezo merely sorrowfully repeated his words.

"Is my grandfather still at breakfast?" asked Magda.

Bezo laughed hoarsely,—"Lise, great horse—Krips, little horse—Bleck, handsome—there, there!" and he pointed towards the forest-road, and made some imperfect attempts to imitate riding.

"Have they all ridden away?" inquired Magda, with surprise.

She went quickly round the turret and towards the entrance of the house. Gundula approached

but, although Magda's exterior called forth a hundred questions to the good woman's lips, she suppressed them all, by hastily inquiring, and with whom, her grandfather had ridden."

Well; and with whom should he but with his nephew the Count and Father Hieronymus? To the surrender of Tein to be made, and therefore set out early in order that the Count might be at the cool. They will not return to dinner on account of the noonday heat; they will dine at home and the Count will remain there. Thy grandfather ordered me to inform his dear Magda of this and she must endeavour to amuse herself to-day."

With glowing glances, as if the deepest secret were concealed in the old woman's words, did Magda receive them, weighing each. When the old woman had finished, Magda drew a deep breath, suddenly she stepped round on the threshold, and clapped her hands. "Quick!" cried she to the groom who had received her summons; "saddle my horse and bring it! But, quickly! I beseech thee, quickly!" "My God, my love!" cried Gundula, "thy grandfather said nothing about riding after him." "I am well aware of that," replied Magda, in a calm manner, "but, nevertheless, I must after him."

"And I would also observe," added Gundula, "that Tein may not now be as accessible to my love, as a young lady, as it was when he was a child."

“ I thank thee, Gundula,” said Magda, in the same tone; “ I should most certainly have thine the same myself at any other time; but to-day I must, nevertheless, go thither.”

“ Well, thou wilt know what is best,” replied Gundula, who always soon ceased to oppose Magda.

“ But do me the kindness and take something for breakfast; thou hast quite neglected eating to-day.”

“ As thou wilt, dear Gundula,” said Magda, and seated herself on the seat beside the door.

“ Make haste! make haste!” cried she, with an anguish of soul, and once more clapped her hands.

Gundula soon brought milk, cake, and butter, and although Magda hastily tasted of all, she scarcely appeared to know what she was eating.

“ Thy grandfather has, doubtless, forgotten something that thou art in such haste, my good child,” said Gundula, who set before her something that she had brought for breakfast; “ but do not hurry thyself too much. I will not say that thou might have taken it alone.”

“ No, no!” said Magda; “ believe me, Gundula, I—I myself must be there!”

And now the horses were brought forth; Magda soon sat in the saddle, and Gundula, gazing after her, sighed, for her warning seemed forgotten. Magda was in the greatest haste, and she trotted away in the cool shadows of the forest as quickly as the rider herself desired.

CHAPTER VI.

ALREADY, the previous evening after Magda left the gentlemen, the young man, who pronounced himself perfectly recovered, had requested from Thomas Thyrnau the final communication concerning the testament of the old Count von Lacy. It was strange that Thomas Thyrnau, formerly so anxious to bring this affair forward, should now always seek to keep it back, and even had so positively refused to gratify the young man, that now when he once more put forth his claims, the old advocate found an opponent in Hieronymus himself, who said that he had no right any longer to refuse this to the Count von Lacy. It was easy to perceive how unwillingly Thomas Thyrnau gave way, but all reasons for a further delay seemed wanting; at length he consented to accompany his two urgent friends to Tein, where alone, he declared, were the necessary documents to be found. But the same evening he despatched messengers to Kaurzim, the first post-station, and even farther, for he seemed to be expecting letters, and the next morning did not

the little conversation which passed between companions.

As they dismounted at the terrace, all the domestics of the house, informed of the arrival of young master, had assembled there, in full view to do him reverence. This time, also, the young did not salute these servants in that manner which Thomas Thyrnau held as right. Embarrassed in haste, he merely returned their salutations, without addressing them by name, which is so grateful and is a mark of recollection, and excusing himself to them, by saying that he desired to reach the house on account of his arm having become painful from the ride, he walked quickly past them.

Thomas Thyrnau stood at the entrance and well observed this scene. He received the young man with a glance, which was so extraordinarily sharp and piercing, that a fiery crimson mounted on the young man's brow; and as they entered the house together, the domestics, who were looking at them, observed that Thomas Thyrnau, quickly and silently, shook his head.

two lawyers were waiting in the ante-room, where they had drawn up the little deed which was to make him legal possessor. "And nothing now was wanting," added the advocate, "but that the Count, as well as Hieronymus and himself, should sign the declaration, after they had all assured themselves of the existence of the testament."

"And to what end are these formalities, my old friend?" said the young man. "Are not we ourselves sufficient? Are such things allowable among friends?"

"Even among friends this would be necessary," returned Thomas Thyrnau, "even if this term may be applied to us. The question is, whether after the transactions which await us, we shall remain friends. Besides, do not forget, this is the only legal step which the nature of the affair permits; that the deep importance of its being kept profoundly secret will make legal assistance afterwards impossible for you as well as for myself."

"Ah!" returned the other, "may we not rather hope, that this troublesome, unpleasant secret may vanish in smoke when its contents are revealed?"

"Young sir!" cried Thomas Thyrnau, "what such a man as the deceased Count von Lacy,—yes, and you must permit me to add, what I myself regard as a pressing necessity, ought at least to impress you with some faith in its importance! We both of us had reached an age which confers experience, and our judgment has seldom been doubted. I, therefore, repeat once more to you that this secret is of such importance, that should any other than

the rightful Count von Lacy accidentally, or through curiosity, be so void of conscientiousness, as to intrude himself in this affair, I would declare him to be a dishonourable wretch, and would challenge him, although my old but firm hand must arm itself with sword or pistol; for I should think such a rascal did not deserve to live and disturb the noble plans of two honourable men!"

"Stop!" cried the young man, and his eyes flashed fire, whilst a deathly paleness spread itself over his countenance; "your threats and your violence are misplaced. No one ought to consider himself so infallible in his conclusions as to wish to subjugate the actions of another. Whatever the Count von Lacy might have destined for himself and you, he could not extend his power over the will of his successor, who undoubtedly has an equal right to have a confidant, to choose himself a friend and confidant as he did in you; and, therefore, what unheard-of arrogance would it be in you to address to such an one the offensive words which you have just spoken?"

"And yet, my lord," said the advocate, "would such words be fully justified, and would most justly be directed against the heir of my friend, the venerable Count von Lacy, were he to pay so little regard to the command of a dying old man, his benefactor, as thus slightingly to trifle with that secrecy demanded from him, and abandon this important matter to the judgment of another before he himself is acquainted with it! Ah, wherefore should this most worthy of men have deserved this betrayal of

his confidence, this mark of disrespect towards his will, precisely from the one who was, until now, too young and insignificant to repay the benefits he had received from him by aught else but words? And what else is incumbent upon the one who was the participator in these noble but mysterious plans, and is equally called upon to bring them into operation, than to protect them against the folly of youthful precipitation, and to avenge them, should that attempt miscarry?"

"Let us pause!" cried the other, deeply affected; "we have both of us been too violent. Let us leave for a moment these transactions which are so exciting, and which accord so ill with that condition after which I yearn! Only tell me whether you will grant me Magda if I am able to win her love. I can think of nothing but this one thing, and feel that the importance of this one condition will make me able to fulfil all others."

"We will speak about this when you are acquainted with the testament," returned Thomas Thyrnau; "until then I have neither a wish nor a reply."

"Then cease a moment," said the young man, with emotion; "I must seek to refresh myself a little—a short walk to the lake will strengthen me."

He withdrew, and Thomas Thyrnau gazed gloomily after him.

"If it were possible, Hieronymus—if it were possible," cried he, with vehemence, "that he could thus scorn—betray me? Good God! my poor girl!"

“Be prudent,” said Hieronymus, without
ing up.

The advocate raised the small key to the ca
and said, in a low but firm voice,—

“I have it still.”

Hieronymus nodded, and the two remaine
lently sitting opposite each other, and awaited
young man’s return. When he again entere
said to Thomas Thyrnau,—

“Let the legal transactions commence,
you consider them necessary.”

The advocate rang the bell, and the law
entered: the business commenced with all due
mality. The advocate unlocked the casket, all
sent satisfied themselves that it contained the
sealed testament. After this the advocate
closed the casket, and put the little key in
pocket. All was now ended but giving the s
tures.

“We have not considered that I cannot w
said the young man, and exhibited his swollen
hand, which still rested in the sling.

“This exertion is possible without causing
consequences,” returned the advocate, calmly.

“We shall see that,” cried the other, ex
“Give me a pen, if you please.” One was
him: precisely the three first fingers were im
able. It must have struck even the most ign
person that he could never write. “I will im
the arms of the Lacys,” cried he; “it may
my title to this deed.”

The advocate permitted, without further ren

this illegal proceeding. He became paler, and yet ever firmer, and hastened the termination of the transaction.

After the other witnesses had signed; Thomas Thyrnau dismissed the two lawyers, who immediately left the castle. The three gentlemen were now alone, and a silence fell upon them, which no one seemed desirous to be the first to break. The advocate stood calmly there, his hands pressed upon the table, and his former violence had given way to an expression of deep grief. Between his two hands stood the casket, on which his eyes were riveted with this expression we have just mentioned.

He raised himself at length, with a heavily drawn sigh took the key, and brought out the mysterious testament. He weighed it in his hands, as if from its contents it appeared heavy to him, then raised his large, grave eyes, and fixed them upon the pale young man, who had sunk exhausted into a seat opposite to him.

“The moment is arrived when I can no longer conceal the contents of these leaves from you. I repeat once more that this testament is of great importance, that no one may gain knowledge of the same but Hieronymus and he who can call himself truly the successor of that Lacy who made it. As I have sworn to protect this secret from profanation, and to do every thing which shall assure fortunate results, according to the deceased’s intent, I now solemnly swear to revenge its betrayal, without regard of persons. Now decide whether I shall

loose the seals,—and once more hear me say, that Lacy only may learn the contents.”

Thomas Thyrnau seized the cord to which the seals hung, ready to break them open, but the young man sprang forward, and with his left hand pressed down the hand of the advocate.

“Stop!” cried he, “until now——”

He would have said more, but rapid steps were heard hastening through the ante-room; the door flew open, and Magda rushed in, pale, breathless, trembling all over.

With one glance she perceived that the fatal moment had arrived for all. She did not notice the angry look of her grandfather; though she heard her name pronounced by all, she paid no heed to it, but flew towards her grandfather.

“Betray nothing to him!” cried she, faltering as if choked; “for God’s sake betray nothing to him—he is deceiving thee—he is no Lacy!”

“Oh, Magda, what a doom!” cried the young man; and, concealing his face, sank back into his chair.

“My presentiment!” added Thomas Thyrnau. “But,” cried he, suddenly collecting himself, “where hast thou this intelligence—who has told thee this?”

“Oh, grandfather,” cried Magda, fearfully, whilst all the blood from her burdened heart flew to her cheeks, “I have seen him—I know him—and he looks thus—thus!” and she hastened towards the door which led into the side room, where hung the portrait of the old Count, painted when a youth.

But as she flung open the doors, and cried once more, "Thus looks Count von Lacy!" she uttered a loud cry, and, falling back, was caught by Hieronymus, who stood nearest to her, and who perceived that she was staggering.

From the interior of the room there came forth at this moment a young man, who seemed to be that very portrait which Magda had called up as witness, now endowed with life. He appeared to notice neither Magda nor yet this extraordinary introduction; with quick steps he strode forward, and his eye glanced uneasily over the group, then riveted itself reproachfully upon the wounded youth whom Magda had just accused of imposture.

"Oh," cried he, sorrowfully, and turned towards him, "what have you done? How far have you ventured to exceed the limits? What have you prepared for me?"

Thomas Thyrnau, through the experience he had had in this affair, was—although something still remained dark to him—convinced, and no longer doubted for a moment, that now the Count von Lacy stood before him for the first time. Every feature—his handsome figure—the tone of voice—all recalled to him the beloved friend of his youth. His heart swelled, and he would willingly have pressed him to his breast; but he suppressed this impulse of his spirit, for there was a doubt between them. Had he known of this deceit, or had he been deceived like all the rest? this must be explained before he could permit his heart to speak. The Count himself seemed impelled to give an explana-

listened to his words,—

“Forgive me, beloved Lacy—forgive me it is the greatest of my life! I did not dream concerted it how all stood here. Yes,” cried hastening towards Thyrnau, “I did not dream this strange secret would inspire me with remorse since it is guarded by so noble and highly gifted a man. I did not dream that this maiden, who should be the prize, would so completely rob me of the poor remainder of my understanding.”

Thyrnau relapsed for one moment from his stern bearing to convince himself that Hieronym removed Magda, then his eyes again fixed themselves, with a grave calmness, upon the two men.

“Thyrnau,” cried Lacy, approaching him with deep emotion, “do not deny me! Do not at the first moment which conducts the nephew and friend to you, be clouded by mistrust. Look at these features of your friend? Do they lie?”

“What a witness do you call upon!” said Thyrnau with a loud and solemn voice, “and

who, with his features, should pursue the same career; and yet whose first step in life I must question,—whose first interview with me threatens to repulse me from him, to become a miserable offence! For, however much the young man may have exceeded your concerted plan, nevertheless you did concert a plan of deception.”

“Listen to me,” said Lacy, and pressed the others away from Thyrnau,—“let me speak alone! The friend of my uncle has the right to demand an explanation from me; I will tell the truth to him, and then he himself may determine the extent of my fault. The Baron von Pölten, whom you see before you, is my friend; he possesses my confidence, and never until now have I had reason to regret it. We have often discussed the singular clause in this testament which destines me a wife without inquiring after my inclination. Latterly circumstances have made it still more difficult for me to fulfil this engagement. I desired to speak with you; audiences with the Empress regarding certain improvements in Bohemia—improvements which are equally dear to you—prevented my leaving Vienna. My friend offered to travel hither, and, as my plenipotentiary, to speak with you. I informed him of all the circumstances known to me; I wished that you should explain him to the reasons of this marriage, so often referred to, and deemed so necessary. He set out on his journey sooner than I expected,—I may say, at the very moment when several expressions of his made me fear that he might treat these affairs with a frivolity which must offend you. His departure

without any leave-taking prevented my earnest protestation against his scheme; but I despatched Prague, which city he thought of visiting on his way to Tein, a grave reminder, and an urgent command, to be circumspect in his behaviour. The letter, I fear, will be found still lying at Prague for he was here sooner than I anticipated. He will be able to explain all this to us later! Your suspicions were excited in the first moments, and you express with the inquiry, whether I were to be found in Vienna, or elsewhere, reached me; and I no longer entertained any doubt regarding the unhappy plan of the Baron when I read that 'a young man had arrived who gave himself out as the Count von Lacy.' I felt that I alone could make good the offence which had been offered to you. Kauni undertook to apologise to the Empress for my departure, in case I should be inquired after; and hope that I may be arrived in time to make a peace with you."

Thomas Thyrnau had listened with firmly closed lips, and with a cold and severe expression, to the explanation of the Count; and even when he ceased there was but little change perceptible in his countenance. He was forced to confess himself guilty of this deception; but his justification contained more than once the old opposition to the proposed marriage; nay, it even referred to impediments which had arisen, and rendered the affair still more difficult. Thomas Thyrnau could feel but little relieved, and now he had to learn whether his pride and his noble views would be the most deeply wounded

therefore it must still remain undecided whether the nephew of his beloved Lacy stood in the light of friend or enemy.

“ Now,” cried the unhappy Pölten, when Lacy ceased,—“ now listen to me. I truly deserve all that you threatened me with, excellent Mr. Thyrnau ; my folly, my thoughtlessness was boundless ! But at least believe this, that this morning, at the moment when you were going to break the seals, I held back your hand to prevent you, and to declare all. I knew that you were unacquainted with Lacy ; I fancied that were I to appear as Lacy here, I should immediately, in our first conversation, have learned your secret ; and I had scarcely any fear but that I should obtain your pardon, and make all right with Lacy when I had settled the affair for him. Then for the first time I saw your granddaughter at the lake, and this changed my plan. I was seized with a mad and violent passion for this glorious girl, and determined to woo her ; and, should I obtain her affection, disclose who I was, and offer myself as compensation for Lacy’s rejection. Do not say any thing,” besought he ; “ I condemn myself more severely than you can ! Often during this time have I cursed the whole plan, and but one word of encouragement from the lips of your granddaughter would have led me to disclose all to you. But, believe me, I hate—I abhor myself on account of this folly ; it is a melancholy remains of that Versailles school to which I was so long abandoned.”

Thomas Thyrnau fixed his eyes for one moment upon him with an expression of scarcely suppressed

contempt, bowed slightly to him, and turned ~~h~~ back.

“ My Lord Count,” said he then coldly to Lacy, “ since such an extraordinary occasion was requisit~~e~~ to lead you hither, where you were to learn the la~~st~~ wishes of your departed uncle, I now ask whethe~~r~~ you are inclined to avail yourself of this accident~~al~~ occurrence, and grant me such time as is needful to lay before you this secret clause in the testament ?”

“ Do not doubt, my good sir,” cried the Count with warmth, “ that I will now devote myself with the greatest attention to all these affairs, and only consult you upon what may result. May the noble Thomas Thyrnau receive the nephew of his friend ~~s~~ such.”

The hand which Lacy was about to seize was withdrawn with a short bow. “ My lord,” returned Thyrnau, in his former tone, “ we undoubtedly both of us feel that much has to be explained before our relative position to each other can be decided ; therefore we will not call ourselves friends before we know whether we can remain such.”

“ Nevertheless, I wish to learn,” said Lacy, somewhat excited, “ whether Mr. Thomas Thyrnau entertains any doubt regarding my connexion with him, and whether I may count upon his faith in my words ?”

“ The most entire faith !” returned Thyrnau, coldly, and in a tone which clearly expressed, ‘ Nevertheless, that brings us no nearer.’ “ Perhaps you will request the Baron von Pölten to leave us alone.” At the same time he rang a small bell, and

commanded Father Hieronymus to be summoned. Lacy led the unhappy Pölten to the terrace, and could not resist seeking to console him, much dissatisfied as he was with him; but the poor young man's despair did not leave him unmoved.

When he returned, he found Thomas Thyrnau seated before the table, upon which stood the portentous casket. He could not, without deep emotion, look upon the dignified countenance of this man, whose name had sounded in his ear from earliest childhood in connexion with all the beloved names of his own family,—of this man to whom he was so deeply indebted, the sole surviving friend of his honoured uncle.

By his side already sat Hieronymus, whom Thyrnau, immediately upon his entrance, presented to him. Upon the cover of the will was written that Hieronymus should be present as witness; and that in case of the decease of Thomas Thyrnau, the Father Premonstratentian Doctor Hieronymus should be the executor; and should he be dead, the granddaughter of Thomas Thyrnau, Magdalena Matielli, should alone be entitled to break the seals, and communicate the contents of the will, already known to her, to the Count von Lacy's heir.

"You will recognise the handwriting of your uncle," pursued the advocate, turning to the Count, after he had read the superscription.

"Your handwriting would have equally sufficed," returned the Count, without looking at it, for he was attracted by the true force of love towards the

proud old man, and he wished to give him every proof of his confidence and respect.

"My Lord," commenced Thyrnau, "this document was drawn up in a painful and most melancholy period of the deceased's life. It was concerted by two amidst great struggles, and when it was completed as it now stands, was the only expedient we could discover after four weeks of mature reflection. I regret that here I must be as much the subject of discourse as the noble house of Lacy. You will accept this excuse as a curb to your impatience until you become acquainted with the contents, for the promises I made my deceased friend impose upon me the duty of presenting to you before the opening of the will Magdalena Matielli, the daughter of the sculptor Matielli, and of asking you, whether upon the simple desire of your uncle, you will choose this maiden as your wife, seeing that your uncle has destined her for you?"

Lacy wished to speak, but Thomas Thyrnau rose from his chair with such a proud and threatening mien, and strode with such firm steps towards the door, that it seemed to Lacy as if the breath were stifled in his breast. He opened the door, and without leaving the room, called to his granddaughter. Without delay she appeared in the doorway, and now, by the side of Thomas Thyrnau, before Count Lacy, stood Magda, that extraordinary girl who was already known to him.

"Magda!" cried he, almost overpowered by surprise, "Magda!—thou—art thou the granddaughter

of Thomas Thyrnau? Thou—thou art—” He could speak no more. He pressed his hands before his face as if to avoid the truth. Thyrnau enjoyed in his inmost soul a sweet triumph. He believed he recognised the language of a heart which is vanquished by the enchantment of love. But he concealed his feelings. He desired to await the unfolding of events with calmness; he was become suspicious through the late occurrence.

“It seems, my lord,” he therefore calmly said, “that my granddaughter is not unknown to you! I have just now learned that Magda knew you, since she was the first who exposed the Baron von Pölten’s imposture, and in order to describe your exterior wished to shew us the portrait of your uncle.”

“Oh! Magda,” cried Lacy, withdrawing his hands from his face, “now I understand thee. Thou didst recognise me that day by my likeness. This was the cause of thy terror—of thy great agitation. Oh, my poor Magda!” cried he, and seized her cold hands, “and he who was so intimately concerned stood an unsympathising stranger beside thee!” His gaze was riveted upon Magda’s enchanting countenance, which, pale and expressionless, and with the eyes fixed immovably upon Lacy, resembled a marble statue. Her lips remained closed—they quivered, it is true, but no sound escaped them.

“On this point, then, I had lost the confidence of my granddaughter,” said the grandfather, with a gently reproachful tone. Magda shuddered, and

raised her eyes beseechingly towards him. "A Princess Morani's I saw him first," stammered almost unintelligibly. At these words Lacy le her hands, and his countenance exhibited a change. Thyrnau observed this, without unders ing it.

"Count Lacy," pursued Thyrnau, in a freer "I have fulfilled my promise, and must no Magda's presence, ask whether you will re from my hands this bride destined for you by uncle?"

Lacy started; he seized hold of the arm c chair, and his cheeks seemed to sink in fro deathly paleness of his countenance. But he silent, and his eyes remained gloomily riveted o floor. Thyrnau's countenance grew flushed fancied that he read rejection in the features o Count.

"Retire!" cried he, solemnly, to Magda, "ret He approached Lacy, and repeated, in a firm the words which he had just spoken. Lacy he seized the arm of the enraged old man, and the glowing glance of his opponent with st melancholy, lifeless expression in his eyes, the most eloquent words would have been beggar this language.

"Thomas Thyrnau," said he, in a broken firm voice, "my uncle and you, neither of have acted justly by me! Why did you precip the young and ardent man unwarned into the without shewing him what he might lose? could you hope to bind the free, love-requ

heart of the youth by the mysterious announcements of a destination, which so long as the object remained unknown to him — must appear as fetters — fetters which he deemed himself entitled to cast off and to despise?—a sentiment so natural when led astray by the impetuosity of youth and the prejudices of rank! We shall now be all of us unhappy, and our sole consolatory thought will be that we have made a fatal mistake, but have not sinned.—**Magda!**” cried he, with deep emotion, turning towards her, for she still stood on the same spot, “**Magda!** thou art my uncle’s most precious legacy, and upon my knees would I thank him, and believe that never was a more beautiful, pure pearl set in the Lacys’ coronet. But for me this is a lost treasure; I am no longer free, since that day on which I first saw thee am I betrothed to the Princess **Morani!**”

Who could describe the moment in which this great revelation was made? All seemed to lie crushed beneath its weight, without power to resist. **Magda**, with her pale countenance, leaned forward towards him; the torturing anguish of her soul lay expressed in her eyes, from which tears, like large pearls, rolled one after another, hot and heavily, over her pale cheek. She passively allowed Lacy to take one of her cold hands, whilst with all her remaining power, she with the other pressed back her grandfather, as if she desired to endure this bitter moment alone with Lacy. Her movement seemed to fetter the impetuous old man, for his love of her gained mastery over him at sight of her excitement.

“**Betrothed! betrothed!**” these were the first

words which she softly whispered, so that the profound silence in the room alone made them understood. "Ah!" said she, then, as in a dream, removed from the world, "thy uncle loved me so much, as much as he loved thee; he told me from my childhood that I should through thee be made most happy. And now I am so young — must live so long, and thou dost prefer the good old Princess, and yet thy uncle did not choose her for thee!"

Anger glided even out of Thyrnau's heart whilst he listened to her, when he saw how she now laid her other hand upon Lacy's, and drew ever nearer to him, gazed ever more touchingly at him; and, like a dying person, revealed her whole soul to him. Had Thyrnau desired vengeance, could he have invented anything more bitter? Lacy appeared as if struck with death at her words, his soul rushed to his eyes, and these were full of adoring devotion. It did not prevent her seeing his starting tears, but he could not find words. How much must he dread these words which must make him a traitor either on this hand or the other! Perhaps he only for Magda's presence, he seemed as if he would detain the moment which united him with her — for his whole life would he drink in her image, he grasped the beautiful, cold hands ever faster and faster, and both gazed at each other, as if they would fathom that happiness which the sight of each other occasioned them.

"But," said Magda, dreamily, "poor, old grandfather! we are spoiling all his joy; and he means so kindly by us!"

"Oh, Thyrnau!" cried Lacy, now awaking

"end this torture! save me! Until now, I have been merely foolish, save me from becoming a criminal!" He left hold of Magda; he overpowered the old man, who gradually felt as though he could alone listen to his granddaughter, and sank weeping in his arms, before Thyrnau could prevent him. Thomas Thyrnau opposed him no longer, for he had secretly yearned after the living image of his old departed friend, he pressed him to him, and sank his face upon the youth, who clung round him.

"I myself fear," then said Thyrnau, slowly, at the same time gently freeing himself from the young man, "that we are now all of us unhappy! But we must inquire into these evils which torture us. The impediment which steps between us destroys interests which are far too important for us not rigorously to inquire into its justice, for we may only yield in the most extreme case."

"Ah!" returned Lacy; "upon what do you still hope? what decision remains for me?"

"Perhaps I might tell you," returned Thyrnau, "that no decision remains for you, and, since the reproach came from your lips that we permitted you to pursue your way unwarned, permit me to inquire first, whether these warnings would have been of any avail; and whether, in the second, your spirit of self-will would have been as much excited had not the threatened bride been a citizen maiden, and the granddaughter of Thomas Thyrnau?"

"I must confess this," said Lacy, already with more calmness than before; "and, if I receive your

reproaches on this account, I must remind you the education which I have received, and whether the Lacy whom you call friend, and whose maxims have been my guide, could ever think of a union between unequal ranks without displeasure? That he never communicated these views of his to me, and himself, inspired me with the secret hope that left that opposition to me which his love towards you rendered him incapable of."

"This leads to nothing!" said Thyrnau, excitedly. "The thing is that this union was necessary in order to carry out that plan which saved your cousin from dishonour, your uncle from ——"

At these words, Magda, who had sunk back in her grandfather's arm-chair, suddenly recovered herself. She sprang forward and laid her hands upon the testament which lay before them, whilst she cast threatening glances upon her grandfather.

"Speak no more, grandfather!" cried she vehemently; "for he must know no more! This will," she pursued she, pointing to the will, "is now all past. He can no longer make use of it, neither can we. I will burn it sooner than it should work him injury," added she, and took the will as if she would carry away.

Thomas Thyrnau felt in these words the most inconsolable sorrow of his life. This maiden, this child had uttered words which shewed how little remained of his dear and long-cherished plan—the great sacrifice of his most devoted friendship. Before the agitated old man could form a determination Lacy approached Magda, and held her

back when, like a dreamer, she was about to leave the room.

"No," said he; "now no longer ought any thing to be withheld from me. I demand my participation in the knowledge of these affairs as a right! The words, Thyrnau, which you have just spoken render it an urgent necessity that I learn all, and I am man enough to become acquainted with every circumstance, let it exercise what influence it may upon my fate. You have spoken of a claim upon my property—you have spoken even of the name of Lacy being menaced if I have left some conditions unfulfilled, speak! and thou, Magda," he added, in the gentlest tone, "do not thou fear for thy friend! He will bear all, and thou wilt be his guardian angel!"

Magda had allowed herself to be detained by him, but she pressed the will with both hands upon her breast, whilst her large, melancholy eyes remained riveted upon him. Thomas Thyrnau had sat down, and was sunk in gloomy meditation.

"And yet," at length said Magda, "you shall never learn it. I have a right over it, and if I am determined who can oppose me?"

"Count Lacy!" said Thyrnau, with determination, "declare whether the union of which you speak is irrevocable! I tell you that reasons might be assigned to you, which are more important than you seem inclined to believe,—reasons which at least would acquit you with your conscience."

"Ah!" cried Lacy, "let us leave this enigmatical language which is no longer suitable for

us. Yet, once more, the will of my uncle may no longer be withheld from me, and I will learn its contents!"

"And do you renounce that union which you have formed so foolishly and thoughtlessly?" asked Thyrnau.

"Cease, sir!" returned Lacy, with animation. "I have told you that I am betrothed. A Lacy has never yet recalled his word; this union is the most honourable, was formed from the purest affection. I am certain of the return of my affections, and I love the Princess!"

Magda leaned over the arm of her grandfather, and gazed at Lacy with an expression which would, perhaps, have endangered his courage had he not fixed his eyes upon the proud, gloomy countenance of old Thyrnau. Each word of his seemed to run through her frame like an electric shock, and last called forth a cry which sounded like the rending of a human soul. Her head sank upon her hands—she lay upon Thyrnau's arm as if lifeless.

"Well!" cried the old man, half sorrowfully, half angrily, "I can no longer keep back you from your self-chosen fate, for I have Magda's as well as your rights to protect, and I act according to the solemn covenant made between your uncle and myself."

But he was almost startled when Magda rose from his arm, and he gazed into her glowing countenance.

"What wilt thou do, grandfather?" cried she. "Dost not thou know that all is past? I shall no

main with thee—thou hast me now entirely, and for thy whole life I will cause thee joy, and thou must care for me! And if I remain alive, I shall now like Barbara; but he, oh! he is a Lacy, to whom Tein belongs! Think! who could rule and command here like a Lacy? Grandfather!” and her excitement became almost fearful, she glowed as if with a fever, and held the old man down upon his chair, although he sought to hold her back,—“grandfather, I will relieve thy conscience!—I will reject Lacy!—I will tell him that I will not become his!”

She rose, but as she saw the Count, who, deeply agitated, gazed intently at her, she pressed her hand to her heart, her lips became white, and she leaned her bowed head a moment upon the back of the chair; but scarcely did she feel that Thomas Thyrnau was about to rise, when she again looked up, and collecting her strength, she cried,—

“Count von Lacy! in opposition to the will of my uncle, and to the will of my grandfather, I reject thee! I swear a holy vow to God Almighty, that, as affairs stand, to belong to thee, and solemnly reject thee!”

Then was this countenance, expressive of the deepest grief, suddenly overflowed by the sweetest smile of delight. Beaming with joy, she joined her hands, and triumphantly gazed upon the three, who, as if fixed by some enchanter's spell, stood before her.

“Now,” cried she, smiling ever more sweetly,—“now are these difficulties put an end to! Father

Lacy!" cried she, as if she saw him, "Magda *was* now saved all! Thee she has made happy," cried she, turning to the Count, "and removed all care from thee, grandfather! Ah, how happy, how happy I am!" cried she, with increasing vehemence, which indicated a dangerously over-excited state of mind. "Hieronymus, dost thou hear them singing? They are thy angels! Listen how sweetly they sing!—they bring me cool air because my head burns so! No! no! they come from Father Lacy!—he will have this heavy, burning testament! Oh, only look how he extends his arms! Yes, he loves me!—I have done what pleases him! Come, come, Hieronymus! do thou address the angels—thou art a holy man! Ah, how beautiful, how sweet this is!—how happy, how full of bliss I am!"

"For God's sake!" cried Lacy, falling on *his* knees before her, and pressing her hands to *his* breast, "Magda! awake!—collect thy wanderi ~~ng~~ thoughts, or I must die before thy feet!"

Magda started at his voice, and laid her ha ~~nd~~ upon her brow; then seated herself quietly, an ~~d~~ holding Lacy's hand, smiled upon him like an ang ~~e~~ as he knelt before her, and whilst the tears, whic ~~k~~ he was no longer able to suppress, streamed dow ~~n~~ his cheeks.

"Ah! how often I pictured to myself how it ~~is~~ would be when we first met!" pursued she; "and then when Egon placed me before thee, that was laughable!" and she laughed like a child. "And I alone knew that thou wast my beloved bridegroom! Ah! was not that sad? I then for the first time

a little pang in my heart, which to-day is as great as the sun when he burns. And Tein!—what dost thou know of Tein? But every path I know—every tree—every flower—every picture close to us! It is thy uncle, but I tell that thou lookest like it. And the years have I adorned thee with the most beautifiers. Ah! we should indeed pass our whole together!—I always thought we should never end to all the happiness that is here!”

He concealed his face in her lap—he felt the bitter sorrows of his life.

“Collect thyself, Magda,” said Thomas Thyren, “thou art not well, perhaps—we will return to the Dohlen-nest. Give the testament to me or to my son.”

“No, no!” said Magda, “leave me here—here I am beautiful! I can at least walk about here now, if he does marry the good, old Princess. I rejoiced so long in the idea of conducting him to Tein!—Shall I then retain no enjoyment?”

Tein suddenly began to weep, and the two old men looked on from her, not knowing what to say to her, while Lacy lay weeping at her feet.

Without interruption, Magda again proceeded,—“You are all of you so silent, and I feel that I am making you sorrowful. But if you desire that I should not die here of grief, you must all observe that I do to become calmer. I know every thing—not at all out of my mind—I know that I have renounced him, so that nothing may hurt me, and I may not bear the blame. I thought of

this that night when the traitor came, and I fancied Lacy thought so meanly of us as to wish to betray me to him."

"Oh, no!" cried Lacy, "no, Magda! I should never have acted so dishonourably. But I beseech of thee, Thyrnau, to end this torture; if I am to retain my understanding, come forward—decide!"

"She has decided," said Thyrnau, gravely, but mildly; "in her pure soul is no mistake—her powerful understanding has matured itself in the agony of this hour. She is right, and since she renounces you, and, by a solemn vow, bids defiance to the will, you are free, and this a useless parchment."

A bitter smile played about the corners of the old man's mouth, he took the will from Magda, and whispering a few words to Hieronymus, gave it him, together with a burning taper.

Calmly and attentively had Magda listened to him. She now sprang up, and threw herself into the arms of her grandfather.

"I have feared thee so much, and now thou art so good! Now take me away!—I only would not leave him, because I thought thou wouldst reveal all to him. But now I can go!—oh! see! see! how it burns!" cried she, exultingly.

Hieronymus had set fire to the will on the hearth. All turned towards the flame.

"My old friend," cried Thomas Thyrnau, as he raised his eyes towards heaven, "such are the signs of man! Count Lacy," continued he, "are now possessor of Tein!"

"This is not a moment in which to ask for an explanation," returned the Count, "but most certainly you will feel that I ought not to be left without one. But Magda demands our earliest attention."

"Henceforth have I *alone* to care for her!" cried Hieronymus, with his old energy.

"Magda!" besought Lacy, "do not depart without giving me the consolation of thy forgiveness!—do not call what has taken place here rejection!—I did not know thee! Oh, never forget that! Whilst raising insurmountable impediments between us, I fancied merely that I was opposing some whim. I mistrusted those who intended my happiness. These, Magda, are my faults, and my cruel punishment, that I may not belong to thee! But observe well, that thee—thee I have not yet rejected! Oh, pardon me!—pardon me!"

Magda's head rested upon the shoulder of her grandfather, the excitement appeared leaving her; she glowed like a rose, but her limbs were become rigid. Hieronymus had seized her weary, drooping hand—he felt her pulse. Yet she exerted herself near Lacy, and her eyes sought to retain his image. She withdrew her hand from Hieronymus, she pressed it to her brow, and said,—

"It is so difficult for me to think what is needed! I—I have said that I have cast you off. Ah! consider it so, my beloved, else my grandfather cannot be tranquil, and I have only a very little time to think. And am I to forgive thee?—ah, I know not for what! There is a something between

us, but they are angels which love us, and which trouble us not, which bear thy love to me, and mine to thee. Marry, however, whom you like, I may yet remain thine. The angels smile if I will weep; then they sing, and it makes me so happy, for I very well understand that all is not sorrowful which I have gone through this day. Ah, they sing me to sleep!—that does me good!—now it becomes night! Look! the stars are in heaven! How they shine! Give me thy hand!—there—here thou hast mine!”

She staggered—smiling, she grasped at the air; Lacy caught her in his arms, for she was sinking. He pressed her closely to his breast, and, with a feeling of innocent security, she rested her cheek upon her hand, as if she would now sleep. With this Hieronymus stepped up, for Thyrnau saw, in silent agony, the increasing illness of the too violently agitated girl.

“We cannot remove her hence in this condition, and in the heat of the midday sun,” said Hieronymus; “it is absolutely necessary to open a vein. Give orders that the chamber of the late Countess Lacy be opened, and that female attendant be in readiness.”

“Command every thing which appears to you needful,” said Lacy; “I will carry her above.”

Lacy lifted her in his arms like a child, for she had lost all consciousness, and carried her, by the way which he knew so well, to the sleeping apartment of the old Countess. Thyrnau followed without speaking a word, and Hieronymus looked :

and shook his head, for his very silence shewed extreme degree in which he had been agitated. After she had been bled, Magda was awake, but violence of the fever increased. She sang with truly seraphic power of voice, and Hieronymus permitted nobody to speak, and waited on her himself alone. At sunset the height of the fever abated, she slept at intervals, or lay in a still half-unconscious state.

Angela's daughter, the wife of the castelain of the tower, now took her post by the bed as watch for the night. Hieronymus left his charge, for the good man had taken no food through the whole day. He conducted the two unhappy men, who had sat in the ante-room, listening to every movement of the girl, with him into the middle hall, where stood the hitherto untouched dinner-table; nor would he here reply to their urgent inquiries until he had opened the doors which led to the garden, and inhaled the cool evening air.

"I tell you," said he, "she came here in a dream. I expected as much. She was not in bed the night long, but up on the tower above the garden wood. That is the way when people educate children; they let all sort of irrational impulses possess them. I was very well aware of her wandering about till midnight, but Gundula was sent away behind the bolted door; what, then, was to be done? He could not climb up the tower-steps like a cat, so I ordered Bezo. Now that poor creature instantly understands any thing which concerns Magda; but it was of small avail, for when he had climbed the tower and saw her, he came down again, and only in-

dicated that Magda was weeping. It was not until morning that she slept, and then it was in her clothes, and up there in that deadly night air. I could not do any thing for her. What has now happened we might have expected. One thing, however, I say is necessary—that there should be no noise, no stupid fiddle-faddle or nursing, no excitement of mind! I myself will appoint what each person has to do, but now I will eat, for since morning a great vacuum has taken place here.”

With this he rang the bell, and ordered dinner to be served. They took their places, and each one endeavoured, as far as their predominant state of feeling would permit, to strengthen themselves a little after this day of agitation; yet even Hieronymus did not get on as well as usual, and wine he eschewed altogether, that his patient, with whom he intended to pass the night, might not be annoyed by its fumes.

When he had withdrawn with the promise of bringing them news from time to time, the two men went out into the silent night, which spread out above their heads a dark heaven studded with glittering stars. They were both of them glad that the burning glances of their eyes no longer met, and softly veiled from each other outwardly, they now for the first time, saw their inward hearts clearly and when Lacy, overwhelmed by his feelings, threw himself on Thyrnau's breast, the old, sorrowing man pressed him closely in his arms, and this silent embrace relaxed the severe tension of their hearts, each resolved within himself to love the other beyond bounds.

"If I should live," cried the young man, "you must forgive me, you must love me as if I were your son; you must help me to conquer life—you must help me to bear that which I myself have ought about."

"So must it be," replied Thyrnau, mildly. "It long ago, that without love this sorrow was not be got through. That Magda felt who saw nothing but angels between herself and you which could not permit her to weep. Oh, my son, she is taught us a great deal in her delirium!"

"Give to me the name of son!" besought Lacy; "the lot has fallen otherwise, but we have still this our power. Oh, be not less to me than father, and you will supply the loss which I have felt since the death of the old man! I must be your son, Magda's brother, and then we perhaps may be able to bear the grief which has been occasioned by me."

"Many things," returned Thyrnau, "have this day been disturbed which I concerted with your uncle; but to one thing will I hold fast, and that is, that we both of us adopted you, that we both of us had an equal right to you; that as he appropriated Magda to himself, you should be considered mine; that we should throw our property together; that to you in mine, to her in his, should an equal right be conceded."

"Oh, my father!" cried Lacy, "adhere to that, and then Magda is, and remains to be, mistress here and everywhere where I myself am master. Oh, when God will be merciful to the weak heart, and we shall all of us be happy!"

"Now, however," said the old man, with a tremulous voice, "her life is in danger; if she is preserved to us, she must decide on all these things herself, I am not going to persuade her; there is in her an invincible spirit of rectitude against which we cannot strive. But now let us make use of the night, and tell me about yourself, and let me confess to you that your betrothal has sorrowfully astonished me in a double sense. You were not entirely unobserved by me, and only remained unwarned because I believed your heart to be wholly unfettered. No lady seemed to obtain from you even a passing attention. I made myself fully secure of you when I perceived that you visited daily only the house of the Princess Morani; under the protection of this virtuous lady I considered you safely preserved."

"One thing only, dear father," said Lacy, "before I begin to relate any thing to you; let no suspicion fall upon her who has interfered with your plans. The Princess did not win my inclination by the arts of coquetry with which elderly ladies sometimes endeavour to gain the hearts of men younger than themselves. I may venture boldly to say, I loved her before she loved me! I loved the charms which she could not conceal, that noble, pure mind, that heart full of goodness and wisdom, which made itself felt every moment. The fault which had its origin in me has reference to me alone; she resisted my wishes long, and when she consented I felt myself perhaps happier than she did."

Lacy now continued with the candour of a son lay all his affairs before his new-found friend, and the latter, at the conclusion of this communication, found that his hope of discovering some device by which things might be otherwise arranged was vain; and that if he would not bring upon the person whom he had just obtained a deep, an unknown sorrow, he must conceal from him the loss of the property, upon the possession of which he had received so much in his union with the impoverished heiress Morani.

"Magda will have sufficient, if she survive," said he to himself, "and I, the poor citizen-advocate, will save the proud house of Lacy!"

The position of the advocate, however, was not easy as that of the Count, to whom it was permitted to reveal his most inward feeling. Thyrnau: an almost unconquerable repugnance to speak of the youthful plans of himself and the older Lacy, which, without the exonerating knowledge of the non-existing circumstances, might have now in fact been something offensive to the Count's feelings of loyalty. Thyrnau felt as if he could not at this time communicate this knowledge, and besides he was troubled also for his state of mind, which was disturbed by his apprehensions for Magda's dangerous condition.

This last reason, the truth of which Lacy felt, and which he too shared it, excused him from any further explanation, and as they both became more tranquil from the intelligence which old Hieronymus brought to them, as the night vanished before the

rosy light which ascended in the east, and they, overcome by the exhaustion which was consequent on so agitating a day, threw themselves on the sofas in the middle hall and enjoyed a short repose.

In the morning Hieronymus brought good tidings of Magda ; he, however, permitted no one but himself to approach her, in order that the half-unconscious state in which her weakness kept her might not be interrupted by any thing, and even the weeping Gundula was sent back, because the countenance of the castelain's wife, to which she was less accustomed, seemed to him less exciting to her.

Thyrnau and Lacy now turned with courageous minds to the troubled state of outward things. Pölten obtained forgiveness from Thyrnau. There was something propitiatory in the intentions of the young man ; his punishment was not light ; it was also evident that he meant not to carry his deception so far as to become dishonourably privy to the secrets of the will. Thyrnau voluntarily bore this testimony to him, and had been since the dinner at the Dohlenenest, like Magda, perfectly convinced of the cheat which was being practised. Immediately on the first day he had conceived a suspicion, but he did not consider Pölten as a man void of honour ; he recognised in him merely the giddy fool, and, in his solemn manner, had endeavoured on the last morning to awaken his slumbering sense of honour. The fact of Pölten having stretched out his hand to prevent Thyrnau at the very moment when he seemed about to break the seals, established the good opinion of the advocate, and gave full credence to Pölten's

leave in order to commence his journey to which he ascertained from his business-
Prague to be now of importance. No
id Pölten taken his departure from the
in Thyrnau undertook to make known to
abled servants of the house that now their
rd was arrived, and at the same time said
rds to cover the appearance of the Baron,
e respect of the old people prevented them
ding incomprehensible, and which they
on forget in joy, for at that moment their
rd stepped among them, recognised them
essed them by their names, and with a
memory inquired after their connexions and

The handsome and perfect resemblance
ey saw in him to their late lord gave them, as
n earnest of the return of the good old times.
!" said Thyrnau to himself, who was a
ul spectator of this scene, "how could I
ate to them for that! How vainly would
and my right here wait for confirmation! I
ave appeared to these people little less than
. An inheritance which has long descended
er to son is a sacred trust, for the main-
of which the warmest zeal ought to exist in
st of every descendant. It is the only rela-
which yet contains the patriarchal elements

of a vanished age, the yet preserved nursery of disinterested love and fidelity, where the beautiful dream of moral influence upon the lower classes which are subjected to us becomes truth, in the same degree in which there is worth in ourselves. Here a belief meets us which we must wantonly destroy if it do not become a support to us, which we inherit with the name and possession, which is at the same time the possession of these poor people, who desire to see them continued forward by those whom it is their duty to obey."

There existed no longer any doubt in the unanimous and decided character of Thyrnau. He who, following the unbiassed direction of the soul revered so greatly the rights of another; he regarded mere outward possession so meanly that he felt no scruple in depriving Magda of her important property.

Thomas Thyrnau quickly felt what depended upon his determination and activity, but he felt that these only secured the outward condition, not until this was satisfactorily arranged had his mind time, as it were, to turn inward and see what remained to them after so much loss. It belonged to a resolute mind like his to penetrate the truth with keen reflection, and collect together the results and to reconcile himself to its new shape. The most painful consideration, however, for Thyrnau was the fate of Magda.

"She will be thrust out of the track," said he sighing, "and will belong to those women, so to be deplored, who are not able in the natural path —"

their destiny to develop the riches of their inward being. After the beautiful destiny of woman is passed, she wearies herself with endeavours, with fruitless aims ; but if the rainbow of peace at length expand its arch above her, it indicates only the end of the rainy day, the descending sun of which alone purifies the falling drops !”

The respect in which Thyrnau held the freedom of every individual caused him to form no plans for the future. He loved in this young creature that independence of mind which always formed, in its own way, its own path, and waited to see, without testifying direct approval of the proceeding, how this great overturning would shape itself in her. But he would rather have been unhappy alone. As he did not so fully understand his own fine character, it here, however, directly manifested itself, he was almost astonished that he felt so little the destruction of the old, well-considered plans, and of the suppressed and unacknowledged sacrifice of his great property, or only regarded it with the pensive smile of the philosopher who contemplates the events of life with the interest which betrays to him the shortsightedness of human schemes. That, at least, the salvation of the name of Lacy was attained, the possessions of the adopted youth, the nephew of the beloved friend, were secured, and by that means sufficient was done to satisfy the departed spirit, was the consolation which satisfied his magnanimous heart. Beyond this he did not feel sure whether the young man, independently of his now firmly established possessions, had not experienced a greater

loss in happiness than time could ever restore to him. He had listened to his communication with great self-command, and Thomas Thyrnau was the only person who had not striven to convince Lacy how great a risk, and how unsuitable, was his intended marriage. But this behaviour arose from a persuasion, bordering on terror, of what dangers the young man ran with the innocence of inexperience. His strong sense of honour shewed him that this projected connexion was indissoluble, and he resembled the tender father who trembles lest a sound should waken his sleep-walking son on the edge of the abyss, and he thus discover the frightful precipice along which he had passed unfearedly. He only thought how he would support him, and continue to help him; and he could not but confess to himself that, through this meeting with Magda, through this dangerous connexion with her, there had stolen upon the untouched heart which had so quickly devoted itself to the worship of virtue, the presentiment of a rapture belonging to youth, which needs no reasoning for its explanation, because the most undoubted contentment lies in the harmony of the impression, because it is bliss.

“Oh, youth!” said Thyrnau, “avenge not rigorously the wrong which has been done to thee demand not thy claims, for thou dost only maintain these in sacrificing the individual!”

He wished to turn Lacy's thoughts to the important interests of Bohemia, and to excite in him belief that for this purpose his return to Vienna was necessary. By this means he wished to divert

mind from the passionate sympathy which he felt in Jagda's illness, and he quoted Hieronymus's words reminding him that the excitement of the self-illed girl, and a fever which was already coming on, had greatly contributed to produce these consequences, and that this illness would have come on without this agitation of mind, which had merely increased it. How much of this Lacy believed Thyrnau could not tell, more especially as, after the most candid proof of his confidence, he had now elapsed into a reserve which repelled from him any deeper glance into his state of feeling. He was outwardly, as it seemed to Thyrnau, considerably changed; besides his paleness, his eyelids drooped, and his voice had a low, heart-felt tone. But however the case might be, Thyrnau saw, with inward satisfaction, that he was not one who would dissipate his inward power of combat by needless words, and he rejoiced.

Towards the end of the day he wished to excite in him the determination of returning the next morning to Vienna. Lacy agreed to this proposal, but still prayed for an explanation of the often-repeated threat of his property being in danger.

Although this desire could not have been unexpected by Thyrnau, still he felt himself not prepared for it. He hastily seized both Lacy's hands, and, whilst he grasped them violently, exclaimed, almost surprised at himself,—

“What would you have? As you have consented to be my son, I tell you every thing is placed at my discretion; and I, your father, assure you

that your property is unmenaced—is untouched. *It*
 was a secret, which is now become worthless,—the
 last trace of it has perished in the flames.”

“But,” returned Lacy, “Magda knows it—*It*
 Hieronymus knows it. Must I consent to be *the*
 only one who remains in ignorance regarding *it?*
 Oh, my father, consider! ought this to satisfy *me*
 Lacy? Is it not nobler to bear one’s own mis-*for-*
 fortunes, than, ignorant of them, to leave them *to*
 others?”

“Be tranquil,” said Thyrnau, affected; “*the*
 name of Lacy is not dearer to you than it is to *me*;
 by my management it is perfectly safe—strive *no*
 more about it. I have had a deal to give up *since*
 yesterday; you owe to me one little satisfacti-*on,*
 and it consists in this—that you now comply *with*
 my desires like a son who has confidence in *his*
 father.”

Thyrnau had stepped out of his own charact-*er,*
 inasmuch as to obtain his own object, he had we-*ak-*
 ened another. He felt this, and after, with gr-*eat*
 emotion and tenderness, they had silently embrac-*ed,*
 Thyrnau hastened to terminate this interview.

As Hieronymus had reported more favour-*ably*
 of Magda’s condition, Lacy intended to make use
 the night for his journey, and the two determin-*ed*
 to pass the remainder of the time together. Thyrn-*au*
 soon regained that freedom of mind which enable-*ed*
 him to inquire from Lacy regarding the next ste-*p*
 which he was intending to take, and it was with *no*
 little excitement of feeling that he heard that th-*is*
 Princess Morani had yielded to the young man’s *su-*

the warmest sympathy was expressed, and Lucy, who
replied acknowledged how noble and wise his con-
duct had hitherto been to him, felt how well founded
as the reverential love which such a man as this
ery where enjoyed.

A deep sigh, however, was heaved by Thyrnau
as the moment for his journey arrived, and Count
exhibited an excitement of feeling which
seemed to threaten his outward calmness. Hiero-
mus had repeated to him the last intelligence that
Agda slept already, several times, and yet he still
stood, pale and with searching glances, before the
old man. Suddenly he vehemently and beseech-
ingly exclaimed,—

“I pray you, for Heaven’s sake, to let me see
her yet once more; I shall then be calmer, and
I shall set off more easily.”

The two old men, alarmed at this sudden out-
burst of excitement, endeavoured to dissuade him.
But it was here, as is so often the case, where
determined will closes the ear against reason,
till it has compelled a consent which alone it
is unable to understand. Hieronymus returned to the

damask curtains were drawn back. Magda's head rested upon the white pillow, and the long black plaits of hair hung down on each side. The closed eyelids shewed the long dark lashes; the countenance, disfigured by no marks of sickness, was of a marble paleness, and the deep margin of the eyes alone bore the marks of suffering.

Lacy contemplated her for a long time, he then knelt down. He saw the beautiful slender hand which lay so still, he bent softly down, kissed the tips of the fingers, and left the chamber with firmer steps than he had entered. But he spoke not a word to any one. Silently embraced he Thyra, and hastened to the carriage which bore him into the silent night.

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CHAPTER VII.

he old Prince Morani could have come out
ault to have wandered about his palace, he
ave seen with satisfaction the new replenish-
re, the solidity and the high artistical taste
ie could so well have estimated, even though
ht have wished to add the frivolities of his
-loving mind. Of these, all traces, as if out-
ntly vanishing magic circle, had disappeared.
gh the gay bacchanalian procession by Daniel
ad still been left on the lofty vaulted ceiling
audience-hall, crimson velvet had been
d in the gilded frames which had hitherto
ed these lascivious figures in such an offensive
ty, that it was hardly possible to enter the
nd instead, several exquisite landscapes by
el and Claude Lorraine adorned the simple
The Princess contemplated with great satis-

she patiently endured the absence of the Count whose journey she considered as necessary as he himself did; and, undisturbed by his beloved presence, prepared all that was requisite to enable her to fulfil her promise, and to announce to him the marriage-day on his return.

The Count von Lacy ordered his travelling carriage to draw up before the State-Chancellor's, that he might immediately advertise Count Kaunitz of his return, and was so fortunate as to meet the Chancellor upon the steps, who was on his way to the Empress.

"Ah!" said Kaunitz, "I did not immediately recognise you; have you been ill? You do not look well; perhaps you have hurried yourself on the journey. Well, I hope you have settled all things agreeably with your guardian, the advocate Thyrnau?"

"Most perfectly so, and I am more and more penetrated by a sense of his goodness and his high worth!" replied Lacy.

"I congratulate you!" said the State-Chancellor, frostily, "and I rejoice to be able to tell her majesty that you await her commands."

Lacy despatched a servant to the Morani Palace and announced his intention of dining there. He then hastened to his own house to change his dress and here he was also amazed for a moment at his own countenance in the glass. He could well understand why the State-Chancellor had remarked his appearance; for this reason he took much more care than usual in his toilet, in order that his dress might

The undisguised joy of the old and the new
its affected him deeply; and when the door of
arden-hall closed, and the noble Princess sank
; breast, hé then felt an enthusiasm within him,
raising his clasped hands above her head, be-
it of God aloud, that he would give him strength
like her as happy as she deserved to be. His
rness had something passionate in it; he knelt
; her, covered her hands with kisses, and his
were filled with tears. He exhibited a deep
ion of his whole being, and his countenance
red so frequently, that the Princess could not
seeing it. But a woman who has to confess to
eloved husband elect, that she has fixed the
ing-day, accepts willingly on his side of a some-
more ardent expression of love, and thus the
ess felt herself undisturbedly happy.

After our marriage, dear Claudia, I will tell you
thing which has occurred at Tein with the most
e truth," replied he to her inquiries after his
ey; "for the present excuse me! I have spent
hours there, and you shall be my confidant.
tell me, is this day determined for to-morrow?"

THE CITIZEN OF PRAGUE.

honour which the Empress designed for me I have gratefully declined, and with it all other claims, and this holyday belongs to us alone!"

"Thank God, my beloved Claudia! for I truly long for a really deep quietness by your side. The agitation which I have experienced will again subside; it seems to me as if there were a sort of confusion in me which you must assist in bringing to order."

"And," inquired the Princess, "do we set off the same day to Tein?"

"To Tein?" exclaimed Lacy with terror, as if he now for the first time heard of that so often-promised pleasure. "No, Claudia, we cannot go to Tein!"

The Princess concealed her astonishment. For a long time nothing had been talked of but their journey to Tein; it was this journey and their residence there which Lacy had considered so necessary to her health, and which had been the reason for their marriage taking place so soon. The conviction now was pressed upon her mind that Lacy had experienced there something unpleasant, and that this altered plan had some reference to his connexion with Thomas Thyrnau, regarding which she might expect his confidence after their marriage.

"Where, then, do you think, dear Lacy," resumed she, calmly, "of going? you know that custom demands a short absence?"

"Let us go to Prague!" said Lacy, "I possess there a beautiful little palace with interesting collections of works of art and valuable family memorials. It has beautiful gardens, and the air is glorious and

healthy; but let us leave all plans till after our marriage; I have so much to say to you, dear Claudia."

The Princess gazed at him with a pensive smile. She became suddenly so afraid of these communications; she felt a something hasty in Lacy's manner: how much must he have suffered which could thus have destroyed his beautiful equipoise of character!

There was not, however, much time given her for reflection, for this day, which preceded so important a change for her, brought with it many duties which demanded her time and turned her thoughts to other directions.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE early fragrancancy of morning still rested in the bright heavens; the streets of Vienna were still quiet from the bustle of activity. The sound alone of the numerous bells of this pious city called the faithful to the first service of the day in the house of the Lord — the obtaining of His blessing in the matins on the business of the day.

At this very hour there drove down amid the silent wanderers on foot four magnificent carriages, which drew up at the back gate of the Profess-house of the Jesuits, which immediately led through a little orchard into the church of Maria Königin der Engel.

Two gentlemen in rich dresses alighted out of the first carriage, which drew up at the gate, and in them we recognise Count von Lacy and Count von Reutenberg. Out of the second carriage, for which they waited, alighted the Princess Therese, followed by the Princess Morani, who wore above her robe of silver brocade a veil which entirely covered the head and descended to her feet. The carriage of the Princess, which now followed, contained the Countess

and Gertrude, in costly silk dresses; the carriage was empty and belonged to Count von Berg.

Lacy seized the trembling hand of the Princess and conducted her along the garden path at the end of which the open door of the chapel shewed to them the high altar with all its burning tapers. Both were silent, but the hand of the Princess much firmer than usual, and this close pressure seemed to infuse comfort into her heart.

On the contrary, the two who followed were in arrears behind them. The Princess Therese in a brocade of pink and silver, her hair was strewed with roses, and she was beautiful as the month of May; but her cheeks glowed and her eyes flashed with unusual brightness; she pressed painfully against the storm in her agitation. She knew that she had in the Count von Berg a keenly attentive and jeering admirer.

He was as bold as herself; he told her that he was in love with Lacy; that she would not let him up. He saw, as through a veil, the indignity of the Princess; nay, he even knew her intrigues and ridiculed them, so that she did not know whether to indulge the good or the bad, and was half angry and half distressed. The Princess replied in the same spirit as usual; she was of a firm mind; she wanted to have leisure to obey the pair who went before her. The Count von Berg had the advantage over her, but she did not perceive that he spoiled his pleasure.

George Prey received the betrothed on the threshold of the church, the Princess sank overpowered on her knee before him. He blessed her; his voice trembled, and the Princess saw a bright drop fall on her hand. Low music breathed forth at that moment. Lacy led her to the altar. George I was again collected; he spoke affecting, powerful words with a grave and deep voice; he placed their hands together, and blessed the bond of wedlock. The ceremony was at an end; Lacy knelt for a moment before Claudia and kissed her hand. George was pale as death; but he had eyes only for her, she required his whole care, for her agitation deprived her of strength. He drove back in the same carriage with her,—she was now his. He said this so often to her, that her tears at length turned to smiles; happiness, now freed from all its burdensome preparations, gained an untroubled entrance into her heart.

The Princess Therese stood thoughtfully before the young man, who, as master of the house, received her at the threshold, and, like a boy, gracefully jesting with all his new duties, carried away all her heart to him in a youthful gaiety. She could not understand him, for still she considered him as changed. There was about his mouth a strange tension—a weariness; his colour frequently changed, and his eyebrows were deeply sunken; at table he often set down his glass again from which he was about to drink without being aware of it; he started up to meet a servant who brought him a letter. He read it instantly; and then seeming, for the first time, to be aware of his extraordinary behaviour, turned

back, and now deplored the soiled silver brocade of the bride, which she smilingly shewed him.

The vexation of the Princess Therese was only increased by George Prey whispering to her, "I never saw a man in my life so in love!" She could not but be aware that the bride also seemed to be of his opinion, and was quite provoked at this unabashed security, when she was just about to discover a secret and let her thoughts wander about to find out the right traces.

But the Princess Therese was not present when, on the following morning, the new-married pair sat at the breakfast-table under the shadow of the lofty beeches, and Lacy opened his heart to his noble wife. The now Countess Lacy cheered her husband during this difficult and exciting communication by the most touching expression of sympathy, and by the most rational and delicate comprehension of the extraordinary circumstances. She was deeply affected by the tidings that her favourite—Magda—had been the unsuspected bride of her husband; and both of them were deeply absorbed by the recollection of the state of mind into which Magda was betrayed on that evening when in Lacy she recognised her unsuspecting bridegroom. Magda's illness affected the Countess unspeakably. Without Lacy having indicated anything of the kind, without she having expressed an idea of it to him, both of them understood the affecting cause of her condition, and a deep woe passed through Claudia's soul. The proud woman no longer felt the exclusiveness of rank; the people whom Lacy described to her with so much

ardour became to her such exalted beings, that they seemed to surpass all superiority which she had hitherto acknowledged. Magda—Thyrnau were now other beings, to whom she looked up, and whom she inwardly determined to love and reverence.

“Whether Thyrnau be not himself a sacrifice to my outward circumstances, as the testament would prove to me, is a question for the solution of which I must wait till a later and calmer period. To have compelled him to this communication at a time so deeply painful to us all, when he demanded from me my submission to his wishes as a compensation—a consolation, would have appeared to me so dishonourable that I certainly should not have done it, even if my own deep feeling in that which we went through had not made me almost indifferent.”

“Oh, Lacy,” cried the Countess, “assist me in the endeavour to attach these noble people to me; help me to obtain the friendship of this Thyrnau. I will, however, do the very best which in me lies to win the love of this glorious Magda, in whom I was not deceived in loving so soon—ah! and whom I never imagined I had so cruelly robbed! Oh, Lacy, what a worthy wife would she have been for you!”

With these words she rose, overcome by the swelling feelings of her heart, and Lacy saw that a great pang agitated her. He hastened affectionately towards her and took her tenderly in his arms.

“Claudia,” said he, gravely and warmly, “let us go calmly, but resolutely, on the path of truth, and let both of us take heed and not indulge in reveries of how this connexion might have been

otherwise. The fact of its being Magda, this noble and uncommon creature, as I must acknowledge her to be, who was destined by my uncle and that glorious Thyrnau to be my wife, restores so completely to my heart my high esteem and confidence in their intentions, that I may in truth say, I could have desired nothing more. But with this I end all further observation; and my noble Thyrnau and Magda herself participate so perfectly in this sentiment, that, after I had made known to them our betrothal, not another word was said to me on the subject of my obligations, which before that time Thyrnau had been so inclined to make availing against me."

"Ah!" replied Claudia, "must we not go to her, my friend? I must tend her, I must convince her that henceforth we may only form one family;—that she must partake of our happiness!"

"No!" cried Lacy, with animation, turning aside, whilst his whole countenance became crimson, "that cannot be! That would neither be wise nor advisable for any of us! We must not hasten things; time will certainly alleviate all for us, and, I hope to Heaven, will at length bring that about which you, my noble friend, desire. But to force this result now would be, perhaps, to make it for ever impossible."

The Countess was silent. She considered how nobly and tenderly all things had been managed as regarded herself. She knew that this communication of her husband's four-and-twenty hours earlier would have determined her to make the most decided

stand against their marriage; and she saw plainly that he, believing the same thing, had delayed making it until the time when that most sacred relationship between them was for ever indissoluble.

"Oh!" sighed her heart, "may that which guides him be not alone the steadfastness of honour!"

She raised her eyes timidly to him. His head rested upon his hand and he looked thoughtful down upon the little table against which she was seated. How handsome he was, and how tranquil was the expression, spite of the melancholy which clouded his brow! But he felt her eyes upon him—he turned himself gently towards her and said almost timidly,—

"Shall we go to Prague—so much nearer to the bed of suffering?"

"Oh, yes! to Prague!" cried his wife, "we will hover around her like invisible friends! Then, when the time comes which you still look for, we will say, 'We have been as near to thee as we dared to come; thou wast, though outwardly separated from us, still intrinsically united to us, and regard to thee regulated our proceedings.'"

Lacy heard this reply of his wife with heartfelt tenderness, and they now determined to set off to Prague that evening, with Hedwiga and George Prey, whose pupil she was now become: Egon must remain in Vienna. The Empress, guided by Claudia's conviction, and by some suspicions also of her own, had resolved to avail herself of an opportunity by which Egon could obtain the education of a noble; and as his unknown birth did not permit of

his entrance into such a military institution in the ordinary way, the Empress commanded that he should be received as an imperial pensioner, without any further question regarding his birth, for which she herself undertook to be his guarantee.

This was a high favour, for the noble institution in which he was immediately placed, in his military dress, was one of the best then in existence, and gave to those capable of availing themselves of it every opportunity for acquiring an education by means of which they at that time could distinguish themselves. Egon, with a perfectly ravenous appetite, had fallen upon all the glorious things which were there presented to him; and the imperial mystery, as he was soon called in the establishment, seemed destined at the outset to become at least a field-marshal.

Lacy, after the communication to his wife, felt his mind greatly relieved, and the feeling so lovingly revived, that he possessed in her a noble, all-sufficient friend, and that a sacred relationship would for ever bind them still closer to each other, was the sweetest consolation which he could experience after so painful an excitement. The anxiously expected first letter from Thomas Thyrnau, which he had yesterday received on his wedding-day, gave hope of Magda's recovery, and if this terrible responsibility were once removed from his soul, and Magda's life only spared, then he hoped that the old state of things might return, and he be able to enjoy that happiness from which he now, with a sort of piety, shrunk.

He was just about to set out to the military institution in which Egon was placed, to take leave of him, when he was prevented by a message from the State-Chancellor's, which required him immediately to present himself at the State-Chancellor's office.

A message like this the Count, although not in the service of the state, could not but receive with the respect which Kaunitz had infused into him; and he therefore hastened, without any delay, to the imperial State-Chancellor's office, which was at the same time the hotel of the minister.

Kaunitz received the Count in his little library, which room he always made use of for conferences on especially private business; and Lacy could observe, at the first glance, that the Count was in an excited and constrained state of mind, for his lips were in such cases so drawn together and pinched inward that the mouth formed only a straight line. He held himself still more bent backwards, and his, at all times, very inexpressive countenance seemed exactly as if petrified.

"My most gracious Count," exclaimed Lacy, he saw him standing there, and regarding him he advanced towards him with penetrating eyes, "hope that nothing unpleasant has occurred?"

"What makes you instantly think of the Count?" replied Kaunitz, coldly, and without changing his position; "do you expect something unpleasant, as you see it every where without any occasion?"

The Count knew immediately that he had done a foolish thing; for the State-Chancellor, who,

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the fullest right, was regarded as the most distinguished diplomatist of his age, considered as requisite, above every thing else, the most perfect outward control of himself. He believed himself to be possessed of this in the highest degree, and nothing offended him so easily as any indication of his feelings having been perceived by his countenance.

"The time at which your honour has commanded me," said Lacy, "seemed to me unusual. It is, I think, the time which is otherwise devoted to the Empress."

At these words Kaunitz, for the first time, changed his hitherto stiff position, and moving towards an arm-chair, he motioned to the Count to be seated, seating himself at the same time, and laying a packet of papers which he held in his hand upon a table near him.

"It is all entirely by the rule of chance," said he, dryly; "but her majesty, in the state of mind in which she was to-day, thought it good to shorten our interview, and thus I had time to desire the information which the Empress immediately wishes to receive."

He paused, and seemed to wait for a question or an assertion from the Count. But the latter felt too clearly that to-day he had to do with the minister, and had therefore fallen back into that cold reserve which would spare him any repulse from the proud man.

Kaunitz, therefore, began to twirl his golden snuff-box between his fingers, and then riveted his eyes searchingly upon the Count.

"Sir," he then began, "you accompanied me to France, you possessed my confidence, and have become accustomed to business which was of importance, and in which your independent position pleased me much and increased my confidence."

The Count bowed coldly.

"By this means," continued the minister, "I have become possessed of the key to the political system which, henceforth, I am determined to carry out for my country, instead of the one which hitherto been pursued. This system, sir, enjoys an open and perfect confederation with France; necessary measures have for a long time been prepared by me, and you in part know them. My illustrious mistress perceived with her great mind the certain advantage of this political change, although she had to struggle with many old and deeply rooted opinions before she adopted it, but she was nevertheless, the only supporter which I found here. The old path," added he, sarcastically, "in which people walked is worn out, the feet stick fast in it, and because they are too unskilful to draw them out, and because a new path exhibits no traces of their predecessors, they fancy it must be a path of error. People would rather bear every evil, and consider it as the unavoidable misfortune of Heaven, than follow the natural course and shake off an old yoke which just holds us down and takes from us the freedom of using our strength as we might do. The Emperor even is my decided adversary, all the ministers, all the generals, the whole cabinet could rebel against me. Enough, I have only one :

ort, and that is the Empress ; and yet she is perpetually attacked on all sides, and on the dearest side, and then afresh doubts arise; then also was she educated in the system of fearing more than of confiding in France, that most beautiful neighbour-
country and her natural ally. Still, notwithstanding, I had arrived at a point which declared me as victor. The Empress had, with the whole energy of her mind, combated for my system, by that she abode steadfastly when the Emperor struck the table with his fist, and called this alliance unnatural; and, accordingly, full permission was given to me to prosecute, in the most secret manner, the undertakings in hand. It was now the most important thing to keep undisturbed the confidence of the Empress towards France. What say you to it, my lord?—was it not so?”

The Count could scarcely repress his astonishment at this question. The State-Chancellor had, in speaking of the great political combinations, which Lacy knew were regarded by him as the most important events of the time, recovered the confidential tone of voice which, since their residence together in Paris, he had been accustomed to use towards him; and Lacy, who had sympathetically participated in the great thoughts of the minister, forgot in listening to him how extraordinary was this short-sighted communication, which the State-Chancellor knew him already to be acquainted with. This last question, however, and the tone in which it was spoken, taken in connexion with the reception the minister had given him, awoke in him the suspicion that

these both were the occasion of his summons, which he owed that familiar intercourse to the Count's habit of conversing with him. Wholly in the dark as to what really was the will of the minister, Lacy remained silent, and sought only by an assenting movement to indicate that he was quite of the Count's opinion.

"My lord," cried Count Kaunitz, rising with animation, "I think that I asked your opinion as to whether it was of importance at this time to preserve the confidence of the Empress towards France? Why do you not honour me with a reply? It is, perhaps, difficult for you to give it me, as you, perhaps, already anticipate that I am informed of all that has occurred in Bohemia to shake the scarcely established confidence of the illustrious Empress."

"Your honour," said Lacy, coldly, and rising the same time, "must have the goodness to be a little more explicit. A more important answer would here be required than that which you now demand from me, as your honour, after the length of time you have known me, can have no doubt regarding my answer, and this would be an unseemly and, in any case, too late an examination of my sentiments."

The State-Chancellor bit his lips, but as he saw the Count standing with so grave a countenance, unabashed and so steadfast before him, he turned himself round, and walked slowly to the end of the room, whilst he took a great pinch of snuff, opened and shut his box. When he again tur

round he had regained his full self-possession. He approached the table.

“This mistrust, my lord,” continued he, slowly, “is again, at this moment, with great bitterness, excited in her majesty’s mind. It is not unknown to you how, some years ago, in the lifetime of the late Emperor, a suspicion, never wholly cleared up, rested on Bohemia, of a plan existing in the minds of her disaffected grandees to form it into an independent kingdom under the rule of a prince of France. The affair was rather suppressed than examined into; but this suspicion remained as a thorn in the breast of the Empress, which rankled at the slightest movement, and caused her to remain ever suspicious of the Bohemian nobles, whom she likewise always found refractory. After the experience which I had had, I believed decidedly that I might have counteracted these views. But the anti-French party, who used all means to prevent a possible alliance with his power, set itself at work to collect information; and tidings have gone directly from a small neighbouring court, that of the old Prince von S., regarding this Bohemian high-treason, and as all this was done behind my back, so also behind my back, in representing the reasons of suspicion to the Empress, that very name was mentioned which I only a short time since recommended to the Empress as worthy of her trust.”

The State-Chancellor again paused, and his cold, penetrating glance was riveted on Lacy.

“My gracious Count!” cried the latter, “I cannot justify your torturing me in this way. There

must, indeed, be some very weighty reasons for suspicion, in which, by some means, my name has been involved, as your lordship does not hesitate to speak to me in so extraordinary a tone. I beseech of you most earnestly for an explanation."

"You shall have it," replied Kaunitz, "and the Empress has commanded me to demand it from you."

He took up a sheet of paper from the already-mentioned document, on which, without doubt, were notes of that on which the Count had to speak.

"I find here," continued he then, "that the Prince von S. is informed of a secret undertaking which is to unite the Bohemian nobles with France, and which a craftily clever man, who was at one time recommended to him by a neighbouring court, conducts. It appears that the Prince had occasion to cherish suspicions of this man, and he was accustomed to read the letters which were sent to him, even when brought by a courier before him to whom they were addressed. By this means he discovered that this man was deeply involved in a plan, and all his other business and his public functions were only a disguise under which he might, undiscovered, conduct this affair. At the head of this treasonable confederacy stood Count Lacy Wratishlaw, your uncle!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the Count, "my worthy uncle! Who dares to say so?"

The minister watched him with suppressed breath. When he saw him pale, and almost out of himself ready to fall upon him as if he would make

answerable for his words, his countenance became milder.

‘Be quiet—be quiet, young man!’ said he to in the same tone, “you will have time for your oration, therefore hear somewhat more. The Count of the Count von Lacy who lived as ambassador with the Prince von S. was Thomas Thyrnau, still exercised so great a power over you, you, as it appeared, felt yourself menaced by

The Count’s colour now changed to the most ing crimson. “Your lordship is under a mis- . Believing you to have, as it were, a fatherly rd towards me, I allowed myself to make a nunication to you regarding this extraordinary . Your lordship is inclined to make use of the dence to my disadvantage, whilst you do not to recollect the facts perfectly. I do not feel lf dependent on Thomas Thyrnau, and the step h I yesterday took—in accomplishing my iage with the Princess Morani—confutes such ffensive dependence as is here notified, for this er claim destined his granddaughter to be my !”

‘Certainly this claim must offend,’ returned nitz; “or he made use of secret and imperious mstances which would lead your uncle, who, as ak you yourself told me, was a man proud of his try, to wish for such an unequal union as could ossibly accord with his principles.”

I do not even yet know the reasons which my uncle to a determination which at least is

Lacy was silent, he turned his eyes to it was a painful pause.

“Did you not receive on your journey letters of introduction from Thomas T of which you delivered, and money and influential persons?”

After a second pause, the Count replied this was the case.”

“You confess that?” cried Kaunitz, in a voice which was scarcely to be distinguished from pain; “and do you know that all these persons are suspicious? That they were the most dangerous agents of this French intrigue.”

“I had no knowledge of that,” replied Lacy with composure. “I executed these commissions which I was told were important. With the persons whom they concerned I had no further communication; they neither sought to make my acquaintance nor had I, among the connexions which were my taste, occasion to see them again.”

“And could you say,” inquired Kaunitz

icy. "Whether it is my duty to answer it or not, must leave to time to decide. I have here only to y with reference to my own personal connexions, have 'done this.'"

"My lord," replied Kaunitz, with coldness, "it as my wish in your unpleasant condition to have ved you from the measures which her majesty ernly commanded. Perhaps I hoped to find in our candid explanation merely thoughtlessness as e possibility of mitigating the consequences which reaten you. The reserve with which you repay y confidence renders my influence void! The mpress had commanded all persons compromised t this affair to be arrested; the officer on duty in ae ante-room will receive your sword!"

"And Thomas Thyrnau?" exclaimed Lacy, 'what will be done to him?"

"He will be arrested in a day or two. The ppecial council which the command of her majesty as summoned will have to judge this business with ll severity, and I will make use of every means to drag into daylight this web, so long spun in dark-ness."

"And cannot your lordshipmitigate this impend- ing judgment against me? If Thomas Thyrnau be rrested, then it is of infinite importance that I re- ain my freedom. I must in that case go to Prague, ay, even to Tein, the consequences might be ter- ible!"

"You know not what you are saying!" said Kaunitz, with severity; "what you are just now roposing to me is a very naïve proposition for one

who must himself be regarded as suspected of a treasonable complot!"

"It is not possible that you can think so!" cried Lacy, quite excited, and coming forward. "Tell me, how it is possible to find any thing suspicious in me: tell me what you have against me? I will answer every thing as openly and as faithfully as if I stood before my own father, and then, at least, this mortification will be removed from your noble soul, and that is now of as much value as my liberty!"

Kaunitz cast the stern, penetrating glance with which he had sought to prove every word of the young man, now on the ground, "What have I not suffered since yesterday?" said he, as if to himself, "I do not believe it! They are either lies or superannuated follies. But other people will believe them, because they are the most effectual means of shaking the favourable resolves of the Empress towards France, and thus they are and will be important enough!"

"But you spoke of documents," cried Lacy, "who can have forged these? How came they in the hands of the Prince von S.? Why do people believe him when he is known to be so little worthy of respect, and the royal pair themselves have taken his son under their protection?"

"Young man," said Kaunitz, with a scornful movement of the mouth, "who remains faithful to the truth when it no longer will subserve our views. So long as a thing is indifferent, and does not bear upon our own interests, we give it its value, more or less, but lies become truth to

ch we pursue when they utter what confirms our error! This Prince von S. is suddenly become an important man. His son has received a commission which will remove him for a long time from Vienna, in order that the father, who has sworn himself to be a faithful prince of the empire, may not be unpleasantly excited by his presence. Princess Therese will be obliged to marry him, —yet what need of my saying all this?" said he, interrupting himself, and this communication seemed almost against his own will to make him angry. "All these people will, however, discover that truth and justice rest in strong hands!"

"Oh," cried Lacy, deeply affected by the position of the great statesman, "now—now when it is so necessary that faithful, tried men should be near you allow me to resume my own place, work with you, and set out the truth, and bring it to honour."

"Does a Lacy offer me that?" cried Kaunitz;

Lacy whose name is accused through three generations of having ever pursued one and the same plan,—precisely this plan, of elevating Bohemia by a French prince to a kingdom independent of Austria! Your grandfather—your uncle—your cousin—you yourself stand on the list!"

"Then we have been slandered through three generations, and I, the last of these ill-used Lacys, know how to vindicate the injured name! Would that the moment were come in which I might stand before my judge!"

"Oh," said Kaunitz, with more sympathy than he liked to shew, "they have deceived you! If you

are innocent, you yourself have to make great discoveries. But my own personal feelings cannot decide here. This conversation is permitted to discover your guilt, not to weaken the suspicion against you. It will be our first and our last; yet I will concede to you the right which is due to your birth,—you will be a prisoner to your own honour, on your word of honour.”

“And will not this word of honour permit me to go to Tein, which Thyrnau must now so soon leave, and where his granddaughter’s life is in danger?”

“This object confuses your brain,” said Kaunitz. “How is it possible? Consider—to Thomas Thyrnau, in Bohemia!—to the very home of the conspiracy, as is thought—to the very leader of it!”

“Yes, it is impossible!” said Lacy, with a deep sigh. “God be merciful to us then!”

The expression of painful sorrow which shewed itself upon the countenance of the young man evidently belonged to his private affairs, and Kaunitz had too great a knowledge of mankind not to be aware of this; but it was unpleasant to him in every respect to find the young man so easily depressed. It was his wish that this plot, which had been elevated into an affair of so much importance, might crumble to nothing; for, indeed, with his firm eye and his great-minded confidence, he did not fear any plot against the state. He feared only that former follies of this kind, perhaps not sufficiently rooted out at the time, might now be proved, and therefore he was secretly resolved, whilst he traced out the plot, to use every endeavour to discover

the means of defence which could be available to the accused. In this the statesman governed the means. The plot was to be proved unimportant and long past. But it was not a part of his plan to withdraw the participators in it from punishment, and, with the exception of Lacy, whom from his private regard he wished to save, he would show the utmost severity towards them. He knew that he himself was exposed to suspicious observation, and had to expect it from the Empress who was angry beyond measure, inasmuch as she considered herself very much compromised by some advances made towards France, and for that reason threateningly reproached Kaunitz.

He had hoped to have obtained immediately from Lacy some explanations; he hoped, at least, to have fully cleared him whom he had so warmly commended to the Empress. Except in his own moral conviction he had not arrived at this conclusion, and he could not but fear that the young man, depressed by his own private affairs, was wanting in that firm determination which was, on every account, to be desired.

"I must now leave you," said he therefore, after he had for a little while noticed the gloomy self-getfulness of the young man, "and earnestly desire you to collect yourself, and to withdraw your thoughts from every other interest, and to employ yourself alone on this important business. Consider that it has reference to the name of Lacy, that the persons who are dearest to you must have in you their comfort since death has removed them. Consider

also that *I* will know nothing proved, excepting that all is nothing, is folly, or an anti-French cabal."

Lacy raised himself like a sick person who endeavours to counteract the weakness which bows him down.

"I will not mistake the sacred interests which I have to defend," said he, with firm composure, "and I pray you now to permit me to retire."

Kaunitz touched the bell. He commanded that the officer who was on duty in the ante-room should enter.

"Sir," said he to him, "you will have the honour of accompanying Count von Lacy to his palace, of receiving there his sword and of delivering it to me."

He moved with his hand to Lacy, and then retired to his cabinet.

The next moment Lacy and the officer were in the carriage. They drove to the Morani Palace, where the lime-trees were still in bloom, and the bees were rioting in their blossom, where Hedwiga was standing with Gertrude before an open travelling carriage, the beauty of which she rejoicingly admired, whilst servants were fastening on the luggage.

Lacy's heart swelled, and a deep pain thrilled through it. He now entered the place where so many were made happy by him, and in the next moment he must gloom all their happiness. Hedwiga, recognising her beloved Lacy, had immediately torn herself loose from Gertrude, and springing to the step of the carriage, stretched out

towards him, and hung around his neck, tain of his affection! As he pressed her to it he felt the moisture in his eyes.

„Hedwiga!” cried he, looking at her with a consuming anguish, “thou art the only one who is saved, and now I am powerless, and all the others perish in suffering and death!”

The child understood him not; she stroked his forehead and kissed him, but she wished herself away from him, abashed before the strange officer. Lacy was given into Gertrude’s charge, and hastened to the officer to his chamber. The difficult task was now come. This sword, this unblest and valued sign of his rank, this memorial of his father, to whom it belonged,—he must resign it. In thought he remained standing; the officer likewise observed a respectful silence, until at last, loosened the sword-belt and handed it over to him.

„Receive it, sir,” said he, with a voice of strong emotion; “I am a prisoner, on my word of honour, and I hope that you, whose respectful conduct I have now to value, may soon bring me back my freedom, which was the unprofaned companion of my father, which I have borne without reproach, and to which I am now from which is the most painful necessity of

It was past; Lacy was alone. But how changed did he feel in that apartment, in which so few hours before he had been free and independent. He thought over all those who were connected with him, and what they would have to endure from his present position, and from every thought he shrank back with deep pain.

“ Oh, Claudia !” cried he at length, “ this is the tranquil happiness by my side which in the presumption of youth I promised thee ! Not even one day of the bliss which thou expectedst can I give thee ! Yesterday I cast a shade over thy repose, and to-day—how will thy love for me cause thee to suffer ! And yet I will give this angel-heart a sweet consolation, she shall know that the sufferings which heap themselves around me become lighter when borne with her.”

He felt strengthened as he thought on the sacredness of that bond of wedlock, which united two beings so that with twofold power they stood firmly in life ; and the anguish which he had felt for the clouded happiness of his beloved grew lighter as he reflected on her noble collectedness of mind, and on the certainty of her affectionate devotion. He now felt courage to seek for her, and yet his foot delayed on the threshold, for he heard her talking in the great hall with Hedwiga, and heard her peculiar and singularly charming laugh, which at another time would have made him so happy, but which at this moment drew from him a deep sigh, for he was certain that he now, for a long period, heard it for the last time.

As he entered, Claudia came immediately to meet him. But the soft crimson of joy, which for a moment covered her countenance at sight of him, vanished instantly as she saw his changed appearance. The agitation of mind of the last few hours had left a very deep impression; the control which he had regained over his feelings could not obliterate traces from his countenance, which were more fully stamped than he had been aware.

"Tell me directly what has happened," said Claudia, and seized his arm; "you cannot deceive

me. The smile with which you would tranquillise me does not accord with your suffering countenance."

Lacy's eye turned to his left side. It seemed to him that every one must immediately see the missing countenance; but Claudia saw only his pale, hollow countenance. He led her to a chair, and as Hedwiga was taken by Gertrude into the garden, he resolved to tell her immediately all that had happened.

"My summons to the State-Chancellor was more important than I had imagined, dear Claudia," said he. "People have endeavoured to thwart great political designs, and have for that purpose made choice of means which, until the moment of indication comes, will affect me unpleasantly. I have some recollections in my youth as if at one time the nobles of Bohemia really had formed a plan of obtaining their own independence and freedom by a revolt from Austria, and as if France offered her assistance and proposed one of her princes as king of Bohemia. How far this scheme

or by others in my presence. This, however, is certain, that the names of Lacy and Thyrau are suspicious to the State-Chancellor, and a greater show of importance is given to all at the present moment, in order to shake the confidence which the Empress is inclined to show regards France."

"But you," said Claudia, "how can any one involve you in it?"

"A transaction was placed in my hands, at my will, which has thrown suspicion on me and turned her husband. "A person who was in the confidence of Thyrau on my journey to France intrusted to me letters and parcels, which were stated to be important, and which I was earnestly requested to deliver with my own hand. I did, and cannot deny that from these persons I received hints which again reminded me of my earlier plans. I repelled all confidence with more decision as I knew nothing about the matter, even if it were, as it seemed to me, wholly

at Thyrnau will be arrested, and will soon be on
way to Vienna."

"Great God!" exclaimed the Countess, and
rushed from her seat, "then let us set off earlier
on this evening. Let us go directly to Magda, at
in, she has need of us, and we will not leave it to
any one else to give her help and comfort."

With what a deep sentiment of love did Lacy
regard his noble wife, and how hard he found it that
she must yet give her greater pain. Their eyes met:
she was astonished to see him yet delaying, whilst
Lacy was seeking for the gentlest words to tell her
what was inevitable.

"Claudia!" cried he, "my noble, dear wife!
My peculiar position in this business makes the
journey impossible to me. An imperial officer at-
tended me hither—he took back my sword to the
Austrian-Chancellor—I am, until this affair is decided,
a prisoner in this house on my word of honour."

"Arrested!" said the Countess, with so faint a
voice that Lacy sprang up and caught her in his
arms. She now, for the first time, felt how mo-
mentous was the affair which Lacy had endeavoured
to conceal by calm words, and which she now re-
cognised as an actual danger to the beloved of her
life. "By whom are you accused?" stammered
she—"what threatens you, Lacy? I will go to the
press—she is deceived—she will listen to me!
I, too, have courage in this business of a certainty!"
She staggered: Lacy, deeply affected, led her to a
chair, and a flood of tears now relieved the painfully
agitated wife.

“ Yes, dear Claudia, you have the true womanly courage—the courage of love! this beautiful courage which every female soul maintains in its holy purity, and which raises it above all its weakness. Pardon me,” said he, tenderly, “ that I am thinking more of the happiness of recognising this lovely power than on the occasion of it; and, trust me, that you are more alarmed by the unfrequency of such experience than that there is any thing menacing in the affair itself. That which, in truth, must be painful to us, and which makes my position so difficult, is the position in which we know Thyrnau and Magda to be. How almost impossible will it be for him to leave her in her dangerous condition, and what may be the consequences of Thyrnau’s arrest upon her!”

“ Oh,” said Claudia, drying her tears, “ do not doubt, my friend, but that I felt this painful consideration as deeply as yourself. But you—you, Lacy! how serious must be your condition when they dare to arrest you!”

“ No, Claudia, it is the usual form, to which, also, the oldest and most respectable nobleman must yield himself. It is no proof of my position being unfavourable; and, in truth, I have nothing to fear. Give me the first proof of your confidence by believing me, and being more calm.”

“ God will give me strength not to increase your sufferings by my state of mind,” replied the Countess. “ He speedily proves the blessing which was yesterday pronounced over our faithful union, and thus shall we certainly preserve His co-operation where

assistance is so necessary to us. But let us now, with this presupposition, try whether, in truth, there is not something for me yet to do, as you are not yet at liberty."

"Dear Claudia," returned Lacy, "I will not see one single step taken to favour my cause. The faithful temper of the Empress shall be overcome nothing but the truth itself; there is nothing for me to do but to remain quiet until the moment in which my defence is called for. In the maintenance of this quietness lies truly for me now the most difficult task; for it often seems to me as if there should be no more sacred duty than to fly to Tein,—and, every other danger would I esteem slight, if a pledged word of honour were not the negative power to all these wishes."

"Now," cried Claudia, whilst all the colour which had so quickly left her countenance returned to it, "let me, instead of you, go to Tein. I will comfort Magda, await her recovery, and will then conduct her here, if the common fate here unite us!"

Lacy was deeply affected by the greatness of the sacrifice which the noble Claudia offered to him, but yet it was the most available thing which could be done. He was so fully convinced of this that he would not refuse it. When Claudia received the looks of the beloved husband, when she felt his admiration, his reverence expressed in every word, every feature, it seemed to her that the sacrifice and separation from him was easier, and yet that was the hardest part of the whole undertaking.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE very different figures slowly walked upon the terrace at Tein. The sun had just left that part of the platform which lay before the middle hall, and the comfortable, thoroughly-warmed turf contained the gentlest cure for the sick or the convalescent. Magda had left her bed the day before, and the season favoured her enjoyment of the fresh air, which seemed to be the first requisite for her. She attempted to walk, and was amazed to find how difficult this natural movement was to her. Thomas Thyrnau supported her on one side with an attention which betrayed his love, on the other side the wife of the castelain of Tein, who quietly wept; and the youthful creature staggered between the two as if sickness had for ever disabled her delicate limbs.

What Magda felt it would be difficult to define. She was become very thin, and seemed as if she had grown; the strong colouring of her complexion was become fairer and more delicate. The peculiar bending of the beautiful neck, so that the head drooped, was still more marked in consequence of

weakness; the outline of the exquisite face was more finely marked, the lips alone were slightly curved, and the glossy black hair lay like a turning-margin around this soft, suffering countenance. She wore her simple citizen-of-Prague costume of black silk, without ornament. She was a racle of beauty in that unpretending, fantastically aged dress. The hearts of her companions were wrung with sorrow. Magda was earnestly endeavouring to direct her tottering footsteps, and to rally her powers, when she sank down exhausted. She had fixed her eye on a garden-seat at the end of the terrace, which looked towards the lake, and which was roofed over by the depending branches of a willow, thither she directed her steps, without saying so, and her companions did not oppose it, because neither of them ventured to speak, from the fear that their tremulous voices might betray their feelings. With a great effort she reached the place, and the castelain's wife laid the cushions which she had brought with her on the bench, when she sank down exhausted, closed her eyes, and yielded to the weakness which overcame her.

Thomas Thyrnau seated himself upon a small wicker-stool before her, and firmly planting the cane which he leaned on the ground before him, sunk, with a melancholy feeling, his head upon his clasped hands upon it, whilst the castelain's wife stole away weep undisturbed, which she believed, according to her notions of her class, would lighten the misfortune, for she considered that beautiful young creature, whom every one loved, to be lost for ever

This, however, Thomas Thyrnau, guided by the opinion of old Hieronymus, did not fear; but he reflected, with deep sorrow, upon the blight which had fallen on her life, and dared not even to rejoice in her recovery. What an unpardonable folly—a presumptuous challenging of the chances of life, seemed now to him the daringly prosecuted plan of himself and old Lacy! How deeply did he lament, above every thing, that he had not prevented his friend, in his affection for Magda, cradling her, as they were, in his plans; and how did he deplore that they both of them, swayed in their solitude by the magic of her young and bold spirit, had taken her into a confidence which should hardly have been given to a man, their own equal! Thus, in the first place, had these schemes been as playthings to Magda, and now through them must the whole remainder of her life become one sorrowful combat.

“Ah!” thought he, mournfully, “can she, after all these bonds are so suddenly broken, begin another life? Shall not I have to see her slowly fading away at my side, and shall not I have to add to this sorrow the reproach that I am in part guilty of it?”

He had not, in the meantime, remarked that Magda, who had awoke from her light slumber, now sat with her large eyes searchingly riveted upon him. Her voice awoke him.

“Do not look so inexpressibly unhappy!” said she, in a tone somewhat like that of her former decision; “I know every thing which is in thy heart, and it is so infinitely painful to me, because I am

It now able to talk. But do thou only take comfort—this sickness was a true mercy of God—for God sent his angel in person, or how else came it here?”

Ah, what did not Thyrnau feel at these words! Perhaps he thought that she herself was become an angel. To him, at least, she was an angel of consolation; for her words bore witness that she had already found a support; that she would fall a sacrifice to that which she had endured, and that she desired to comfort him.

“Magda, my good girl,” said he, in a low voice, as he might control his emotion, “I can only be sorrowful so long as I fear lest thy strength should decay. If I could be certain of thy inward power, I should be consoled.”

“Then be consoled,” said Magda, “for thou shalt find that I shall now be quite different; but I now rejoice in what is past, for it will produce important good. But the whole world is now changed, and I must wait until my heart is healed, and thou canst believe that it is only wounded.”

“Cannot I do something, my Magda,” asked Thyrnau, almost choked with his emotion, “to close the wound, or to make it less painful to thee?”

“Yes,” returned Magda, with her angel-smile; “let me again see thy dear, cheerful countenance. Smile at me, or, for once, laugh—talk once more as freely and sternly as thou used to do at the Dohlen-stein! I think that it would strengthen me much more than all the drops which Hieronymus gives me.”

Thomas Thyrnau raised his head with the intention of smiling. But when he saw that angelic face with a smile which was meant to enliven him, the strength of the old man gave way. He threw himself forward, caught her in his arms, and a torrent of tears unlocked the agony of his heart. Magda stroked his cheek, and kissed him in quiet self-possession, but she shed not a tear.

"I often think," said she, bending over him, "that weeping is a great relief. Every sorrow which I had hitherto was a sorrow of tears; then comes the sorrow which God alone knows, and which He then alone shares: for this we weep not; the sorrow and the sharer of our sorrow are both too great for tears. How much one learns then! Dost thou know," continued she, as Thyrnau, who had raised himself again, sat before her lost in the contemplation of her,—“dost thou know that I should like thee to tell about what thou always wished to tell me—of my mother, of what she went through, and how thou at one time wert so long angry with Lacy?”

"Magda," said Thyrnau, "may I venture to do it? Would it not agitate thee too much? When I talk with thee I can conceal nothing, for thou must receive a truthful image of her, and there is much that is affecting in what I should have to tell."

"Ah, so much the better!" said Magda; "I would so gladly be removed from myself—I would so gladly recognise in the life of another the fate which God sends."

"I will not oppose thee," replied Thyrnau, re-

aining somewhat of his usual strength in mind and hearing. "God impels thee, that I feel with deep emotion, and I will permit myself to be co-impelled; for what is it, and what becomes of that which the obstinate will of man urges on?"

"Death deprived me," began the old man, "of my two sons. After their death, God presented me with two daughters, the youngest of which, thy aunt, cost thy grandmother her life. Barbara, my only sister, who was married to Jacob Hülshof, one of the distinguished architects, who, in conjunction with Buonoccini and Imanuel Fischer, directed the building in Vienna, lived, after the death of her only child, in Vienna in very good circumstances. Her noble and cultivated mind was to me a sure guarantee for all that she did; she took my two children to live with her, and educated them. She educated them according to my views, although I must remark, that she considered my plan of education quite too liberal for girls of their rank, and aimed it unsparingly. Nevertheless, she complied with my wishes as their father, and endeavoured, at the same time, to instil into the mind of my daughter her own old-citizen-like taste for simplicity and unpretendingness, which seemed to her the best defence against the demands of life.

"The house of my brother-in-law was, if always extremely simple, still of high repute from its affluence and hospitality. Foreign artists of his own profession, as well as sculptors and painters, assembled at the hospitable table of the cheerful and intellectual Hülshof, and by that means a higher cul-

ture of mind, a more lively sympathy in intellectual pursuits, could not fail of being felt, and which Barbara herself was conscious of. It was quite accordant with her views to share with others in moderation the gifts of affluence, and it was precisely in this way that her benevolence had the best opportunity for its exercise, as the young foreigners often brought with them nothing but their talent, and until the time came when this was productive to them, they had to encounter many a hardship and privation: Barbara's most intimate friend was the wife of a sculptor, who had come hither from Italy, and who at that time was employed by the Emperor Leopold in erecting the Column of the Trinity, and afterwards upon the two statues above the fountains—Corne^{lius} Matielli——”

“Matielli?” cried Magda.

“Yes, Magda,” returned Thyrnau, “he was ^{my} grandfather! In the erection of these statues ^{he} fell from a scaffold and died, without having been able to receive the holy sacrament. This sorrow took strong hold on the mind of his wife. She could find no rest in the world, and conjured her friend ^{to} become a mother to her only son. Barbara consented; and after this, she took the veil in the Convent of Female Penitents at Milan, the native place of her husband, and whither also his remains were conveyed.

“Francesco Matielli lived as a son in the house of Barbara; he was a sculptor like his father, and with greater talent than he and a more careful education, he became a distinguished artist. Nature

been eminently favourable to him; the love of men seemed to belong to him with their first sight. He was handsome; and his character was a charming union of gravity and mirth, of firmness and gentleness, that his success in the world seemed justified.

“ My girls lived for months during their youth at the Dohlen-nest, and returned to Barbara when I was absent. Count Lacy, my noble friend, whose unfortunate love for the Princess D. thou art acquainted with, had afterwards married, and had a son of uncommon promise. Stephan was the object of our great plans, and we united to conduct his education as carefully as possible, and I may say that Stephan belonged as much to me as to his father. When my girls were with me, nothing could be more happy than our intercourse, and the noble Countess Lacy made as little difference between my daughters and her son as I could. When Stephan had finished his studies and returned home from the university of Göttingen, his two daughters, Magdalena and Lucretia, were with me at the Dohlen-nest. Magdalena, thy daughter, was sixteen, and wonderfully beautiful; Stephan immediately conceived the most ardent passion for her.

“ That which followed was only a heavy chain of suffering and severe injuries, in which scarcely one of these hitherto happy and virtuous people remained pure from blame. When we discovered the young man's inclination, the wrong side of our affection revealed itself, and I had to learn that

the man who so long had shared heart and soul with me—to whom I had been authority—who had placed me a thousand times above himself—whom I had regarded as the perfection of humanity—he who had declared my daughters to be worthy of their father, I had, I repeat it, nevertheless, to learn that he considered it quite out of the range of possibility for such a man to be united with his family.

“How shall I describe to thee the agony of the years which succeeded to this discovery? At that very time Gerhard von Lacy, his younger brother, returned from Italy with his wife and his little son. He was free from prejudices, and loved his nephew, who, yielding to the mastery of his uncontrollable passion, resembled an insane person. But Lacy and I had hard hearts! I reminded him and his family, of which mine was not esteemed worthy, of a long line of ancestors, all worthy, honourable men, whilst, on the contrary, rank and name had alone been able to save unworthy men of his house from public shame. He acknowledged the truth, but hated him who had the right of bringing it to his remembrance.

“I left Tein, and lived in Prague with my daughters; but I had lost my home: I had lost, with the friend of my youth, the whole kernel of my life, and could no longer be joyful. The restless passion of the young man, however, followed thither, and as the endeavours of Count Gerhard were in vain to reconcile our obstinate wills, I was obliged to drive from my threshold Stephan, the darling of my heart, the son of my only friend;

and as this availed nothing, I made the last sacrifice, I separated myself from Magdalena and resigned her again to Barbara, who, in the meantime, had become a widow.

“Magdalena’s behaviour, during the storm which she had so innocently occasioned, excited a doubt in me regarding her real feelings towards Stephan; and it soon seemed to me in Vienna, that her heart was influenced much more by sympathy than by love, for I easily saw that she received Francesco Matielli’s open declarations of love in a very different manner to those of the unfortunate Stephan.

“We had not been long in Vienna, when she informed me that Stephan had followed her there, and that Angela, her old nurse, was forced at night to send him away from below her window, as had been the case at Tein and at Prague.

“She saw the helpless suffering which this news occasioned me, and now proposed, as the only means of depriving him of any hope, that she should be married to Francesco Matielli. On closer inquiry, I found that this proposal had taken root in the minds of all who surrounded me. Francesco exercised over me the influence of which I have already spoken, and I could not avoid seeing that there was no more efficacious means against the unhappy condition of the unfortunate Stephan, who, it was very much to be feared, would otherwise never wholly renounce his hope.

“Magdalena was very quietly married to Francesco Matielli, and set off the same day to Milan, where they were both to receive the blessing of the

poor mother, and were not to return to Vienna for some years.

“ The effect of these tidings on Stephan was horrible. He became sick unto death, and the hearts of his parents were rent with remorse. The proud Lacy fancied that he had now something to be angry with me about—that I had made his remorse unavailing, and we continued outwardly foes. Hieronymus saved the life of Stephan, and the father attached himself to the youth, and endeavoured to devote him to the purpose of his native land—to our favourite schemes. He proposed journeys to him, he almost demanded from him a long residence in France, in order that he might be removed from the place of his sufferings. But there, whither his father had driven him, he was destined, against his will, terribly to avenge himself, and by that means to effect at length our reconciliation.

“ But let us return to thy mother. She was very happily married, and although her first child, a boy, died, she brought thee, then a new-born child, to us on her return. At that time I was summoned as solicitor of the court of Z., to the then reigning prince, for the settling of a question of succession. Barbara, ever since Magdalena's marriage, had accompanied me wherever I went. She lived with me on account of Lucretia, who was quite as beautiful as thy mother, and for whom nature and education had done all that was possible. When I found thy residence in S. was likely to be of a longer duration than I at first imagined, I sent for Barbara and Lucretia; it was the beginning of deep and imme-

le misery. I soon sent them back again, and lered them to be safe in a country-house near ie.

To them came the news that thy mother and lf were nigh to death of the small-pox. Lu-'s prayers decided her aunt to make the jour-pon which she could not accompany her from ar of her taking the infection. Thy mother of that frightful complaint, thou, on the con-hadst it but slightly. Barbara, however, not leave Prague; Francesco filled her with eatest anxiety, and, in the meantime, his sor-ithdrew her from her own grief, and he, above hers, needed her care. Lucretia remained, ore, alone, except for Angela and her domes-n the country-seat where I had placed her. sorrowful tidings reached me in Paris, where fairs of Stephan Lacy, with which thou art ac-ed, had just then called me. Previous to this, a four years' separation, our reconciliation was ht about, and, with renewed heart-felt devo-I dedicated myself to my recovered friend. this my relation is at an end, Magda, for thy dent old friends did not omit to initiate thee eir mysteries, which, of a truth, have given nxieties too soon."

Yes," said Magda, "and yet thou a second ast avoided to tell me about my aunt Lucre- a second time thou seemest to avoid telling me became of her; for farther than that country- where thou hast left me could I never get."

Then think that it would be too painful for me

to go any farther," said Thyrnau, with his old sternness; "and do not again ask me to enter on the painful subject. Death also drew her bright image from our eyes, and the circumstances were enough to wound the heart of a father! It thou hadst not lived—if Barbara had not understood how to present thee to me, as a being which had devolved upon my care, from that time forth must melancholy have had the mastership of me. Francesco soon left us, and died a few years afterwards in Milan. But here death only raged, and left me nothing but sorrow and memory."

"And thy Magda," said the pale girl, with an affectionate look, which at the same time endeavoured to be cheerful—"thy Magda, who now has nothing more in the world than thou, who now will live for thee, and who will never more separate herself from thee! Oh, thou dear, good grandfather! tell me, however, how thou hast managed, after so much grief, after the experience of so much injustice, to remain so cheerful? How often have I boasted of that to Barbara, into whose life true traces of death are eaten, and thou always remainest the same—always remainest cheerful!"

"Magda," replied Thyrnau, "I have not remained cheerful—I am become so again! We must make an end of the sorrow, and retain only the remembrance. Healthy minds, which had time to take a calm and dispassionate view of life, would never be given up to a selfish resignation to the losses they had experienced or the injustice they had endured; I fancy that I belong to these powerful

ls. From my youth upwards there existed in my
acter a strong necessity for perspicuity and keen
ning. This impulse was the counterbalance
ardent, passionate temperament, which threat-
on many occasions to bring me into difficulty.
impulse made me an industrious student of
own mind and character—I was a keen observer
yself; I, as it were, cleared all out again and
n, and arranged every thing in its place, after
ad been thrown into confusion by the whirlwind
assion; and I had *one* support, Magda! My
ghts, from my youth upwards, were open to
!—this habit was the most vital life of adversity,
may use that profane word. I sent to Him my
le soul, with its impetuosity, with its fiery de-
s, with its pangs; and in proportion as I re-
ed it to Him, with childlike fervency, demand-
from Him all guidance, all alleviation, as my
lienable right in Him, did I receive it back in
e struggles and combats, often wonderfully
ged, but, for the most part, filled with an en-
iasm for life, which I had received from His
l, and which now, with its holy suffering and
, appeared of the most incomparable beauty
glory, revealing to my soul a mysterious con-
plation of events, which took from the grave its
; and from grief its thorns.

... proper preparation of the eye-
experience has taught us their proper value
rejoice that we are able to recognise their
true shapes."

"Ah," said Magda, "I understand t
fectly—thou art heart-strengthening to m
tell me only one thing,—that of which t
speakest thou hast learnt as a man, hast exp
but me, a girl, what dost thou think of that

"What I have experienced I have exp
as a human being," replied Thyrnau; "our
as regards God, our communion with H
nothing to do with the sex, however it m
our outward life. That from whence it
the revelation in our souls, the faith in thi
communion with Him, is the property of h
which, thereby freed from the earth and bo
in spirit, becomes capable of victory. At
thee, Magda, my dearly-beloved child, the
become participant of victory!"

Magda bowed her head, as if she pondered

oked around her with a glance of the guish, and seemed only to be aware how f tears flowed down her cheeks from her eyes.

la," said Thyrnau, softly, "I had just of thee, and now it seems as if there to fulfilment. Have we then in vain con- as nothing of all this reached thy con-

all, father!" said Magda, "but its in- me is twofold. I can, as just now, glance uture, and see in it for me, also, another t it is a long way thither, a long, dark he end of which I again see the sun, ne upon the green earth, only now, father, sun, no green earth there. I strive ear- recognise all again; but where is it? I y thing by heart here. I thought to shew

He should listen with me to what the lake ve had for such a long time said to me; he : how shady and long are the paths, and itively peeping deer; and how in the leafy l the little chambers where the marble ood, heaven rests above like a beautiful d now the castle and the hospital, which I e have altered, and the pictures and the ooks, ah! he will never feel happy with- nd I can never make him happy; for I, ve lost all, and shall never regain them. If ards the lake it is no longer solitary, and are still, and the sedge has no border of , and the leafy halls once so dear to me—

there, and every where has something had its home — I know it not again; it is no longer my old sanctuary; but when my heart turns from it with terror, and I think, where else wilt thou go? where it once was so beautiful, it is the same every where, all *is* strange to me. See! as if these lifeless things knew that he had cast me off, so do they also repel me, and I can no more claim any part in them. And," continued she, warmly, as she saw that Thyrnau was about to reply to her, "do not speak to me about the Dohlen-nest! I will not go there again. The walls fell together, and covered me like the walls of a vault, nor to Vienna, or even to Barbara, he, too, was there, and there I was so happy! But now, whither I must go at first, God knows!"

Thyrnau had listened to her with deep pain, and with some astonishment. The beginning of her conversation had excited in him great expectation, he saw how completely her deceived hopes had taken possession of her whole life, and had changed and overturned every thing. He could not but be amazed at the power of her mind, which, as if by revelation surveyed this state with prophetic glance, and preserved to itself the power of beginning a new life. A silent vow arose from his heart to heaven, not to forsake her for a moment; to take into consideration every thing which his experience had taught him as a remedy to mitigate the sufferings of the soul so that for her this earliest period of her grief might be made endurable.

"Gain only, however, somewhat of thy bodily strength, my child," said he, as she was thought

silent, " then we will leave this country, and I travel far away with thee, and shew thee the fruitful warm countries on the other side the mountains of which thy father was a native, where thousands of thine are still living, and where throughout the whole year nature does not die, and none who here need to wait for her because she is always ready for the cheerful enjoyment of life, and every one is invited to partake of happy hours."

Do not now speak of happiness," said Magda, softly, and laid her hand upon her heart; " I cannot bear it yet. But I will go with thee wheresoever thou goest, for if I had not thee, then would I rather be all over with me. Yet tell me, dear father, whether we are now actually become fugitives, and for the future must live as thriftily as we can?"

No, Magda," replied Thyrnau, " there is no reason for that; but we have ceased to be rich. My father left behind him a great property which he had only bequeathed to his son and to Barbara, an inheritance which the noble, proud soul would never permit to increase; this property was gradually augmented by myself through my own industry. The whole, however, of my paternal inheritance became involved when Stephan's unfortu-
precipitance brought us all to the brink of

This part of my property is therefore lost, and all my claims to it are buried with the document in a little fire-place, over whose comfortable blaze

heart-felt re-union he so willingly acknowledged ~~me~~ due to me."

"Ah!" said Magda, "that is the only point of light in this day of terror. The ashes of this will, which, as it were, I fetch out of the stove, and lay upon my heart, have in them a balsam, which does my heart good!"

"How well I knew thee!" replied Thyraun, "I knew that beforehand. That was what could save us; for what was there for him but the possession of a still greater sorrow from which, without this quick determination, we never could have released ourselves; for if this noble, proud youth had cast one glance into this document, not even God could have saved him from poverty."

"And hast thou taken means to prevent his inquiries?" asked Magda, timidly.

"Thy illness put aside every other thought," returned he, "and when the first danger was over, he yielded to my prayers, that he would not urge me to explanations for which neither he nor myself were equal. But how his later inquiries are to be avoided, I must consider, and, first of all, I think to make my escape from him, and therefore would begin our journey as soon as thy strength will permit it."

"That it soon will do," returned Magda, in great excitement, "for this conversation with thee has greatly strengthened me. I suddenly feel all my old powers, it is become so warm about my heart, so clear, I am certainly cured all at once. If thou wilt hasten thyself, we can set off the day after tomorrow. I see them before me, the long sunny

A wind between heaven-kissing peaks and battlemented walls, and from whose eaves the sound of bells; and gay processions see them moving with banners and and heart-consoling pictures, along the streets, and cypress-woods cover them; and towers I see, upon which the noble deer do repose; those are our paths! And in the bay in which the boat is rocking, boys sing the songs of Tasso; and we land on marble steps which conduct into the palace where the evening lamp illumines the walls, against which stand the rosily-gleaming statues. And we leave the boat; children run and throw flowers to us; and we count the windows as they come out in the blue night-heavens, we see all cities, all castles; I sleep on thy couch and thou wakest me at sunrise; and again I go farther pleasantly on horses through the streets, where the pale green leaf; and through the woods, where the dark myrtle blooms,—there where it is quiet, there is the marble fountain—there! dost thou see it?"

"Be still! wake!" cried Thyrnau. He started up, for Magda had raised her head to see all before her which she had not before he was about to advance when she fell deep fainting fit. The cry which Thyrnau uttered reached those who were near, and Hieronymus and Magda's wife stood beside him.

"Have you again forgotten that she must be excited!" said Hieronymus, angrily,

to Thyrnau. "Was a long conversation on s
which must rend her heart fit for her? eh?
is your wisdom, Mr. Thyrnau?"

No one answered him, for during these w
wrapped the pale girl in her cloak, and wi
gigantic power taking her up in his arms, c
her with rapid and firm steps to the castle.

CHAPTER X.

THYRNAU, as quickly as circumstances would permit, now made preparations for the intended journey; for the news of Lacy's marriage had already reached him from Lacy himself, and he longed, as earnestly as Magda did, to escape from all these excitements. He arranged, and then delivered, all the necessary papers to Hieronymus, conferring upon him such authority as would make his presence no longer necessary to Lacy.

These important arrangements were not able to withdraw his observation from Magda for one moment. He saw how for his sake this young creature combated with grief, and how much these efforts cost her. But he saw from this cause new strength of soul reveal itself, and Magda step, as it were, from childhood into the mysterious vigour of youth, when the feet lift themselves from the earth, and the head reaches to heaven. She was surrounded by poetical dreams, as if by invisible spirits,

and he guarded with wise indulgence that quietness of mind which would give her time to find her way back into life.

He hoped much from the journey, from that happy inactivity which still leaves not a moment unoccupied because we are every where presented with other objects than those from which our sick souls retreated.

On the morning of the third day after that on which we last saw Magda, Thomas Thyrnau, lightly supporting her by the arm, wandered with her through the lofty cut beechen way towards the entrance-gate, and told her about the journey, which was to commence the following morning, and of what way they would take to avoid Prague and Vienna. There came to them across the meadow a spicy odour of new-made hay, and Magda now for the first time passed over the threshold of the garden-gate, and turned into the beautiful, shady willow avenue which formed the highroad, and which led to the meadow opposite. Her breath seemed short; and, although her head, according to her peculiar mode, was somewhat drooped, she often started as if from some sudden thought, and her eye glanced around on all sides.

“Art thou not well, my child?” asked Thyrnau—
 “perhaps thou hast gone too far—wilt thou rest—
 There are seats on the meadow-bridge—rest a little while!”

She seated herself quietly, and looked on the earth before her as if her eye would pierce to the

it depth. The uneasy breathing ceased, and expression of the sweet countenance became

“If all at once my eyes were opened,” said she, “as if she spoke to herself, “and I were to see which is more than words.—‘In the beginning the Word and the Word was with God!’ That is what I mean! The Word has remained with us, and we must go to God, then we have the light which enlightens, for it enlightens the glory which is in us—we acknowledge the glory and we are saved! The lily spins not, neither sows, it waits for the bud, which has the inward impulse, and the object of longing. Every day the sun goes forth, and the rays ascend to it, until at length the ray comes down, it is fire and penetrates it with warmth; and she reveals her glory, and has nothing to do but to bloom, for God is in her, and she has her own odour!—‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.’ Is it not true, father, that the Kingdom of God is revealed to every man? And, thou of little faith, why dost thou doubt?” said she. I see them stand in the boat in their long gowns, and the moon is bordered with clouds as though mountains, and the lightning shoots down arrows of fire, and the waves leap up terrified, they stretched out their hands for protection. The sea is the abyss torn up, and mountains hurled down, and it seems as if the boat must follow! The waves sink together as the foot of the Saviour is set over them, and a still, bright pathway is

opened — not one perishes! But come!” continued Magda, interrupting herself, and glancing down the road. “What do these want?—we must inquire!”

Thyrnau had listened in silence to Magda’s phantasies. He did not interrupt her, he seemed to have not a word to say. He now, however, arose, and, like her, glanced down the road. He there saw a troop of horse-soldiers with an officer at their head. They seemed to be riding in haste, and an unwieldy carriage came up behind them. When they saw the two who were lingering on the bridge, the officer rode forward and prayed that Thyrnau would point out the way to an old mansion which lay near here in the Tein woods, and which was called the Dohlen-nest.

Thyrnau cast his penetrating eye over the whole procession and knew their purpose in a moment. On Magda’s account, however, it seemed better to turn them aside to the Dohlen-nest; he therefore stretched out his hand, and pointed out to them the way as it turned off in the wood. It was however necessary, on account of the narrow causeway on which they were, that Thyrnau and Magda should remain standing until the whole train had passed by. He recognised in the carriage two justiciaries of the Vienna city-police, and these had scarcely seen him when they commanded the train to halt, and, in the same moment, at a signal of the commanding officer, Thyrnau and Magda were surrounded by the soldiers. The carriage-door

ed, and, before Thyrnau had time to speak, two whom it had contained stood before him, one, laying his hand upon his arm, said,—

Thomas Thyrnau, I arrest you, in the name of our most gracious majesty, on a charge of high-treason!

A thrilling scream wrung every heart. Magda dashed forward, and thrusting herself between her father and the officer of justice, threw her arms around him and cried,—

Hence! hence!" Then stepping before the armed officer, she said, quickly, "I know what high-treason is, and therefore I dismiss you; for I should rather make him warden of the crown, than name high-treason and him on the day!"

Magda!" said Thyrnau, quickly interrupting "these are the things with which I have told a woman has nothing to do. Go away!" commanded he, in a tone which the unfortunate girl, of her excitement, might not withstand, "and my decision!"

"I would see your authority," said Thyrnau; it was only necessary for him to put forth his hand to the already unfolded parchment. He read in calmness the order of the cabinet, which commanded his arrest on account of high-treason, and he bore the hurried signature of the Empress. In perfect composure his eye fell upon the parchment which announced to him his so long-expected and accomplished fate. He turned himself in this

short moment to the opposite side of his life, and, with a courageous hand, put away from him the sweet, visionary happiness of living in a more beautiful land for the sake of an affectionate child. There was need, now, of his entire manhood!

All eyes were turned upon him, and the calmness and the noble dignity which marked his whole demeanour made a favourable impression. Magda watched every breath he drew, but she was silent, for she knew that he was about to speak.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you have saved yourselves the way to the Dohlen-nest; I inhabit at this moment the castle of Tein, whither I pray you to follow me."

"Our instructions require," said one of the officers, "that we get possession of all papers belonging to you, as well at the Dohlen-nest as at the castle of Tein. We cannot, therefore, save ourselves going to the Dohlen-nest."

"You shall be prevented in no ways from following your orders. But let me pray you to rest ^{after} your journey in the first place at Tein."

"I must remark," said the officer, "that we ~~are~~ required to compel you, wherever we may ~~meet~~ with you, to an immediate departure with us."

"I shall not refuse," returned Thyrnau; "~~s~~ the rest necessary for these horses is not to be ~~cal-~~ an impediment, and the refreshment which you require will at least allow me time to make ~~so-~~ little arrangement for this young girl, my ~~gra-~~ daughter; this is my only wish, and the ~~prese-~~

of these gentlemen will not be any hindrance to me."

"Father," cried Magda, "wilt thou consent to go with them? Thou!—thou wilt accept their accusation!"

"Be still, Magda!" returned Thyrnau. "My tribunal is not here! Here I can make no confession, no opposition. As it has gone so far, this paper is my best friend, for it conducts me to the place where I can vindicate myself."

"Ha!" cried Magda, "now I understand thee! Thou hast now nothing more to fear from this. I can very well bear the journey, and in Vienna can easily endure all with thee."

Thyrnau's glance rested with unconcealed pain on the beloved being who doubted not for a moment of being permitted to unite her fate with his. He feared that this would be denied to her, and with great anxiety he foresaw the effect of this upon her.

"Thou wilt not wish, Magda," said he, in a serious tone, "any thing which would make my position more difficult. I have perfect confidence in thee. Gentlemen, give us room! I will go on before you with my granddaughter. Your horses are guarantees for the security of the arrested."

The gentlemen entered the carriage; the officer respectfully divided his troop, let the two pass through, and then followed at a distance, but within sight, at as slow a pace as Magda's weakness required.

They went past the seat where Magda but just

before had seemed to have so wonderful a presentiment of the present, and he looked at her, but she was not aware of his gaze. Her head was drooping; but there was no longer any excitement—she was still and calm.

“Ah!” thought Thyrnau, “it was good, nevertheless, that we two old fools, from her very youth, let her take part in every thing which we did, and thus she is not unprepared for what she did not expect.”

As they passed through the iron gate into the great beechen avenue they met with Hieronymus, who was gone to meet them with two servants and a sedan-chair.

“Old Indiscretion!” said he, scoldingly, to Thyrnau, “so unnecessarily to exhaust her strength in the increasing heat, as if we had so much to spare! Eh? Is that rational?”

With what an expression of love did Thomas Thyrnau meet the honest countenance of his old scolding friend; what a consolation at this moment was his tender care for Magda!

“Thou hast always been,” said he, “a more rational friend to her than I! How necessary w
thou soon be to her! and I beseech of thee to me
the events which are about to befall with calmne
and firmness of mind.”

Hieronymus had no time to ask questions; f
when he turned round to see whether Magda, wh
already quite exhausted, had sunk into the chair, r
quired his help, the train which had accompani
Thomas Thyrnau turned in at the gate.

He stood as if petrified, and gazed at them with hanging colour: his eye then sought his friend, who waited for him.

"It is so, my old friend," said Thyrnau; "it is the end of the drama in which I have been an actor through my whole life: let us hope that it will not be a tragedy!"

He seized the arm of Hieronymus, and the two walked behind the sedan-chair which bore the object of their tenderest care.

"Remain with her," besought Thyrnau, "and comfort her, for I must immediately depart."

"Art thou arrested?" now exclaimed Hieronymus. "Is it possible? Arrested! How can this now have come out; who can have been the traitor?"

"On that subject I have no doubt!" returned Thyrnau. "Hast thou forgotten the visit which we had from Prince von S.? Hast thou forgotten the attempt in the wood at Tein? It had no reference to the young fool whom it hit, but to the Hereditary Prince, and in truth was from his father! Ernst did not confess it to me; but I knew it as well as he himself did; and he let the prisoner escape, in order that that cruel crime might be spared publicity."

"Such a hatred is incomprehensible!" said Hieronymus. "However ill I thought of the old sinner, this devilishly unnatural conduct surprises me!"

"He would not allow himself to be convinced that it is his son; and, as he knew that he had nothing to set against the proofs of this fact, he

swore the most solemn oaths that he never would acknowledge him, and would do every thing to remove this bastard from his inheritance! This insane blindness somewhat excuses human nature; he at least does not consider himself as his father."

"But how can he come forward as your accuser who is himself an accomplice?"

"His condition is better than mine, that is certain; and he who impeaches will have his advantage,—may, perhaps, already have received pardon. But now to Magda. You are my only support for her; for Barbara has written to me from Milan. She has taken her old journey to Francesco's mother, and is now living as a boarder in the convent of Female Penitents. On the contrary, Magda hopes to accompany me, and the calm state in which you see her is merely the consequence of this resolve, of this hope! Prepare her for the impossibility to which she must submit. I will in the meantime put together all papers which have reference to this subject. God defend the unhappy child from all the blows which fate heaps upon her!"

"This will be a great shock to her!" said Hieronymus; "and from her shattered health she has an excitable temperament, which requires little assistance. She is delirious without fever; a then let those put things right who can!"

Magda had given orders that they should halt the terrace. She waited until all who followed were here assembled. The officers of justice declared the short conversation which Hieronymus had had with Thomas Thyrnau would also make him the

ner until the whole of the confiscated papers in their possession ; and the two men now saw means whatever of removing Magda, who, perhaps, had only have submitted to the prayers of Hieronimus. She now gave directions, in their presence, that her travelling dresses should be added to the baggage of her grandfather, and then turned her attention exclusively to every movement made by her grandfather and the two officers of justice. The gentlemen separated, after the short breakfast which they took standing. The one betook himself, with a part of the troop, to the Dohlen-nest ; whilst the other, with Thyrnau, Hieronimus, Magda, and the commanding officer, wandered through the streets, and took possession of all the papers which they could find. In his search, Thyrnau assisted in the most candid manner, and exhibited a repose and confidence which did not at all seem to belong to a person accused of high-treason. After the conclusion of this business a wearisome time of rest was had ; for it was necessary that they should await the return of the other party from the Dohlen-nest. Thyrnau perceived that the time was now come which compelled him to begin the combat with Magda, in which he felt that he should be vanquished. But the needful word died within his agitated heart when he saw the pale girl, who, without tears, and with the most determination in her lovely countenance, stood beside him, her arm placed within his, watching her large eyes every movement of the two officers, as if she would ward off from him all danger that might come too near.

"Magda," said he, almost timidly, "I have consigned thee to Hieronymus." He paused, for he encountered Magda's large and calm eyes.

"Does Hieronymus go with us?" asked she, with difficulty opening the firmly compressed lips.

"No, Magda! Hieronymus remains here; and therefore I said that I have consigned thee to him."

"What good can that do?" replied she, whilst a fine crimson mantled her cheek, "as I am going with thee!"

"I do not wish that, neither is it possible," said Thyrnau. "A person who is arrested can never have any of his relatives with him."

"But a young girl," said Magda, "a mere child, as thou always considerest her, who will do nothing but be with thee and wait on thee; she they would admit anywhere, that thou mayst believe!"

There was so much meekness, so much deep sorrow in the tone in which she spoke, that Thyrnau looked around him as if for help. His eye wandered to the officer of justice, who, by virtue of his office, was obliged to remain near them.

"I am very sorry," said the latter, understanding Thyrnau's glance, "to be obliged to grieve the poor young girl. But the gentleman grandfather says justly, we dare not allow you to accompany him. Besides ourselves, nobody may sit with him in the carriage!"

She had withdrawn her arm from her grandfather's, and sat with her hands clasped together on her knee: she dwelt upon every word which the man spoke; then she said,—

"Ah, that is of no consequence! I am again quite healthy; I have a little horse upon which I can ride very well beside the carriage; it canters as wifly as your large horses." These words she addressed to the officer, who bowed silently to her.

With this she immediately rose, for she now hoped that all cause for her great terror was at an end, and sighed deeply, as if she would relieve herself; and when she looked at Thyrnau she smiled, the first time that she had smiled for many days, sank before him, and kissed his hands. These courageous men, who prided themselves on being able to overcome every opposition, knew not what to say, and the one expected from the other the renonstrance which was here necessary.

Thyrnau at length gave vent to his heavy heart.

"Courage, Magda! courage! Be to me now the support which thou often promisedst to be, and which I expected to find thee. Thou canst not follow me; thou must promise me here, under the protection of Hieronymus, calmly to await the return of thy health: thou must promise me ——"

"I will promise thee," cried Magda, springing from the ground like a feather, "to follow thee everywhere, wherever wicked men may chase thee! I will promise thee that thy shadow will not be more faithful to thee than thy Magda; and I would see who has the right and the power to prevent me! Oh! how couldst thou think of any thing else,—how couldst thou think that empty excuses would withhold me? Good gentlemen, do not trouble yourselves about your coach," cried she; "you are

obliged to refuse the use of it to me : that may be, but you need do no more !”

“ Oh, Magda, compose thyself !” exclaimed Thyrnau, with anguish ; “ do not make that which is inevitable so difficult to us both !”

“ No—no !” continued Magda, with increasing emotion ; “ only consider what is inevitable ! It is *inevitable* that I should accompany thee into the great wilderness, where they are all angrily waiting for thee like ravening beasts. And wilt thou not consent that I should go with thee because thou thinkest that I should be afraid ? Consider only, I saw thy blue-eyed Empress, thy Theresa, with her beautiful presence noble as her thoughts ; but my courage did not fail me ; on the contrary, I felt inspired by it ! It is a good thing that I am a child, as thou hast often described me, to whom all doors are open—even hers ! What will she do before the great truth which I can tell her ? Dost thou now take it in ?” asked she, still ever hoping that she had made an end of the opposition.

“ No, Magda ; for thou art mistaken if thou hopest to gain admission to the Empress. Every thing which can justify me will be brought before the Empress, as certainly as if thou wert thyself to say them.”

“ All the better !” continued Magda, “ then there is no need at all for me to be parted from thee—then I may remain the whole day with thee, and can say a deal to one another !”

“ That cannot be, my dear child,” said the officer of justice, “ for under the circumstances in which

Mr. Thyrnau will be conducted to Vienna may no one accompany him. I must sternly forbid that!"

"Forbid!" repeated Magda, and laughed wildly, "forbid it, must you? have you power thus to forbid it? I will follow him like the air that flows around you. I will be near to him like the leaf of the tree that strikes against your carriage; like the bird which you startle from the path and which flies after you,—can you forbid it? The blossom which falls upon your knee and then is carried along with you; the sunbeam which burns your temples,—could you forbid them! And so will Magda be! Magda will follow her grandfather—she will remain with him, and it would be easier for you to rend the ivy from the old oak-stem into which it has struck long roots, than Magda from his side."

All had arisen; Magda again seized the arm of her grandfather, and as she clung fast to him, it seemed to him as if she had superhuman strength. Cheeks and eyes glowed; she glanced now at the officer of justice, now at the attendant officer, with a sternness, as if she would warn them not to begin the struggle with her. Thyrnau's countenance bore the impress of the deep sorrow which the state of the dear child occasioned in him. How little could his reason aid him, and how unconditionally would he have consented to her desires, for he perfectly understood the uncontrollable power of her wishes, had he not foreseen that the officers would have opposed them.

"Mr. Thomas Thyrnau," recommenced at this

moment the officer of justice, "you will be best able to influence the obedience of your granddaughter in an affair which yourself, as a man of business, understand as well as we ourselves do. Prevent by your encouragement our wounding the feelings of the dear young lady."

The officers, both civil and military, stepped to the door and looked into the garden, in order to afford the old gentleman a freer opportunity of conversing with her. Thyrnau sighed deeply. "Magda," said he, "the heaviest part of suffering at this time is thy unreasonable opposition! Only think how painful it will be to my heart if I must call forth my whole severity against thee to make thy resolute will submit, for all this is only the indiscretion of thy affection, which otherwise is so dear to me."

"Believe, then, in nothing but in this love," said Magda, hastily sinking down before him and embracing his feet; "dost thou not think that it is distressing to me to have to strive? Ha! it is quite terrible!; See, I once before attempted not to follow thee.—I thought for a moment,—Remain here because he wishes it; but I shall never think so again, for spirits of hell are not worse than the wicked laughter which burst forth from every thing!"

"So I must, then, make an end of the contest," cried Thyrnau, his accustomed energy overcoming the anguish of his heart. "I will put an end to combat by leaving thee no will in the case. I command thee to stay!" cried he, and lifted her like a feather from the ground. "And thus when Hieromus comes back to Tein, thou wilt accompany

nd yield unconditionally to this arrangement, even
thou canst not see the necessity of it."

A stillness of death ensued. He had placed her
in an arm-chair, and walked now up and down
the room with his hands behind him, with a move-
ment which might seem that of displeasure, but was
in fact anguish. When he again turned round and
raised his head as if listening to some bustle in the
ante-chamber, he was shocked at Magda's appearance.
She was sitting just as he had placed her, but she
made a fearful impression upon him. Her rigid
features, her colourless countenance, her fixed and
unexpressive eyes, had in them a look almost of
idiocy. He feared lest his violence had deprived
her of reason! He shuddered and hastened through
the room to her.

A side-door at that moment opened, but he heard
nothing. The Countess von Lacy entered; her eyes
glanced with lightning rapidity over all who were
present; she knew every thing, and when she
recognised Magda, who almost without consciousness
had sunk from before her grandfather who had sunk
on his knees before her, a shriek escaped her lips,
and she sprang towards Magda, and had caught her
in her arms before either of the two had seen her.

Magda looked at her grandfather with an
expression of terror, and, without turning to the
Countess, at once yielded to her embrace.

"Magda!" cried Thyrnau out of himself, "dost
thou not know me?—I am—indeed I am thy grand-
father! Oh, do not be afraid of me—give me thy
hand!"

As he was, however, about to take it, Magda uttered a heart-rending scream, and with a rapidity and a strength which in a moment freed her from them, sprang from the chair and towards the garden-door.

Farther, however, she could not go; she staggered. The Countess, who had retained the utmost self-possession, held her already in her arms. This fainting-fit, which was, perhaps, brought about by her weakness, was a benefit for the unhappy Thyrau; he assisted the Countess to carry her to a sofa; he held her cold hands which she no longer withdrew from him, and endeavoured to warm them; and in the swoon her tranquilly gentle countenance no longer exhibited the bewilderment which had horrified him before. It was astonishing, how these two who assisted each other in the care of Magda were so wholly absorbed by this interest, that neither by word nor by sign did they inquire who it was that was associated with the other. Whether they suspected—whether only the Countess, is undecided, but any one who had observed them would have considered them as friends of long standing.

The smelling-bottle of the Countess recalled Magda quickly to consciousness, and, to Thyrau's unspeakable delight, she smiled at them both, extended to them her hands, and said softly, "How can all this have happened?—how comes the dear Princess Morani here—and why art thou so sorrowful, grandfather?"

The Countess blushed; Thomas Thyrau stood self-possessed, but both of them felt that it was

painful moment. The Countess in the meantime was able to speak; she it was who did so first. She offered her hand to Thyrnau with an almost beseeching glance, and then turned with touching tenderness to Magda.

"We heard in Vienna," said she, "the measures which have so terrified thee to-day, my dear girl; and when Lacy was prevented by the same cause from coming himself to Tein, I determined to take the journey instead of him, and thou wast our greatest anxiety, because we heard thee to be still ill, and we could not all imagine thy pain and sorrow!"

The Countess here felt her hand warmly pressed by Thomas Thyrnau, and it did her good.

"That suggestion came to you from God, gracious Countess," said Thyrnau; "for you find us, in truth, at this very moment in great anxiety about this dear child. How easily does a man fail in the way and means of treating deep excitement like this, whilst the mere presence of a woman operates soothingly!"

"I thank you for this confidence," said the Countess, affected; "may Magda partake of it—may she only feel how anxious we all are about her—how we regard it as our most sacred and first duty to her; may my presence, my care, be able in some degree to compensate for the bitter separation from her!"

Magda had listened with the utmost attention, and had well weighed every word. Many things had become clear to her in a short time, and, agitated as she was by so great a sorrow, she was scarcely conscious at the growth of this new sentiment.

She had also been faithful to herself; she had indulged in no hope, in no dreams, since Lacy's first confession, and thus she now questioned herself almost sternly, wherefore she might not be able to see what she knew? She looked, therefore, steadfastly at Claudia, and the old affection conquered; yes, as she heard the amiable voice and the kind intentions, her heart yearned towards her; she rose from her seat and suddenly fell on the bosom of the Countess. With what affection did the noble lady press the dear girl to her! This heart-felt embrace removed so much from between them which might have caused them grief and permitted to affection its free course.

"Thou acceptest me, then, my Magda," said she, tenderly; "and I may remain with thee, and comfort thee here?"

"Yes," said Magda, "I will remain with you, and you may comfort me — but not here; the last impediment is now removed. None of them can prevent our travelling behind or before my grandfather. Then I am where he is, and can see him daily when he alights or remains in the carriage through the carriage-window. And in Vienna I shall very soon obtain all that is requisite, and for this God himself has certainly sent your ladyship; for they could not take me with them, and God knew that I could not be left behind."

The eyes of the Countess met those of Thomas Thyrnau.

"I leave it to your decision, Countess," said he, "I have striven too long against the wishes of the poor child; now, I do not know whether my oppo-

ition has any ground, seeing that you are come here with the magnanimous wish to help us, and consent to take this poor girl under your protection. And, Magda, I hope that thou wilt yield to that which the noble lady considers right for thee."

Magda was silent, but when the Countess seated herself by her, and threw her arm around her, Magda raised her pale countenance to her, and with faint attempt to smile, looked at her so beseechingly, so irresistibly persuasive, that Claudia merely kissed her forehead, and inquired softly, "Art thou fit for this journey? Thou lookest still so ill; thou art so weak, so excitable and violent at the same time, all which indicate that thou art still ill."

"I will be gentle as a lamb," said Magda, mildly, "if I may only be with him. That which has made me now so ill is, that they thought I could do as they commanded me."

"Well, then," returned the Countess, "nothing further shall be opposed to thy wishes, and we will consider in Vienna what is necessary. So take us with you, Mr. Thomas Thyrnau," continued she, turning towards him, "and then, at least, all whom common fate connects are together, and you know what Magda with me and Lacy is in safe hands."

"No," said Magda, "I go immediately to my aunt Barbara in the Ursuline Court."

"She is in Milan, with thy grandmother," returned Thyrnau, keenly observing her.

Magda sunk her head.

"The old Morani Palace is thy true home," said the Countess, kindly; "there thou wilt be most

agreeably placed with regard to all that concerns *thy* grandfather, or will forward thy views."

"Is that, also, the will of God?" said *Magda*, with animation, and looked at them both gravely and searchingly.

She received no answer, for, just at that moment, Hieronymus returned, with those who had accompanied him to the Dohlen-nest, having accomplished their business there. Hieronymus was immediately informed of *Magda's* wishes, and although he shook his head many times, and murmured many a word of opposition in his beard, yet he knew *Magda* too well to excite again the storm after which she had begun to enjoy a little repose. He, therefore, only busied himself, as far as his position allowed, in making every prudent arrangement for the journey, and in prevailing upon the commissary to permit the journey not to be commenced before evening, and to allow every one until then, such measures for their security being taken as were deemed requisite, to repose in their separate chambers. This proposal was not less gratefully accepted by the Countess von Lacy than by the others. She had enjoyed no rest during her journey thither, but considering now that an early departure was the best for them all as well as the most efficacious, she was firmly resolved, without any regard to herself, to be no impediment to them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE endeavours of the anti-French party to make as public as possible the conspiracy which was just come to light, in order that by this means the good and confidential understanding which was growing up by degrees between the two courts might be altogether deranged, were opposed by Kaunitz with every weapon which in this moment of difficulty he could make availing. But the Empress opposed herself to her own lofty views, that she might at last, and altogether with justice, as she wished, become angry about an affair which had always privately irritated her, and in which Kaunitz had perpetually and especially opposed her.

She now shewed an excitement of temper which she vented on every one who had formerly retarded her, and who latterly had seduced her to accelerated steps in this business; and as these latter, alas! were only Kaunitz and the Princess Therese came in for their full share. It almost seemed as if Kaunitz had lost her entire confidence, so stinging were her words in every needful discussion with him, and yet his great man, so well read in human nature, re-

mained unmoved by these appearances, and, wholly forgetting himself and what he had to suffer every moment, only directed his care to defend his idolised Empress in this season of her uncontrollable anger from involving herself in any transactions, which he was certain, under other circumstances, she would have to regret. His position was all the more difficult, as he stood alone, and the Empress heard, neither repeated nor supported by any one, what Kaunitz, with the faithfully impetuous zeal of a true servant, demanded from her. She had intrusted to Counts Bartenstein and Uhlefeld, the two ministers under the former system of policy, the management of an especial commission in which this whole affair was to be dealt with. She must have known how deeply Kaunitz was wounded by a step which made him in so important an affair a mere looker-on, and which placed it in the hands of a party, which, even if it were honourably intentioned, was still devoted to a system entirely opposite to his own, and which would be quite naturally inclined to consider their discoveries as vouchers for the principles which they had stoutly maintained, and whose impartiality was therefore put to so severe a trial as to endanger the business itself. Kaunitz, nevertheless, persevered amid these daily accumulating adverse circumstances courageously by the side of the Empress, resolved to save what she in her anger would have abandoned. There often also was a something in the expression of the Empress which strengthened him, it was a glance of fire which, appearing suddenly to penetrate her, flashed from her gloomy eye, and seemed as if to

him to the immovably faithful subject, "Thou nevertheless, an able man!" He had never perhaps been greater, never nobler, perhaps never was more deserving of the civic crown and the golden sceptre than since he had suffered from injustice withdrawing himself from the heavy duties imposed by his mistress and his fatherland.

The circumstance of the Empress having at length issued the command that the whole transaction, from its conclusion, should remain to be a state secret, and that the examinations should not be made public in the state-records, but should be carried on in several strong rooms of the palace, and that the prisoners who were brought there should not come through the public prison but should be conducted to one of these guarded chambers, could otherwise be considered than as a victory already won by the unwavering fidelity of the minister. This arrangement removed the business from the prying curiosity of many persons, and also gave to a slight hope in the breast of Kaunitz that the trial, thus brought into the immediate neighbourhood of the Empress, might, perhaps, become interesting to her. The fact of his wishing this proved how highly he honoured her, how well he loved her! Her impatient vivacity, he believed, would lead her to this step, and he hoped then to derive from her great mind and her veracious character the support which made him no longer fear to stand alone.

The time which of necessity must elapse before the thing could be arranged for trial did not pass,

by the will of the Empress, without producing some effect. She was obliged, during this time, to transact with Kaunitz the passing business of the day, and the old understanding between them returned in part, and the Count often was well pleased to perceive that the Empress had to remind herself that she was angry with him.

Bartenstein and Uhlefeld, on the contrary, made use of this interval to inform themselves of the circumstances. They had daily conferences with the Prince von S., who had formerly been the supporter of the whole sedition, and accordingly arranged the course which the process should take. How many gaps there remained in the evidence they liked hardly to confess to themselves; they hoped, however, to see all difficulties cleared away by the appearance of the two accused, the Count von Lacy and the advocate Thyrnau. The chief argument remained next to be proved, that through Thomas Thyrnau very large sums of money had gone to France, and that the objects for which these payments were paid were of a most suspicious character, and this, of course, would be an important support for the other charges. That these same payments were made by the younger Lacy was proved, and even later payments seemed to prove the continuance of this connexion down to the present time.

After the interview with Lacy, which had terminated so unsatisfactorily, and permission for which Kaunitz had forced from the Empress almost against her will, and the result of which it had been im-

ossible to conceal from her, whereby she was much more embittered, Kaunitz abstained from all secret interviews which might injure the cause.

Stahrenberg alone, the worthy companion of his great plans, was informed of this disturbing episode, and, in his capacity of ambassador at the court of Versailles, was solicited to make careful inquiries relative to the business. Kaunitz might hope that his wise and enlightened statesman would be inclined to make such discoveries as might refute or invalidate the pre-supposed charges, and his ministerial instructions endeavoured to give them that end. But in giving these instructions, the whole force of the State-Chancellor's prudent eloquence and his iron stability of character were requisite, in order that the good understanding with France might not be destroyed. He resolved, therefore, to keep all veiled by the deepest secrecy, in order to win time for obtaining such information as he wished from Count Stahrenberg, to establish facts which he suspected before the suspicion of them got abroad. For this reason it was at length conceded to him that certain persons in the principedom of S. should remain undisturbed, as by their arrest disturbance must have been excited, which Kaunitz wished to avoid as long as possible.

Lacy's arrest upon his word of honour attracted very little attention, and as he had promised as much as possible to withdraw himself from notice, the journey of his wife, which was supposed to involve his own also, was very useful to him.

Kaunitz believed that every thing had been

brought about by this so-often-mentioned Thomas Thyrnau, and he now expected him with as much impatience as increasing dissatisfaction, for he had formed a most unfavourable idea of him, and felt himself irritated in the highest degree to have been thwarted in his highly important plans by the follies of a head filled, as he imagined, with idle dreams. He feared only too sadly lest the long misguided French court should have fallen into the snares of an intriguing plotter, who, perhaps, only possessed the means of proving those indiscretions, in order to clear himself of the heavy charges brought against him.

Thomas Thyrnau was sufficiently well known to make every inquiry regarding him easy. The name of his father was honourably known, and the son inherited his reputation; there was not a blot upon his character, and Kaunitz knew his compeers too well not to understand what construction he might put upon the high-minded indifference with which they regarded the charges brought against him.

Nevertheless, Kaunitz believed that the qualities of a skilful advocate, of an able councillor, might very well comport with an intriguing head and aspiring ambition, and certainly it was hardly possible that more various prejudices were fostered against Thomas Thyrnau by the party opposed to Kaunitz, than existed in the mind of the individual who most earnestly wished that he might be able to prove himself and the affair innocent.

And now the arrival at Vienna of the accused party terminated the preparations; and the gentle-

men besought an audience of the Empress, that they might make their announcement to her, and pray for her further commands.

Kaunitz saw how the proud blood flushed her countenance as Count Bartenstein, as president, made this application to her, a glance like an arrow was shot from her large eye, as if she would lose no opportunity of reminding Kaunitz that he was responsible for all the pain she suffered. But when, as usual, she only received in return the cold glance of her State-Chancellor, she turned herself to the Counts Bartenstein and Uhlefeld, and said tersely and severely,—

“ I hope that I have placed this business in the hands of men! I hope that you are sufficiently acquainted with my will to have this business searched with all sternness and exactitude to its very roots—I will make you responsible, on my displeasure, for all delay or precipitation. I am,” continued she, somewhat turning towards Kaunitz, ‘ heartily weary of deceiving my false neighbours with protestations of friendship, and I will know the truth as regards this affair, and will then follow my own conviction, which will allow me to examine all compulsory innovations according to their true standard, in order thereafter to banish them to where my illustrious ancestors until now, with good reason, as I think, kept them.”

“ With the permission of your imperial majesty,” said Count Bartenstein, “ we will to-morrow begin the first examination.”

“ So let it be,” returned the Empress; “ and

after the close of each examination, every protocol shall be brought to me; and I require upon every one each time your report; for I will myself follow, step by step, this intricate path, nor will let myself again be persuaded that I should indulge the dreams of a splenetic lady, but consider myself convinced, that precisely the errors which I have been allowed to fall into have now sharpened my experience so that it may be able to help you."

Although she had been forced to say all that her choleric blood compelled her to, she still felt, as she had done on former occasions, that she would not again permit the others to triumph over Kannitz; and when she saw him standing before her, upright and calm, with his simple and yet remarkably high-bred bearing, with his large, open eyes, and his pale, inexpressive countenance, listening to her words without the slightest evidence of pain, her great and noble heart said to her, "He is, nevertheless, dearer to thee than they!" and she sunk, thoughtfully, her eye, and added, in a much softer and gentler tone,—

"Of course, Count von Kaunitz, I shall not dispense with your view of the business, for the investigation of truth is never injured by our hearing opposite opinions from intelligent heads and truthful lips. We shall know how to decide between both parties, for all present have our confidence equally."

The rapid movement of her head was her leaving of the three ministers. Her eyes rested upon Kaunitz, and it seemed as if she expected that his would rest a moment longer than was needful upon her.

The special council was now formed. It consisted of Count Bartenstein as president, Counts Jhlefeld and Kaunitz, Baron Binder, and the two secretaries of the ministers, Dorn and Kallenbach.

The accusation of the Prince von S., together with the written proofs which he had given in support of his deposition, were the documents upon which the whole transaction rested. After the examination of these, they all came to the agreement, that the judicial proceedings which the Empress, influenced by Kaunitz, had commanded to keep most profoundly private, should also be relieved of all that judicial verbosity which commonly impeded the course of justice, and which plunged every transaction into a sea of formalities and endless impediments.

It was by chance the interest of all that the affair should be settled as soon as possible. Everyone hoped, to be sure, that by the speedy termination important advantages would accrue to that party to which he was especially attached, and perhaps the Empress, spite of her apparent anger against Kaunitz, was the only one who did not already wish beforehand how the cause should terminate. She resolved to watch both parties with great severity, and to make no mistake in her strict administration of justice. She herself would have preferred sitting on the tribunal, and she had evidently endeavoured to inquire into the business much as it was possible for a person of her exalted station to do. Kaunitz, also, with the appearance of not the least in the world suspecting her

wishes, had furthered her plans by arranging that the old secure chambers, which opened into the castle-ditches and yet were connected, by those rooms with which we are already acquainted as being inhabited by the Princess Therese, with those occupied by the Empress, should be used for the trial.

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CHAPTER XII.

It was on the 20th of September, 1755, that the above-mentioned members of the special council assembled in the old chamber, upon which some care had been silently expended, and which made a handsome appearance in the bright fire-light. A large table, around which stood four arm-chairs and two stools for the secretaries, was placed towards the window; opposite was a row of chairs, which were not to be removed; a sofa, covered with velvet, was placed opposite to the table for the Prince von S. On the right hand and on the left were doors in the walls. The one led into the chambers in which the prisoners were placed, the other door led into a sort of anteroom. The gentlemen came through this room to the assembly; the door remained open and a curtain alone separated the two rooms. The windows of this apartment had been furnished with curtains; a glowing fire burned in the stove; a carpet had been spread upon the neglected floor, and several comfortable arm-chairs brought hither; and the gentlemen who assembled there directed, after each one had for

a moment taken cognisance of the peculiar furnishing of the apartment, glances one at another, which contained a question to which no one gave utterance. Later than all the rest Kaunitz and Baron Binder made their appearance; the first apologised immediately, and then motioned to Count Bartenstein to take the lead, whilst he and Count Uhlefeld, and Baron Binder, brought up the rear.

The Prince von S. was already waiting for the gentlemen in the tribunal-room, and, by the determined course of the proceedings, it was arranged that on this first session the two who were summoned, Lacy and Thyrnau, should hear the accusation of the Prince von S. which had been drawn up and had been completed by the Prince himself.

When they had, therefore, taken their places, the Count von Bartenstein commanded that the accused should be brought in, and the messengers of the court went different ways. The young Count Lacy first entered, and his appearance seemed to make a lively impression upon the Prince von S. His brown-red complexion became still darker, and, with his head proudly thrown back, his eyes examined the handsome young man, who bowed respectfully to the gentlemen at the table. When he turned round to take his seat upon the opposite row of chairs he met the audaciously searching glance of the Prince. He immediately remained standing, and his bearing expressed a proud inquiry of the other's meaning.

“ You are as like your uncle in his youth as if

out of his eyes!" said the Prince, carelessly, nodding his head.

"As your serene highness bears this honourable testimony to me by means of your bold glance I believe I may disregard it."

"Oh!" cried the Prince, "it seems I must beg pardon because my eyes have taken the liberty of looking at your worthy person!"

The Count made no answer; and just at that moment the door which led to the prisoner's room opened, and Thomas Thyrnau was visible to all who had waited for him so impatiently. Losing every other thought, Count von Lacy hastened towards his noble friend, and father and son could not have embraced with more affection than these two so severely tried men.

"And Magda?" inquired Thyrnau, withdrawing from Lacy's arms.

"She is an angel in her sacred sorrow, and a heroine in her resolves."

"God preserve her!" said Thyrnau; "now let us return: we should not speak together."

It seemed as if Thyrnau himself had to remind the court of its duty. The gentlemen heard with some shame the words of the advocate, and felt that they all had been indulging a gaze of curiosity; for Thomas Thyrnau, independently of the present cause of interest to them, was well known as a distinguished man, a celebrated advocate, and a very rich landed proprietor, and now had as entirely fixed their attention as if they were drawing a

comparison between his person and his great reputation.

Thomas Thyrnau hastened from Lacy's side with quick and firm steps to the tribunal-table, and bowed to the gentlemen there with calmness and respect.

"He knows how to control himself," said Kaunitz, mentally, with great pleasure. His eyes followed him to his chair, and he was still more gratified to see that the Prince von S., who evidently moved uneasily in his seat to conceal his embarrassment, was gazed at by Thomas Thyrnau with as much calmness as if he had been a mere piece of furniture upon which his clothes had hung.

When the two accused had taken their seats, the servants of the court stepped between them, and the Secretary Kallenbach began to read aloud the accusation, of which we give a *resumé* necessary for our narrative.

The Prince von S. began by representing the educational institution of the late advocate Caspar Eusebius Thyrnau as a nursery of the most unpatriotic and dangerous principles and endeavours. He had done this with the evident intention of explaining how had been seduced into taking part in the schemes of high-treason which he was attempting to prove, and excusing himself for being possessed of the knowledge of them. This Caspar Eusebius Thyrnau was described as the friend of the Prince Wenzel Lobkowitz; and the Prince von S. had handed in a casket of letters, the contents of

which were to explain the disgrace into which this minister, once so high in favour, fell under Leopold I. These letters, although both the correspondents were dead, and the length of time which had passed since they were written made them less important, still were suspicious as appearing to contain the root of an idea, which it was easy to believe originated in the French party, and which served to throw suspicion upon the name of Thyrnau in the first generation. These letters, which Count Bartenstein had gone through, shewed, in the first place, the warm friendship which subsisted between the writers; and, secondly, a glowing enthusiasm for the better education of the people, and a deep dislike of the despotism of the all-powerful order of the Jesuits, who with the most subtle craft had insinuated themselves into all public schools and seminaries; and against the hollow instruction which was given there as a cloak to the design never abandoned by them, of easily attaching the minds of the masses to their ultramontane views by spiritual despotism and the dominance of superstition. The two friends, writing of the state of France at that time, had said that the short season of intellectual blossom under the administration of Colbert promised much fruit for the future. After that time, however, the two friends endeavoured to introduce into their neglected country the intellectual cultivation which had made its appearance there; and in Bohemia itself Caspar Eusebius Thyrnau was to establish a seminary, in which the heads of great families, and even the princes of smaller states, might receive that higher

training which should make them feel the necessity of diffusing more widely the views they received here. This was achieved by the authority of Prince Lobkowitz, as well as by the wisdom of Thyrnau, and his establishment attained to a degree of success and celebrity which invited the watchful Jesuits, who had in vain endeavoured to suppress it, to a restless system of persecution, and the two friends communicated to each other, full of disgust, the impediments which, like snares, silently and quietly were laid upon their path. They both expressed in the plainest manner, also, their indignation at the slight protection afforded by the court. The power of the Jesuits over the Emperor Leopold was so decisive, that though now and then when he was animated by the spirit of Lobkowitz, and was enabled to take a more liberal view of things, he might feel the compulsion under which he was kept, still he was incapable of rousing himself to any mode of action which deviated from the principles under the ban of which this watchful party endeavoured to keep him. Now came letters touching more nearly upon the point in question. The above-mentioned connexion was treated with the most unsparing ridicule, which frequently bore especially hard upon the plain-featured wife of Leopold. All this must have been seconded by France; their views were discussed; they considered and weighed their advantages, and enthusiasm for their magnificent plans of education might have given birth to thoughts which, perhaps, unconsciously to them both, had made them go beyond that deli-

cate boundary, the overstepping of which may be feared by the subject into whose breast the stream of more liberal knowledge has been poured, and who wishes also that his country may participate with him.

One of the most remarkable and praiseworthy plans of Caspar Eusebius Thyrnau had involved nothing less than the expulsion of the Jesuits, freedom in religion, limitation to the privileges of the nobles, emancipation of the peasants, liberal establishments for education, abolition of compulsory imposts, the summoning of the states for the examination of the laws and more fitly and wisely accommodating the constitution to the state of Bohemia,—this had been carefully gone through by Lobkowitz, and exhibited marginal notes by himself. With this, however, there was also the draught of a reply to the French cabinet, which clearly shewed, although the proposition of France was not to be found, what it was to which the reply had reference. As the French prince, who, however, was not named, was described as a minor, it was required that his guardians should consist of the first men in Bohemia, and at the head of these stood the name of Lacy, the grandfather of the present; nor was that of Thyrnau wanting. It was here also clear that an entire separation from Austria was not really intended, and on this subject an extraordinary treatise was appended. That they should have believed in the practicability of their plans, and in the possibility of carrying them out, shewed the enthusiasm of the men, and gave the idea of their either being wilfully self-deceived or

blinded by their zeal. They wished to remain politically dependent on Austria; they would maintain its rights against foreign powers, and furnish troops as according to an old engagement; they wished to pay an annual contribution as a secession's tribute to Austria, which should be guaranteed by the whole land of Bohemia; they wished to establish an eternal friendship with the House of Hapsburg, in return for which they asked nothing but liberty to be the first who should bear on the path of civilisation the banner of the whole of Germany, and to be relieved from the intermeddling of Austria, under whose precise formalities every new attempt to raise themselves must be abandoned.

These last proposals, as was to be expected, had met with the approbation of the French cabinet, which more than all shewed the gulf that had to be filled up, for very different objects were intended by the two parties.

Here, again, occurred a chasm in the report, which perhaps was some way connected with the disgrace of Lobkowitz; for the embarrassments of Austria, which had grown out of the insurrection in Hungary and the inroads of the Turks, as well as by the siege of Vienna, had passed without the plan being again resumed. Bohemia at that time rendered important service, and furnished great numbers of troops; perhaps, however, the outbreaking of the plague, which cost a hundred thousand lives, withdrew their thoughts from these schemes.

Not until after the peace of Ryswick was the business again resumed.

Although both parties were perfectly aware that this possession of Bohemia could only be obtained by the weapons of France, still there was a considerable action in the country itself which was ready to rise on the assertion of its rights. However, France thought of nothing but of weakening the European influence of Austria by this secession of Bohemia, and of firmly establishing French troops there; so that Austria might be menaced and made uneasy on the slightest occasion, for the remote question of the Spanish succession made it highly important that the pretensions of the House of Hapsburg should be rippled by its own difficulties.

But here, again, the transaction was suspended, or the necessity of concentrating the whole force of France for the war of the Spanish succession swallowed up this lesser interest which it perhaps was hoped could afterwards be secured.

“If it do not now surprise us, gentlemen,” began Count Bartenstein, “that the designs of France with regard to Bohemia, spite of the Peace of Ryswick, are again brought forward, yet it must excite our painful attention if we discover proofs that in Bohemia, during an interval of eighty-two years, the members of this treasonable conspiracy are glowing, and that it is, as ever, a cause of difficulty and vexation to the imperial government, and that it shews itself to be unworthy of the blessings which the illustrious governors of the House of Hapsburg have always laboured to confer upon it. If we have always been able hitherto rightly to defend ourselves from the foe without, still the foe within has so con-

trived to deceive our magnanimous confidence, that the respected Prince von S. has deemed it requisite, out of his noble-minded regard to the imperial House of Austria, to make us observant, at the expense of great sacrifice on his own part, of transactions carried on in darkness, and connexions between Bohemia and France. In acknowledgment of this important service, her majesty has been pleased to command that all questions as to the mode or means by which his serene highness may have arrived at this knowledge are hereby declared to be inadmissible; and it is to be remarked that this liberty which is permitted to his serene highness shall not cause any disadvantage to the accused. The highest justice will watch over every occurrence.

“ His serene highness, then, has been willing to communicate that, during the interval between his seventeenth and his twentieth years he passed the winter months in the above-mentioned establishment of Eusebius Thyrnau, and there studied the old classics and the new French literature. His serene highness at that time formed a friendship with the only son of the then elderly Eusebius Thyrnau — with Thomas Thyrnau, now present — who was at that time seven-and-twenty years old; and, as well by his instructions in the institution itself as by his skill as an advocate, already enjoyed a great reputation. Among the young men in the establishment were two princes, the hereditary Prince von D. and the hereditary Prince von Z.; a great many sons of the most distinguished families in Bohemia, among whom was the Count

1 Lacy, the uncle of the accused; several Hun-
rian, a few German, but not one single Austrian!
hough this institution after the banishment of
celebrated Prince Lobkowitz had lost in him an
mediate protector, still it maintained almost the
ne importance; and all attempts of the Jesuits
bring it into disrepute, or to overturn it, were in-
ctual with the Emperor Leopold and his son and
cessor. His serene highness mentioned this fact
a remarkable one, and stated, what was at that
ie a current report, namely, in the magnanimous
rt of the Emperor Leopold a voice had always
aded for the banished Lobkowitz; and, as nothing
s proved against him after all the inquiry that was
de, he wished to confer some favour on the
ished man. Great opposition, however, was
awn to this. His majesty, nevertheless, hoped
a letter from the banished prince, and at last
note was secretly brought to him, which he re-
ved with much pleasure. It, however, contained
thing more than an urgent prayer that he would
tect the institution of Eusebius Thyrnau, and
able it to stand against all opposition; and he
scribed it as a creation of his own, which would
most rich in blessing, and Thyrnau as his most
orthy representative.

“ From this time forth his majesty took great
ins to prevent any detriment from befalling this
stitution; and Thyrnau was in possession of a note
his [hand-writing which permitted him, in any
e of pressing necessity, to seek the aid of majesty
lf; and when the Emperor Leopold resigned the

reins of government into the hands of his eldest son, Joseph, he recommended to him this institution; and the Emperor Joseph also protected it during his six years' reign.

“ His serene highness in the meantime formed the most intimate friendship with the hereditary Count Lacy, who was nearer of an age with him than Thomas Thyrnau; and they were soon made the confidants of a plan for the carrying out of which the young men here had been educated. Bohemia was perpetually striving to regain her old privileges and institutions, especially liberty of conscience; and her nobles were now aiming at that which could not accord with the supremacy of Austria. Election of the monarch and a national force which could no longer be allowed to Bohemia were still the secret object of the wishes of her nobles. In order to win the people over to these plans, they were made dissatisfied with their own condition, and such promises were made to them as could only be fulfilled when the nobles regained their old privileges. The mode of education in the institution which has so frequently been mentioned had all reference to the making young Bohemia acquainted with that state of former independence which had given such great advantages to the country. They did not confine themselves to this dangerous knowledge alone, but they sought to give a so-called cultivation of mind, to which was appended a new peasant-right, according to which the freedom almost of members of the body-politic was promised, and every man was to be a freeman upon his own threshold. France, in

the meantime, always hostilely disposed towards Austria, watched every movement in Bohemia, which had often so willingly given her hand for treason, and soon fixed her eye on the two Thyrnau as the two most valuable instruments for infusing new notions into the minds of the young nobility; and agents of King Louis XIV. stole once again into the very heart of this country to offer a protection and aid against their rightful liege lord, and in secret to continue the war which the peace of 1713 had terminated.

“ We see by the communication of his serene highness that the death of Eusebius Thyrnau, who was the first manager of this business, did not make any difference in the carrying out of his plans, for the same spirit lived in the son. It appeared that a boundless confidence and a blind dependence were placed in him by the young men of his institution, as well as by their families. He obtained a power over the minds of all who lived under his influence, which even the princely youths could not resist, and every one bound himself by a sacred oath to assist Bohemia in regaining her desired rights, and that truly by all the means which sooner or later might be in their power. There was no one, after Thyrnau himself, who was more active in this than his friend Count Joseph Lacy, the uncle of the present Count of the same name.

“ He had, himself, at various times, gone to France; and it was only the early death of Charles, Duke of Berry, whom they wished to have had proclaimed King of Bohemia, that delayed the

rising for which they were ready. Soon after this, and during the latter years of Louis the Fourteenth, new proposals were made, and now for the first time Louis August von Bourbon, duke of Maine, and the natural son of Louis the Fourteenth, was named. The plague, however, which raged in Bohemia at that time, as well as the death of the King of France, and the regency which continued until the year 1723, when Louis the Fifteenth ascended the throne, appeared to have laid the whole business to rest.

“ We have thrown light upon these treasonable plans through the preceding reigns, serving as preparatory to the accusations which we have now to bring forth. These are to us a sorrowful voucher for the fact that these seditious sentiments in Bohemia have been by the same persons fostered and perpetuated ; and whilst they have but lately received from our illustrious Empress marks of kindness, they have silently given them an increased support.

“ It appears, here in the first place, that Stephan Count von Lacy, then twenty years old, and the only son of the one already mentioned in the conspiracy, Count von Lacy Wratislaw, the friend of Thomas Thyrnau, went in the year 1741 to France by way of Italy, at that time of trouble, in which our illustrious mistress needed the most devoted support of her subjects, when France in the most perfidious manner violated the Pragmatic Sanction, and allied herself with the enemies of the illustrious dynasty of Hapsburg, in order to rend it to pieces, to plunder it ; — at that time it was, I say, when this

young man carried the old intrigues into the country of our enemies, and, to a degree never equalled before, began to weave the most revoltingly treasonable webs. Here lies the most melancholy document of all. Although the name of the Prince nowhere appears, who now shewed a desire for the royal throne of Bohemia, still this is unessential, if we consider the ignominious fact that Bohemia was already garrisoned by French soldiers, and that his own individual troops were levied with Bohemian gold, and at their head, like a knight of fortune, he was to take possession of Bohemia, rent, as it was, with every vexation of war. For this purpose, he received through the hands of this young Lacy, the most enormous sums of money out of Bohemia. Probably, however, the young agent did not shew himself active enough, for we now see on his departure this old enemy of order and right,—this adherent of all the crafty French schemes,—this Thomas Thyrnau again come forward, and the young Lacy was removed by an early death from his criminal courses. In order more closely to observe him, the Prince von S. came now at this time to Paris. The advocate Thyrnau gained access to Madame Pompadour, and through her was enabled to influence the mind of Louis the Fifteenth. He remained several years in Paris, and it may be attributed to the cowardice of a bad conscience, that after so much had been sacrificed, and so many efforts made, yet the blow was not struck which, considering the afflicted state of the country, most probably would have succeeded.

“ This Thomas Thyrnau also returned bel peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the last evide have of the continued existence of the covetous schemes, is the fact that at the time when the von Kaunitz was ambassador in Paris, Count Wratislaw, the cousin of the late agent in this was in his suite, and that he again made a considerable payment to a house of business there, gave a receipt for it on behalf of the prince name was not mentioned. Five years afterwards the same house received yet once more from this Thomas Thyrnau a payment for the same purpose ; a serene highness is convinced that the said Thomas Thyrnau, as well as the Count von now present, are the supporters and negotiators of this still existing treasonable plot, which France unprevented by the peace, and by some apparently friendly advances which had lately been made towards her, had no reluctance in still carrying

The Count von Bartenstein here made an answer, and the accused were called forward, and the following questions were put to them,—whether they acknowledged as just the accusations which they had been charged with in so far as they had reference to themselves; whether they desired to have a judicial defender; and how much time they required for the preparation of their defence ?

Count von Lacy, to whom on account of his precedence was given, replied,—

“ From the nature of the accusation it seems to me as a matter of course that my highly respected friend Thomas Thyrnau, as a right due to

should first give his explanation. Very probably this may comprehend every thing which would be needful to substantiate my entire innocence, and it would then be easy on my part to add that which would fully vindicate this assertion. I declare, accordingly, that the accusation which I have just heard of my having co-knowledge of a treasonable scheme is utterly groundless; I require for the substantiation of this assertion no judicial defender, and I wish for no more delay than that which my highly-esteemed friend Thomas Thyrnau may deem requisite for his defence."

When this declaration had been officially taken down and signed by Lacy, he stepped back, and Thomas Thyrnau was called forward to answer to the three questions.

The eyes of all those who surrounded the table were searchingly fixed on the man whose dangerous designs through the whole course of a life had just been proved, and every one endeavoured, by his own experience and knowledge of mankind, to read his countenance, which, perhaps, after such severe accusation, might betray to them what they had to expect from him. But when the accused stepped up to the table, all seemed to lose their power of pre-judgment, not one of them understood him.

The strong and noble figure was permeated and elevated with the most complete self-possession, and the remarkably beautiful forehead, whose antique furrows gave to it the expression of high intellectual power, beamed with more than placidity, it might

have been called gaiety. On the contrary, the countenance was unusually pale, and the mouth and eyes pensive and serious.

“It is not permitted to me,” he began, in a firm voice, “like my young friend, to dismiss with a few words all the questions which the high court allows us to reply to. I am not able to deny the accusations; I have expected them through my whole life. I will give explanation of every charge which has been brought forward, then will be the question — guilty or not guilty — answered of itself. If I wished for a defender, I might, perhaps, think with some self-confidence that I am capable of being my own; but I will not defend myself, I will be defended by no one! I require no delay; the truth, which I shall speak, is not passed from my memory, and for that no preparation is requisite; I therefore thank my young friend for leaving to me this choice of time which was unnecessary to him, and as I may well foresee that a speedy termination of the whole affair must be important to this tribunal, I beseech of it to fix the earliest period.”

After this declaration had also been officially taken down and signed, Thomas Thyrnau withdrew; the gentlemen consulted together for a short time, and it was then determined that the defence should take place on the following day. All present then left the room.

This being done, the minister had a conference with the Empress; she heard his report with severe reserve; but when the protocols which contained

he replies of the accused were laid before her, she snatched them up hastily and glanced through them with lightning rapidity.

“We shall see! we shall see!” cried she, and returned several times to Thyrnau’s answer, which he had first read. “There is acknowledged guilt here,” said she; “and yet a haughty security which displeases us. We command that the trial take place before the council of state, and we will take an opportunity of explaining ourselves further thereon tomorrow. Until then we permit the advocate Thomas Thyrnau to make his declaration first, seeing that the Count von Lacy has deprived himself of his privilege.”

The gentlemen withdrew, and not one good word could any one get from the Empress that day.

CHAPTER XIII.

LACY after his first examination was conveyed back to the Morani Palace, where he was received by his wife with the deepest emotion and affection.

"Ah!" said Lacy, "how deeply do I feel the painful condition of Thyrnau! Now—now, when age has bleached his locks and the schemes of his ardent youth lie among the past—now he must give an account of them, and is the only one upon whom punishment will fall—and all those who should have borne the responsibility with him are gone where earthly judgments can no longer reach them!"

He heard behind him a deep sigh, and glanced round alarmed, for his troubled thoughts had not permitted him to notice the hand-pressure with which Claudia had wished to make him aware of Magda's presence.

"Magda!" said he, terrified at her expression, "God will preserve your grandfather by his great power of mind and body."

"That I could well believe," returned she, calmly. "Tell me now, how he spoke—what you said to him—and what message he sent to me."

She seated herself on a low seat before Lacy and Claudia, and folded her hands together on her knee. Magda riveted the eye of Lacy—she was so wonderfully beautiful. She seemed to have grown since her illness. Claudia had provided another dress for her. She was neither dressed in that puritanical style, nor in that charmingly fantastic costume which her grandfather liked. She wore a long silk dress, with the body made in the usual mode, over which was worn the delicately folded kerchief, which exhibited the wondrously lovely swan-like curve of the neck and shoulders. She had obediently, and with all the indifference of grief, assumed this dress. With regard to her hair, alone, she resolutely opposed every attempt to dress it in the prevailing mode. She, therefore, wore only upon her shining dark brown hair a simple little cap of black velvet, the edge of which, as was customary, was trimmed with gold; below this, hung upon the lovely round cheeks, the broad plaits of hair which touched the shoulder before they were fastened up into the knot formed by the hair at the back of the head. Poor Magda had no longer any thoughts to spare for the ornamental, spiral plaits of hair, which in former cheerful days she formed on each side of her face with golden bodkins; he who had had pleasure in these, and had lavished upon them pearls and precious stones—he saw them no more, what then had she to do with them? But she did not know that all this only seemed to enhance her beauty.

“Magda,” said Lacy, “thy grandfather seemed

comforted that thou art with us; thy name was his first word; then he said to me, Take care of her!"

"And did he not want me—did he not ask after me? Can we remain separated from each other in such great sorrow as this?" asked she.

"He wished for undisturbed repose until the trial of to-morrow is over; he wishes to collect his mind for it; this he told me at parting, certainly that I might console you with it."

"Do not believe it," said Magda, unclasping her hands and glancing at him with animation, "you have mistaken him—or he was not in earnest! I never disturb him, even when I was younger, it was all the same; I learned to be still, and it did him good when I sat before him and he kept stroking my soft hair. And now," continued she—"now more than ever! Shortly before they took him away, we had made a firm compact never to be separated; to wish for nothing more in the whole world than to remain together until death; what then becomes of that if he now would rather be alone?" With this she rose, and such an energetic earnestness was impressed upon her whole being, that Lacy and Claudia looked at each other with sorrow.

"I fully believe you," said Lacy, mildly, "but there is a law which forbids the accused to have any intercourse with those with whom he is connected; your grandfather is subjected to this and it continues in force until the tribunal has decided whether the accused is to be set at liberty or not."

"Ah!" replied Magda, and again sorrowfully

seated herself, "it is a cruel law; and as I must speak with the Empress, I will beseech of her to have this unnatural law annulled, but not alone for me, for others also! When people are unfortunate, what earthly comfort is there like the consciousness that some one loves us; and how often it happens that great suffering disables the soul from prayer, because it is a kind of death, and when misfortune is very great, what has power with us like an eye that has the old force of love over us? Have you not seen when a little child weeps so bitterly and so inconsolably, then comes the mother and clasps it in her arms and looks at it, and then it laughs so soon, that the very tears flow over the smiles; all that is, because human beings through their love have such power one over another! God wills that it should be so."

Claudia wept, she took the poor girl's hand in hers; she regarded herself as guilty of having inflicted the first wound. Magda drew her seat closer and laid both her arms on Claudia's knee.

"Ah, Claudia," said she, "my grandfather has such powerful eyes; when every thing on which we had once so joyfully thought is painful to us—when our memory of life, of God, is even paralysed, then eyes such as these gaze at one until warmth returns, and they awaken from death—they have the power of resurrection! And all that is done by love alone! I also have the same power—I could do the same to him as he to me; and all human beings have this power with each other; and therefore it is, ah! so

very cruel that there should be a law which in times of deep trial separates those who love!"

Lacy here started up and hastened from the room.

"Sweet dreamer!" said Claudia, "I wish that the Empress heard thee; she would certainly repeal that law, at least for thee!"

"To-morrow," returned Magda, "I am going to the college of the Jesuits, and shall wait for her there. George Prey told Hedwiga that every year she comes there on the twenty-first of September, and is present during the worship of Maria the Mother of God. At that time she receives many petitions and converses herself with those who address her."

"But, Magda," asked Lacy, who had again returned to the room, "art thou prepared for the possibility of her refusal?"

"No," said Magda, "I am not prepared for that, for she cannot do it, and she will not; I am not at all afraid of her, and I will pray to her so long until she consents!"

"And Claudia would so willingly go with you," continued Lacy, "she is not imprisoned by these walls as I am. Who, if I were but free, would conduct you and guard you as I would—your brother—your dearest friend?"

Magda sighed deeply, sunk her head on Claudia's knee and made no reply.

"Consent, my dear Magda," said Claudia, mildly, "let me go with you, it will perhaps be of advantage to you, for I know the Empress."

Magda was silent for yet a moment; she then

lifted up her gentle, suffering countenance and shook her head. "Pardon me if I must oppose you,—I, who in comparison with you, am so inexperienced. But I may not counteract the conviction which comes to me from somewhere, and that tells me that I must go alone! When the Empress sees you, she will endeavour to escape, because she knows in whose interest you are; but such a young girl as I who only wants to see her grandfather—that seems little to her, and she will let me speak. I should dare, also, I think, to pray longer than you."

"Magda is right," said Lacy, "wisdom flows from her pure heart which our experience overlooks; she must act as her inward sense directs."

"Then, at least, George Prey shall keep watch over thee, thou dear child," said Claudia, tenderly embracing her.

"And dost thou then know," whispered Magda, "how necessary the good-will of the Empress may be also to thee?"

The two locked each other in a firm embrace and wept, and Lacy hastened out with his deeply affected heart.

The morning of the twenty-first of September dawned glowing rosy, affluent in rich, pearly dew, profoundly quiet, and fragrant with the leaves which, fallen already, lay undecayed among the weeds and grass. The mists, which had refreshed the earth so richly, hung still in the distance and called forth that wonderful pomp of colouring, that abrupt contrast of blue, and red, and violet, which nature

only can harmonise with the intervening green of trees and fields, and which no canvass and no pencil can repeat to us.

It was still so early that life in the great city had not yet awoke, and the streets shewed that repose which succeeded a beautiful, tranquil night. The Empress, however, thoughtful of all the duties of the day, was at this early hour completely ready to go to the College of the Jesuits, in order that the after duties of her illustrious office might not cause her to neglect her yearly devotion before the Virgin's image of mercy.

Informed of the imperial visit, the clergy received her in procession at the gate which was only opened for her, and on such occasions she was only the humble subject of a loftier kingdom.

The beams of the morning sun shone on the front of the celebrated Jesuits' Church, to which magnificent prominence was given by its four tiers of columns, one supporting the other, whilst in the centre of the lowest tier of Corinthian order was seen the entrance-door of the church, almost overburdened with ornament. The Empress but seldom made use of her privilege of driving up to the door of this church. The custom generally was to alight in her humble manner before the iron gate which separated the possessions of the church from the street, and then to go on foot along the paved way which, with a stone inclosure, upon which stood statues of saints, led to the entrance of the church. On this morning which we had described, the Empress, after she had left her carriage, remained

standing for a moment to enjoy the view of the proud building, the façade of which the ascending sun tinted with a magical purple light, whilst the slender, glorious, and artistically constructed tower seemed to float in the blue morning atmosphere, and the soft, melodious sound of the bells was sent afar off. In the most gorgeous vestments of the church shone in this truly magical illumination bands of priests stationed on the threshold ; above all rose the golden cross, and around it wreathed the blue cloud of incense. On each side of the way knelt the poor, the sick, the blind, the lame, and murmured prayers and whispered blessings on Maria Theresa, for all knew that at the end of the mass alms and favours were to be expected from her. Slowly walked the noble lady onward, and her eyes seemed to query from the unfortunate of their sufferings ; and she presented on this progress once more the miracle which not a very remote antiquity ascribed to illustrious queens, through the power of healing by a glance or the laying on of hands. Near to the last statue the eye of the Empress was attracted by a young girl, who was kneeling, somewhat apart from the great crowd, but close to the priests. As the Empress approached, she rose up, and Maria Theresa was astonished at her beauty and at the extraordinarily noble expression of her countenance. Quite sure that she had something to say to her, she fixed for a moment her large eyes inquiringly upon her ; yet a priest pressed the young girl softly down again, for all knew that the Empress did not like to speak before mass. The girl

sank again upon her knees, and Maria Theresa bowed her head before the holy cross, wetted her brow with the consecrated water, which was offered to her, and then followed the procession of priests into the church-porch.

After the Empress, with her attendants, had taken their places upon the velvet chairs before the high altar, she saw the same girl, conducted by a simply appalled priest of Jesus, make her way quietly through the crowd, and as soon as she had reached the open space, which the priest had cleared for her by the side of the altar, she threw herself upon her knees, and crossing her arms over her breast, bowed down with a fervency which almost bent her head to the steps of the altar. A deep sorrow was impressed upon her whole beautiful being and in the deathly pale countenance. The Empress now turned her eye away, almost with a reproach, for she felt that she had been disturbed in her devotions by her.

The mass was ended, and now the procession began, which was the bearing of the miracle-working image of Maria, the mother of God, through the church, that it might be placed on the high altar, in a shrine, built for that especial purpose, and where it would remain visible during the four-and-twenty hours for worship, after which it would of itself return to its own appointed chapel, of which the doors were kept locked. The Empress followed the procession with all her court, and returned with the image to the high altar. Her eye involuntarily turned to the spot where the girl had prayed; she now sat like a

broken flower upon the very step on which she had kneeled. When, however, the procession came nearer, and she had therefore finished her devotions, she arose, and life and strength seemed to re-enter the limbs weary with trouble. In order that the Empress might not be incommoded by the throng of people, it was permitted to only a very small number of worshippers to pass at the same time the iron gate of the quire, and after the termination of the service, time was allowed for her to address a few gracious words to the clergy, and for them, always with great submission, to impart to her a few wishes in return. When she had kindly granted these, she made her parting salutation, and it did not surprise her, on turning round, to see the young maiden before her who had already attracted her attention.

“Before the face of the holy Mother of God, let thy heart feel compassion for me!” said the girl, and knelt before her.

“Thou hast some great trouble, my daughter,—that I can see,” said the Empress, who saw instantly that she was not an indigent person; “but here we do not kneel before men—rise up, and tell us whether we can help thee, as our heart wishes to help every sufferer.”

“Yes, that canst thou,” said she, rising, in a calm and steady voice; “thou art the one from whose great mind proceed the laws which can rescue thy land from the darkness and stupor in which abuses have kept it so long.”

"Who is the maiden?" asked the Empress, quickly. No one answered her.

"Ah," continued the other, "I am suffering deeply because of a law which thou hast forgotten, and which has therefore remained so severe and inhuman. I will now fervently beseech of thee that thou wouldst consider this afflictive law, and then annul it, and let me immediately experience the new blessing."

"Indeed!" said the Empress, turning to those who surrounded her, "such a thing as this has never occurred before in my whole life."

But as the girl remained silent, and all the rest knew very well that she did not like any uncalled-for interference, she turned to the object of her astonishment, and continued, —

"Listen! Thou art a bold, extraordinary sort of girl; take heed that thou do not make me angry, and tell me, without any circumlocution, just what thou likest, and which has nothing to do with any one here."

"What I say, great Empress, belongs to all here," returned the young girl, gently and mournfully; "but if thou threaten me with thy anger, then thou wilt never know the truth, and wilt not be able to help me."

"I pray you," said the Empress, suddenly, to the sacristan of the church, in a serious and altered tone, "open to us the lattice, and make way for us to the chapter-house. Without fail we will hear this maiden, for the Mother of mercy has, perhaps,

strengthened her heart for this extraordinary appeal. We will take the trouble of understanding her will on this her holy day! Yet the throng shall no longer be withheld by us from their devotions."

That which she commanded was done. The clergy walked on before; the Empress followed, and between her and the attendants went the young, sorrowful maiden. When they were in the chapter-house, the Empress turned to her and said,—

"Speak now without fear; we will not be angry with any one who speaks the truth to us."

"I beseech of thee, then, great Empress, that thou wouldst annul that unnatural law which forbids that, when any one is imprisoned on suspicion, he should save those with him who love him."

"How!" cried the Empress, "that is it, is it?" She fixed her gaze on the girl, and then said more mildly, "This case, then, is thine—some one dear to thee is in such circumstances?"

"Yes," replied she, "he who is dearest to me in the world, my grandfather, him they have imprisoned on ignominious suspicion, and I, his best comfort, must be kept at a distance from him because that bad old law is still in existence of which I have just told thee."

"Indeed," said the Empress; "and who, then, is thy grandfather, who is so dear to thee as to make a prison seem a desirable abode, otherwise not a fitting place for thy sex and youth?"

"Yes, but for my love!—that is it, indeed! It does not often happen that people are loved as he

is ; but, then, there are not two such as he in the world !”

“ Let us hear the name, then ?” said the Empress, almost inquisitively.

“ His name is Thomas Thyrnau.”

“ Thomas Thyrnau !” exclaimed the Empress, rising,—“ the traitor to his country ! Is it for him thou prayest ? Who dared to place thee in my way ? Who is the instigator of this ? Hoho ! my gentlefolk !—whose pleasure has it been to inveigle me here, against right and reason, with the smooth face and the frenzied talk of this juggler-girl ? O, gracious Mother of God !” said she, crossing herself, “ forgive that they have dared to make use of thy holy influence upon my humbled heart, in order to make me weak towards my duties ! I should like to know who has ventured to devise this comedy on the morning of my devotion ?”

She walked on in anger, and her eye fell, threateningly and searchingly, upon all present. She hastened to the entrance, but she suddenly stopped, full of terror, for she felt herself held by a firm but small hand, and she imagined that her sacred person was touched by the low-born maiden whom she had just left behind her. But it required only a moment, and her great mind—her correct feeling had decided. She heard the cry of indignation from every mouth, and she knew in a moment that there was no traitor among these, and she felt that this daring was only the action of despair ; that had she been some juggler, she had vanished before her displeasure, and that she alone could protect the being

who had gone thus far. She looked quickly to the side where she felt the pressure of her arm, and saw, in so doing, the face of the girl full of grief and anguish.

“Maiden, how darest thou?” said she, gravely, but calmly. “Dost thou know that thou canst not touch me without becoming liable to punishment?”

“Thou wilt not punish me, because I felt, as it were, the anguish of death!” said Magda; “that I know of certainty, for thou art too humane, too just, too much like Thomas Thyrnau himself! But what was I to do when thou wouldst go away and wouldst not grant my first prayer, which if thou grant not I must die!”

“Gutenberg,” said the Empress to the old lady, who stood before her, “do you take the poor girl—she is very much distressed—this first trouble has taken great hold upon her.”

“And I shall see him, shall I not? I may go to him?” said Magda.

“My God!” said the Empress, “it cannot very much matter if the poor girl has her will. To-morrow,—yes, to-morrow thou shalt see him.”

Magda uttered a shriek, which left not a dry eye, then sank down before the Empress, pressed her garments to her lips, and then sprang up.

“Oh, Empress of Heaven!” exclaimed she, and raised her arms aloft,—“God of mercy, bless her! And if Thou send to her that deep sorrow which paralyses the heart, then send to her also an eye full of love, which may gaze at her till she is healed; and do Thou this because she has had pity on me!”

They who stood around saw that the Empress gazed with searching attention at the agitated girl.

“Maiden,” she then said, “thou wouldst find it difficult to inspire others with thy faith in Thomas Thyrnau; he is very guilty, and does not deserve that we should be gracious to him through thee.”

“Ah, only wait a little while, beloved Empress,” returned Magda, warmly; “then thou wilt see into his heart, and wilt love him as I myself do! How worthy art thou, with thy great soul, to become acquainted with his! And how often has he wished that he could but tell thee all that which he meant, and out of which they would now make a crime!”

The Empress shook her head; and as she now looked around her, and saw faces of considerable astonishment, she nodded quickly to all present, and passing through the crowd, left the chapter-house sunk in deep reflection.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE gentlemen of the special court assembled with a vividly excited expectation of the impending conference, in which, at length, Thomas Thyrnau would come to a hearing, and they did not doubt would begin his defence, although he had at once declined this for himself, and the extraordinary amount of their interest manifested itself in the hearing of the assembly. The behaviour of the Prince of S. was very striking to Kaunitz, and he amused himself with letting his large, bright eyes watch his movements; and whoever had seen the Prince, with his florid, brown face, his hard, peasant-like figure, his arms crossed on his back, running to and fro in the small space of the ante-room, his eyes cast on the ground, the thick lips angrily protruded, and the pale, erect Count near him so ironically immovable, merely drawing with his eyes the same line as the Prince, must have thought of the menageries, where the keepers, it is said, alone employ the power of their eyes to bring into subjection the most savage beast. The Prince felt this glance, and it excited him almost to an outrage,

but he suppressed it, for he felt the might of the stronger upon him.

Count Bartenstein was the last. He had already learned what had taken place in the Jesuits' Church, and had communicated it secretly to Count Uhlefeld. They seemed unresolved whether they should tell Kaunitz of it; and at length, as they attempted to do it, he bowed at the first words to imply that he knew it, and added, expressing the concealed thoughts of the two, that it was not to be taken for granted that her majesty would allow the occurrence to have an influence on her sentiments, as the affection of relationship might very well be indulged without any crime against the state. The gentlemen were now vexed that he had penetrated their secret fears, and they went in evident ill-humour into the conference-chamber; into which, so soon as they had taken their places, the two accused, the Count von Lacy and Thomas Thyrnau, were introduced.

"My lords," began Thomas Thyrnau, placing himself calmly opposite to his judges, "the statement of his serene highness, so minute, and stretching so far back into the past, puts into my hands the guiding thread, the commencement of which I must seek, in order to give an account of my life, and of its rich and manifold associations. I may assume, my lords, that I am older than any of you; that it is possible that I have acquired experiences which your years, or the distance of the scene on which they were to be obtained, have prevented you from realising. In speaking of my age, I

direct, by this very observation, your attention to a time very different to the present; and, in order to be able to judge justly of the events which I have now to explain, it will be necessary to inquire into the circumstances out of which they arose. I shall be obliged to speak of the actions of my youth, which are here arrayed against me as proofs of guilt, with that enthusiasm which only a deep and sacred sense of right can inspire, and which I yet must fail fully to explain for want of time, and to which I look back without reproach, — nay, with a perfect sympathy, which now, however, feeling myself proud and joyful I no longer need.”

At this moment the speech of Thomas Thyrnau was interrupted by the appearance of a little old lady in stiff costume, and with fine and sagacious features, but modest bearing. She approached the table with many curtseys, and said a few words, in an inaudible tone, in the ears of each of the gentlemen, who had arisen respectfully at her approach, on which every one bowed deeply, and she advanced to the next till she finally had gone the round of them all, when she again quitted the apartment with the same air of solemnity, and the curtain again closed. Kaunitz immediately went on with the mending of the pen on which he had before been engaged, and the glances of the others, which rested for a moment on him expectingly, were mystified by the important air with which he laid the pen on his thumb-nail in order to take off the point.

Thyrnau, who regarded the interruption as at

an end, proceeded, without waiting for further command,—

“ I feel my bosom ardently pervaded by a warm stream of life ; I feel it expanded by a sacred pride, when I think my whole life has had its foundations laid deep in the life of my noble father ; that it has proceeded hence like the fruit from the tree. I was the only son of a late, a short, but a most happy marriage.

“ My childhood fell in the latter part of the Thirty-Years' War, and I should go too far back if I were to attempt to describe this period, which already makes in history a finished picture. The peace of Westphalia was, to the first portion of the war, only an embankment, over which the misery occasioned revealed itself to the consciousness of all people. The fate of Bohemia had been decided much earlier by the battle of the White Hill, and this conclusion of peace brought no change of its condition. Ferdinand the Third persisted in the arbitrary resolve of punishing the Protestants, and of restoring the power of the Catholic church, and persecuted the admitted right with a savage severity. Every popular feeling was deeply wounded: emigration went on, and the land was thus robbed of its most useful and active inhabitants ; and those who were prevented by poverty and misery from following this example, were given up more and more defencelessly to the caprice of arbitrary power.

“ The priests mixed themselves in all public and private affairs ; the great possessions of the chief nobility were increased, since the property of the

accused and the executed was given to them ; many foreigners were enriched with the estates of the unhappy Bohemians, who now saw Spaniards, Italians, and Irish, brought amongst them by the war.

“ The fate of the cities and villages was horrible —there was no town which had not been, at least, once burnt and plundered. For sixteen miles round Prague all lay waste, the third part of Bohemia had been in flames.

“ This was the outward fate of Bohemia, and what moral ruin must be linked with it is evident. Still there lives something in the breast of the old Czechen race which preserves it from utter degeneracy ; and that is a deep national necessity, an ardent attachment to its laws, which from time immemorial has been its defence,—a yearning, never to be thoroughly extinguished, after its sovereign freedom, and hence the maintenance of a course which shews to aspiring strength its place.

“ This desire for the administration of a government adapted to the needs of the people deeply implanted, and only more augmented by the misery heaped upon them, remained wholly and every where unsatisfied. Through the deep bitterness excited by this cause a universal discontent manifested itself, and the most threatening prospects for the future ; and whoever appeared satisfied drew upon himself the contempt of his countrymen, and, in most cases, deserved it, because the enriching of individuals at the cost of injustice to others was the odious means employed by the government to de-

stroy the people, and thus to complete their demoralisation.

“Thus arose outbreak and conspiracy every where, and no one could heal the deeply-wounded nation; the possessors of power could only crush them by violence, and, dreadfully misapplied, the banner of faith was raised, to hide the barbarities of hatred and of injustice, which were all held to be justified by the end at which they aimed.

“A little band only of self-respecting men remained true to their country in this wide-spread misery. In the sanctuary of their hearts they preserved the ancient popular life under whose wise inculcations Bohemia, outrunning Germany of old, bloomed in wealth and intellectual culture, and was the land of song and of thought.

“They went through the country with bleeding hearts, like good shepherds, and endeavoured to collect that which had escaped the ravage of destruction.

“But Bohemia, once affluent in the golden treasures of art and science, in thinking spirits and inspired singers—Bohemia, once rich in industrious labourers, in inventive artisans, was become a desert, which gave no indications of its former condition, and whose supporters, partly having quitted the land, partly being destroyed, and partly held down by the pressure of the existing government, despaired of the restoration of the former state of things.

“There raised itself a sacred hatred in the bosom of the few; on the smoking ruins of their country they extended to each other their hands, and vowed

to restore to the desecrated soil its children, to call forth again the perished life of science and art, of the activity of trade and agriculture, to defend and to occupy it with all their power, even with every imaginable resistance to the ruling government, which brought over to them no heart, which maintained a foreign taskmaster, gazed coldly and without sympathy on the decline of a noble people, whom it regarded with no other object than how to exhaust and to burden.

“The names of these noblest of the nation, of these columns of honour of the fatherland, were, for a long series of years, Wenzel Eusebius Lobkowitz, Caspar Eusebius Thyrnau, Joseph, hereditary Count von Lacy Wratislaw, the grandfather of this Lacy. No means were left unattempted to make Austria aware of the genuine needs of the oppressed land ; no instances of concession were omitted to maintain peace, unity, and the oaths of the subjects unbroken, amid ever-failing measures.

“Every means were in vain ; and my father has collected and preserved the official documents which attest this, and they will be a splendid testimony to the truth of my words. Thus came these men at length to the sorrowful certainty that they never should be understood and appreciated by Austria, and thus the ancient right of sovereignty again revived in the bosoms of these men, awoke by rulers themselves, and they desired to elect and to set upon the throne of their ancient right a king who could protect them against lawless oppressions. Not in over-haste, not without doubt, not without

time taken to testify this great right, did these resolves advance into life.

“Opposed and persecuted on all hands, they assembled those who were wandering about, and sought at all points, and amongst all ranks, to call forth supporters of their great objects. They strove to awaken the ancient industry, the earlier spirit of inquiry, the ennobling influence of art, and to conduct the youth to these. Yes, they revolutionised, my lords! but against rudeness and demoralisation, —against laziness and superstition. They were willing to remain subjects, but not at the price of their souls—not at the price of their ancient glory of mind. France in the meantime flourished; they fetched thence the seeds which they scattered on the ashes of their native country. As these sprung up, they would fetch also the gardener thence. He must, thought they, understand what will grow out of these seeds.

“Oh! let us take care how we use the words ‘High Treason’ when we contemplate the sorrowful contest of a noble people, who have been driven to resistance by those who should have protected them!”

“Willingly does a people continue in the still and true track, and cultivate with diligence that to which its genius impels it, and maintain a grateful heart to the ruler who protects it in its pursuits, and repays it, prepared to apply to his benefit that which it has acquired in silence. He only who shuts the volume of history and denies its contents will dare to say that the contest proceeded from the

people, and that it is thoughtless and without loyalty, easily drawn to this or that foreign power which offers it the withheld advantage. On the contrary, it allows, with full consciousness, the injustice to occur which is perpetrated by the long-descended ruler; it gasps away in its sufferings, it gives its hard-earned goods, it offers itself and its children without complaining for its protection, and although it sees no end of its trouble, it will yet receive no help but from him who has inflicted the trouble on it. *Rebellion of the people is the condemnation of the prince; it has its origin there where the long-withheld punishment at last falls. It is the arrow which, glancing from the target, turns back and kills the shooter.*

“The catalogue of all the attempts of Bohemia to restore her independence—or, as it must appear to my judges, the continued chain of treasonable conspiracies—has been faithfully disclosed, each link in its due order. The causes, too, have been accurately assigned why these undertakings were so often broken off. Our propositions were rejected because they did not include treason to Austria; neither was France, in the time of Colbert, sunk so far as to offer to protection-seeking Bohemia treason to Austria. They rather left us to our fate, and drew coldly back. When, in the year 1705, Joseph ascended the throne, poor Bohemia stood full of hope, seeking no help from itself, but looking up with trustful confidence to the new star.

“And he did not deceive us! the evidences which the six short years of his reign afforded confirmed

the warm confidence which we reposed in his assistance. But the unhappy war of the Spanish succession, which he prosecuted uninterruptedly for his brother Charles, drew away from us the blessings which his enlightened spirit and his mild character led us to hope for. But thus it did not continue. When Charles the Sixth ascended the throne after his brother, with him spread over us the gloomy train of Jesuits and Spanish etiquette."

There was a pause, by what occasioned remained undetermined. There had arisen, at various times, at the bolder tones of Thomas Thyrnau's speech, a sort of uneasiness amongst the members of the council, in which Kaunitz alone did not appear to participate, but, on the contrary, sought to dissipate by an inquiring look. They now approached the period which so closely preceded the present that it seemed as if the present might be insulted by it. Whether Thomas Thyrnau himself felt this, whether the persons before him directed his thoughts to this, —enough, there fell a pause, which, however, the opposite party, a fact most reasonably to be wondered at, did not make use of to utter any warnings.

Thyrnau was awoke out of his self-reflections, as it were, by the head of the old lady, suddenly seen between the curtains of the door. As he looked he saw that all the gentlemen, except Kaunitz, who sat with his back to it, had turned their eyes in the same direction, but the object had disappeared, and Count Bartenstein said hastily, "Go on!" Kaunitz tried the pen upon a little fragment of paper, and described with its excellent point the initials of the

Empress. Thyrnau could scarcely restrain a smile, so well did the ironical repose of the great man please him.

“ We had maintained peace,” he then continued ; “ the frontiers of Bohemia had been spared, and the soil which so long smoked with blood and heaps of ruin displayed waving corn-fields, fragrant meadows, and herds grazed where armies had fought ; towns and villages shewed their again ascending houses ; he who wandered through it was constrained to admire the blessed aspect of the land. But the ruinous dissolution of its constitution which it had experienced still proceeded through all circumstances, and the true patriot stood with a heavy heart amid the blessings which the lovely soil of the country presented, displaying a prosperity which afforded no healing to the higher life of the inhabitants.

“ The Inquisition—that black and hideous offspring of despotism, which our more Spanish than German rulers had brought over to us from the country of their birth—was imposed on the once free Bohemia, and advanced with a boundless license into its deadly office. It permitted neither freedom of thought nor possession, and, in a damnable manner, excited the spirit of crime in men who were beginning to shew certain hopeful symptoms of emerging from the degradation which so long a period of the misery of war and despotism had sunk them into, and which the confederation of noble men nourished and defended. The nobility was already more deeply corrupted through its greedy enrichment, which it endeavoured to retain by an obsequious conduct

towards the court and the priestly party. It was, moreover, mixed up with the foreign nobility, whose settlement in the country the war had occasioned, and on whom the confiscated estates in Bohemia had been conferred in payment of their service. These mingled, without love for their new fatherland, their corrupted measures with the disorganised moral condition which they found there, and opposed brutal power to the feebly protecting laws. The peasantry were anew exposed to the wildest oppressions, and human right was almost wholly denied them. Their ancient privileges were taken from them; the landed proprietor became their judge and executioner; and where despair did not convert them into criminals or arouse them to resistance which drew upon them the newly strengthened criminal law, they sank beneath the heavy pressure of calamity, and were soon, not without reason, rated no higher than the inhabitants of the stalls and pastures. No help was from the higher quarters to be hoped for, as these landed proprietors who thus acted were regarded as the useful controllers of the mass, which had so often shewn itself to be terrible, and as the principle still prevailed there, that the aristocracy must be right and the people wrong. In the midst of these conflicts the middle class had grown up; the knighthood had joined it, and the noble magnates of Bohemia who had not loaded their ancient possessions with an iniquitous aggrandisement, by degrees also fell to them. This was the honourable heart of the nation; it was at the same time the object of persecution, as the only class which was to be

sacrificed; and on it the spy's glance of the Inquisition fixed itself, in order to be able to divide it, and, having divided it, to annihilate it individually.

“The institution which, without any participation of ours, was termed the princes' school, was the first object of persecution. The enemies of a free human developement had a just right to dread this school, for thence already distinguished men had gone abroad, who planted still wider the growing sentiment, and in its bosom were the germs of quick developement perpetually cherished, which now found no soil in the common mass.

“The spirits which in Germany, England, France, and Holland, arose at that time, fertilised with their doctrines the small district which this institution inclosed. Leibnitz, as philosopher and metaphysician; Newton, who penetrated the mysteries of heaven and of nature; Montesquieu, as the philosopher of government, and the friend of the rights of citizenship; Boërhaave, as chemist, and professor of medical science; Bayle, as the destroyer of legends, and the founder of history; to them was the altar in this little circle raised, at which the youth advancing to maturity were dedicated to the service of the restoration of the fatherland.

“The Jesuits, so long known as the most renowned schoolmasters, beheld with hate and abhorrence these great spirits arise, who, in so short a time, had left all their achievements so far behind them; and whoever became their disciples, on them fell the wrath of this persecution. My father and the Count von Lacy could not survive the pain of

beholding the annihilation of this school, from which they justly expected such great things. Without resistance I obeyed the command to dissolve it, and listened to the cries which this act of violence diffused amongst my disciples.

“ But when I here call attention to the sufferings and oppressions which we endured under Charles the Sixth, I am still disposed to separate him from those effects. His desire was every where for good, even towards this eternally abused Bohemia, and he probably believed that his wishes were carried out; but, alas! two fearful powers separated him from the manly-beating hearts of his subjects,—the invincible etiquette and the rigid influence, necessarily connected with it, of persons who had vested rights in it; who counteracted the determined disposition of the Prince towards the most extensive concessions; condemned him to the incarceration of the prisoner, and conducted him by the thousand prohibitory formularies of etiquette to this most naturally consequent state of submission. Those will one day have to answer for it before the Supreme judgment-seat who with factitious rights thrust the Prince, called of God, from his place, and withheld him from the natural relationship of men by acts of exclusiveness and the depreciation of their fellow-subjects.

“ Woe to the prince who hears not the voice which calls to him! ‘ Be first man, if thou wilt be prince! Demand of the usages with which men will wall thee round, whether they be grounded in morals?—whether they do not seduce thee from the path of God when they strive to lead

e to an elevation which tends to de-harmonise thy
ure with slavish argument? and the blessing
ich God unfailingly lays on the head of his
nces, *that* find thou in the strength which, as
nce, even didst thou take the crown from thy
id, would be conceded to 'thee.' Charles the Sixth
not hear this voice, he saw through the eyes of
signers; he heard not the distantly withheld voice
his subjects; as they spoke in another tongue, he
ew their words only in the translation which the
guage of the court conveyed to him. We were
ll informed of this, and knew that in the steppes
Asia we could not be farther removed from him.
s coronation in Prague altered this in nothing;
pression only gained a firmer footing, and the
ery of the peasantry grew in a corresponding
gree, and speedily were the brief hope and the con-
quent gratulation of the people at an end.

“In the year 1727, I went first with Joseph
n Lacy to Paris, for Lacy and Thyrnau, the
hers, lived on in the sons. Fleury was at the head
affairs, and he knew our position before we laid it
fore him. The documents of this time are pre-
ved. We would again resume the negotiations
a French king on the condition that we should
independent of Austria, but not hostile to her.
eury rejected this condition altogether, and we en-
avoured to get to the ear of the king, from whom
this point we hoped for greater concession. The
y to him lay only through the boudoir of the
ichess of Chateaux Roux. She promised us her
pport, and we departed. Fleury sought to gain

time. He hoped that the persecution, heightened by the whisperings of this conspiracy, would increase our hatred, and make us more disposed to abandon our stipulations. Often did I return thither; and although I was the manager of our negotiation, and all looked on me as their plenipotentiary, notwithstanding, returned every time less disposed toward the alliance, and that on two grounds;—because I saw ever more clearly the objects of France, and came still more and more clearly to despise them; and, on the other hand, there was a change taking place in Bohemia itself, which, by degrees, caused another hope to arise in me.

“There lies in time a self-corrective against which despotism has found no barrier, and the opposition to its tendency becomes often the means of its advance. The country manifested its deep, its innate activity even beneath the spiritual pressure of vigilant restraint, which it every where found means to overcome. In the towns a life stirred which the dominant party would fain extinguish, but which grew still; which was openly made war on, and yet increased. An invisible spirit diffused every where the inspiration of that mind which was sought to be crushed, and everywhere the evidences of it made themselves manifest. Since the breaking up of the school, the strength of Lacy and myself had become united, for the benefit of the most oppressed and helpless class of our countrymen—the agricultural population. Lacy had begun to ameliorate the misery on his estates, and restore these unhappy beings to the condition of men. This could not be attempted without a mag-

unanimous resolve; this deeply sunken class was scarcely susceptible of kindness; the present generation shewed itself little capable of cultivation. Rudeness and stupidity obstructed every freer view. We must make ourselves masters of the young before we could educate men, in order to be able to infuse into them the desire of freedom; and, besides this, we found the most hostile opposition on the part of those of Lacy's own rank, who stirred up the ignorant multitude against us; and in order not to lose all, we were compelled to make the greatest sacrifices, to keep secret the noblest plans, and contrive means to relieve the heavily oppressed, even against their will.

“During this time we had determinedly broken off every relationship to France, and trusted to the slowly growing strength within it.

“Here a period of division between Lacy and myself ensued; our friendly relationship ceased; I lived partly in Prague, partly in different lesser German courts, and at last at the court of his serene highness the Prince von S., here present, as had undertaken to settle the affairs of this Prince with the neighbouring state of Z.

“These circumstances continued some years, and near to their close a higher duty tore me from them.

“Lacy, the noble friend of my youth, called me to his help. That which had separated us should renew, and for life, unite us. Lacy had a son. The particular relationship of this son to my family was that which had earlier separated us. A deeply me-

lancholy tone of mind, which had from that period clung to the young man, and consumed his life, the father sought to dissipate by sending him to Italy; and his return conducted him through France.

“ This youth had grown up beneath our eyes, and from his boyhood he had been nourished with the love of his fatherland, which was intended to fix firmly his national love for the Czechen. Inseparable from us both, he knew all our earlier plans with France; and as he had often served us as secretary, and possessed an excellent memory, every circumstance was as livingly familiar to him as to us. The cause of our separation, on the other hand, gave to the young man but one direction of his thoughts and feelings. Every political circumstance, every patriotic interest, was formed out of them; and, therefore, I must presume that our totally discontinued connexions with France, and the hopes for our native country which justified us in those negotiations, were unknown to him, or, owing to his perfect indifference to every thing which surrounded him, had been overlooked.

“ When my friend Lacy, the father of the young man, summoned me with the words, ‘ Think not of my injustice, but of our old friendship and our fatherland,’ I found him in circumstances which, if the feeling of our reconciliation had not upheld us, would scarcely have left us the requisite courage for that which had come upon us.

“ The youth, whom I named as initiated in all our connexions with France, had arrived on this dangerous soil, and, in total ignorance of the situa-

on of things at the moment, had fallen into the snare which was laid for him. He had, moreover, entered into pecuniary engagements, which were the more monstrous because they were earlier supported by the most distinguished capitalists and their stipulations, but now were guaranteed only by one name. With the restless wildness and impatience of an unhappy mind, he had acted, and believed that our counsel was no longer necessary, while his name, already so well known in these negotiations, had made his thoughtlessness the more easy of perpetration. What had already taken place had brought matters to a crisis, such as they had never been in before. He had incurred astounding debts, in order to give to the Prince who was to put himself at the head of the attempt for our imagined salvation a corps of troops, with which he was to establish himself amongst the French and Prussian forces, which for Charles Albert already occupied Bohemia, on the certain expectation that these would then immediately arise in his favour. Yes, it appeared to us very probable that we should have been surprised by this frightful and ridiculous political abortion, should have become aware of it only by the attempt to carry it, if the debts and the equally serious engagements which the unhappy young man had entered into had not compelled him to apprise us of the situation of things, and to call upon us for the funds which he knew had been earlier prepared and destined for this object.

“Our first act was to recall him; we steered clear at the same time of any written explanation of the

steps taken, and demanded only his presence. *He* obeyed our wishes, and arrived before we had come to any firm conclusion, before we could discover in what manner we might be able to stem the evil; for, my lords, we had held every step of the kind to be high treason, and no tribunal on earth could have more severely accused us than we ourselves should have done did a single breath of ours favour these plans!

“The condition of the country was entirely changed, for Bohemia and Austria were become *one* fatherland; they had *one* ruler — a ruler such as God only seldom, and that in great and momentous crises of the development of the history of the world, calls forth into the highest position, conferring on her spirit the power to strip from the existing time its disguises.

“The barriers of our native land were thrown open; Maria Theresa stood in complete armour, and her words were the heralds which announced to astonished Europe, that a princely heart, which is conscious of its holy destination, feels itself invincible and assured that the Right shall attain its goal! When, in the latter part of the reign of Charles the Sixth, we awaited the future in silence, it was because we had a faith that in the young prince who should succeed him there beat a great heart. This faith was justified when she appeared on the great theatre of her deeds, and every step was as important act, every transaction a conflict with difficulty, in which she developed her strength.

“Oh! he who has yearned after the ideal of a great

sovereign which life he fears will not convert into equality, who with pain and repugnance has looked round for protection — a protection which he would so gladly have received from this most effectual and exalted quarter — and who, after this conflict, becomes suddenly released from all his anxieties by the realisation of the desired dream, — he will understand me when I say that now we felt ourselves all born again! Every one dared to avow himself in his strength. All that had actuated, that had penetrated him, which he had developed, after which he had yearned with enthusiasm, now found its place; for the divine feeling of patriotism awoke and augmented the noblest powers of men; and when this feeling coincides with sound affection to a great ruler, who understands his time, then is the triumph of humanity, — then do we see a people make those giant strides which advance it to the head of nations, and raise a conqueror out of its bosom, beneath whose banner the noble of all lands may assemble, in order to participate in that freedom which finds no more opposition.

“With what a joy did we feel that Maria Theresa had herself released us from all blame; that what had no longer be styled crime and treason which she herself, acknowledging as the fruit of the age, broke with a firm hand from the tree of knowledge, that every one might carry to her the buried treasures, assured that she would recognise gold, and impress it with the stamp which gives it currency.

“Thus did we feel, and thus did all whom death

had yet spared of the former confederation of men feel with us. Shortly before we had entered into the most beautiful of unions—that of dedicating ourselves with all our powers, with blood and estate, to Maria Theresa, and to brand him as a traitor who should fall away from us, to expel him from the sacred band, to render him incapable of mischief in every way.

“And at this moment the terrible blow fell on Lacy, the most loyal member of this band, of his son being the first who merited the name. After we had well weighed all that lay before us regarding the mad plans of the young Lacy, I exclaimed to the bowed-down father, ‘Well! we have promised to make every one incapable of injury in any way who departs from the direction which we now only recognise as the right one—that word will we maintain, and must for that purpose venture all that we possess.’

“When the young man discovered to us his plans and his arrangements, it was not difficult to demonstrate to him the folly of them; and when he, separated from the seducers who had misguided his steps, came quickly, by the clear statement of our opposite reasons, to an acknowledgment of his unmeasured criminality: this revelation was too much for the agitated youth. Shuddering, he turned from the contemplation of his own conduct, and we soon convinced ourselves that he would be incapable of winding up these unhappy affairs, which were entangled in the most dreadful manner. And as no time was to be lost, because the momentary condition of Bohemia, become exceedingly unfortunate

through the war, was to be taken advantage of, I resolved myself to go to Paris, and at any price to counteract these ruinous plans."

The Prince von S., during the latter part of Thomas Thyrnau's relation, betrayed no little restlessness, and with glances, and ironical smiles, and shrugs with head and shoulders, directed towards the table, sought to cast suspicion on Thomas Thyrnau's speech. As the gentlemen themselves refrained especially from every embarrassing interruption, this was passed over without occasioning any impediment. The Prince now lost his self-possession altogether.

"To counteract!" cried he, with the laughter of scorn. "Oh, thou old fellow! thou hast got thy fox rôle well by heart. Thou wilt go on lying from the ladder to the gallows. Well hast thou turned the matter; but I was there too, was with thee at the same time, and place, and spot, and watched well thy doings!"

"And I made yours innocuous!" said Thomas Thyrnau, with the equanimity of superiority, and his eye, flashing with lofty feeling, ran over the wretched, tumultuous condition in which the Prince von S. exhibited himself.

"Your serene highness will have to blame yourself if I am compelled to extend my communications to matters which your grace would not wish to see portrayed in their true light. But be your serene highness assured that I shall not even cast a thought on those matters if they do not necessarily and unavoidably lie in my way. It has very little

interest for me to bring to the light the life of a man whose existence it is my duty as a Christian to forget."

"Oho!" said the Prince, "Sir Advocate, we are yet very proud in our challenges; but the end will make us somewhat humbler."

"I believe," said Thomas Thyrnau, "this is not the place in which to hold a war of words; I must entreat for room in which to be able to make my explanations."

"Your serene highness will be so good as to restrain yourself," said the Count von Bartenstein.

"Good! good!" exclaimed the Prince, "I can be silent; the speech will come to my turn, and then all will have its place."

"Mr. Thomas Thyrnau," said the Baron Biader, "you have the word."

After a pause of reflection, Thomas Thyrnau continued,—

"I found affairs on my arrival in Paris worse and better than I had anticipated. The exalted person who was disposed to shew himself as King of Bohemia now stood neither in conjunction with the court nor with the ministers, one excepted; but felt persuaded that, on avowing his object, he might reckon on the support of all. My negotiations were first directed to this Prince; and while I exerted myself as sparingly as possible in laying open the inconsiderateness which had misled him, I was still obliged to blame the youth whose name was as dear to me as my own; and I dared not so to exasperate the illustrious person alluded to by my contradiction,

but he should feel disposed to decline my interposition, for all depended with us on saving the fully exposed honour of this youth, which, with the discovery of this plan to our former confederates, appeared almost irretrievably lost.

“ We had pledged ourselves to sacrifice everything in order to turn away the odious suspicion of his now abominable complot from the name of Lacy, and I found through this additional difficulties; or I now discovered, still continuing to probe the matter deeper, that many highly imprudent engagements had been made with the lesser German princes, who, on proportionate promises, had agreed to support this scheme. It was, therefore, a grand difficulty to solve, and hard to involve all in the same interest, and to bring all into the same danger as soon as the matter should be discovered.

“ My narrative now permits me to proceed cursorily, as I do not stand here with the purpose of accusing others, but to hold the truth up merely in opposition to the accusations made. I succeeded, through a bold resolve, in interesting the most influential person in France in my difficulties. The amity of this person to the French prince alluded to helped me. Louis the Fifteenth, instructed by this person, threatened the Prince with the loss of his favour if every negotiation were not broken off, always with the condition not to disturb the already existing connexions.”

“ Ha!” exclaimed Kaunitz here, and pressed the carefully cut pen so vehemently on the table that the ink burst wide apart. “ So that was the cause

that the King of France and his allies, at that very time when the war was already amongst us, could not support the views of these traitors."

"We have for it the testimony of the accused," replied the Count von Bartenstein. "It will not be necessary to bid your grace reflect, that this testimony can only first be admitted when we have conceded his justification. The disposition of France at that time towards Austria could also be of little importance. Hostilities were already proclaimed; the so-called Charles the Seventh was openly favoured by France; Bohemia was at the same moment the theatre of war; and, whether it was seized on for Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, or for themselves, appeared tolerably indifferent. But it must appear more important that we find proofs that till very recently the conditions still existed, and that unusually large sums were furnished by the Advocate, Thomas Thyrnau, and the Count von Lacy, which appear to prove a maintained system of bribery for illegal objects."

"That is perfectly true," replied Kaunitz, "and you, Mr. Advocate Thyrnau, will be able to produce convincing vouchers why you down to our time have continued in so remarkable relationship to France."

"There can be no doubt of it," said Thomas Thyrnau; "the mercantile houses and bankers who have been concerned in the payments have stated for what purposes they paid over the sums which they received. There is here not the slightest further agreement to refer to; the matter exhibits every where merely the character of a private business,

and I have just stated to you that the unhappy intrigue of the young Count von Lacy only made necessary the offer of the large sum, which went quietly to force him from his inconsiderate engagements, and which only could save the name of Lacy from the saddest, and certainly most indelible suspicion."

"Who furnished these pecuniary means?" here demanded the Count of Uhlefeld. "You say that you had withdrawn those affairs from the cognisance of the earlier confederates of substance, and that they were supplied by the Count von Lacy and yourself: but we know very well that Count Lacy had at that time no command over pecuniary means so large, as the innovations of the period had reduced the rental of his estates, and that the calamities of war had moreover reduced his power."

"Can the answer to this question really belong to the present inquiry?" said Thomas Thyrnau at once, in a somewhat proud and excited tone. "When it is made to appear by the evidence laid before you that these payments were a private affair, what importance can it have whence these means flowed? I will not decline the answering of any other question; but this I either will not answer at all, or only under especial conditions will I answer it."

"We must beg you to reflect," replied the Count Bartenstein, "that only the greatest openness, the clearest representation of the whole matter, can be of service to you."

"Service!" exclaimed Thyrnau. "My lords,

what can be of advantage or disadvantage to me is here not the chief concern. The importance of my declarations has merely this value, whether they at this moment can demonstrate a new political perfidy on the part of France, or can attest its groundlessness: to that end will my declarations be of service, and that is the value which yet attaches to me. It may appear hard that in my seventieth year I should be called upon to give account of transactions which grew up with my youth, and had their origin in that time. And yet I can scarcely allow that it is so, since I admit them; cannot condemn them; nay, I hold the feeling which occasioned them a nobly grounded feeling of right, and pronounce it such with respect and conviction at the moment in which I rejoice at their failure, and would declare every similar undertaking now with the most perfect abhorrence to be treason.

“ My papers are in your hands; I am prepared to fill up the blanks in them, and when I have done this, I shall look forward to the consequences to myself with the tranquillity which has long possessed me with regard to these affairs. My wishes in this world have now reference only to a young and tender life which depends on me; and if it be involved in my fate, God above can fathom its troubles. I have expected this moment, and it fills me with gratitude that I have been so late, and at such a time interrupted in my vocation, that I look upon myself as already withdrawn from it, and feel myself now only a spectator of the great catastrophes to which my native land is hastening.”

“But why do you refuse to give up the sources of this pecuniary aid which amounts to a very large property?” said Count von Bartenstein. “It is not good that you have a mystery to conceal. I cannot refrain from telling you that the suspicion must thereby be strengthened, that the earlier connexions still maintain their existence. We know that you are in correspondence with a very influential person at the court of France, that this person, through the Count von Lacy now present, received a large sum of money, by which a suspicion naturally falls on this person, that from the first he has been implicated with you in political crime.”

“I thank your serene highness,” said Thomas Thyrnau, turning towards the Prince von S. and bowing; “your interest in my affairs has been very great. After I had made it impossible for you to carry out plans so unbecoming to a German prince of the empire, it was well done of you to pry into the proceedings of a man whom you hoped to compromise by a participation in your transactions.”

“I must again remark here,” cried the Prince von S., “that belief in the declarations of this orator must not lead you astray. My share in the guilt of the matter I have avowed. Your graces have seen the list of the names of the young princes, who, like myself, were then seduced. I will not deny that we had made this Thomas Thyrnau our advocate in Paris. I will, moreover, say, that I enjoyed the confidence of the Marquise de Pompadour, and could, therefore, keep a constant eye upon the proceedings of Mr. Advocate, who had also crept to the

ear of this influential lady, who always told me that she hoped, by the aid of Thyrnau, to be able to bring these affairs to bear."

Thyrnau's countenance was overspread with a smile, he allowed the rapid speaker to finish, and then added,—

"I will not deny my intimacy with the most intellectual woman of France, and I am persuaded that the honourable gentlemen present have already fully understood that I could only mean her when I spoke of the aid of an influential person. Yet I have no evidences of the nature of this intimacy. In part we discussed every thing of real importance verbally, and the sportive exchange of little notes which flew to and fro, and, in fact, are no longer in my hand, could yet also demonstrate in their lively character, that I was merely the agent of his serene highness, and those of his own rank, in such a manner as no other could be. That the Marquise, through my complaints of the impatient importunity of his serene highness, was obliged herself to question him on that head; that she did this, however, in that ironical manner which is peculiar to her, and that his serene highness was thereby induced to believe the contrary to what happened, must, in fact, decline saying."

The smile which here could no longer be suppressed by Kaunitz, with whom Thomas Thyrnau every moment rose higher and higher in esteem, excited the Prince to a furious outburst of scorn.

"How?" he exclaimed, stretching himself aloft.
"Will you insinuate that I was deceived by the

old woman, laughed at, and made a dupe of by her? Will you with these coarse lies cover your own false dealings? Do you hope to escape the snare that you laid for the feet of others? Take heed! I have sworn to bring you to the gallows,—and be assured I will keep my word!”

Already had Thomas Thyrnau opened his mouth to reply, already did the sensation amongst the gentlemen of the court demonstrate the same intention, when all at once sprang from their seats, and a silence as of death reigned in the hall.

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THE
CITIZEN OF PRAGUE.

TRANSLATED BY
MARY HOWITT.


IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

“That was a man! we shall not find a second like him.”
THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
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THE
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CHAPTER I.

THE curtains of the adjoining room were again thrust back by the little lady; and in all her sublime dignity, and glowing with inward excitement, the Empress advanced into the apartment.

“Above all things,” said she, with her sonorous voice, “forget not, Prince von S., that I have caused my presence to be announced to you! Who dares, then, here to menace one of my subjects, so long as we and justice have not decided upon his case? The man,” said she, and her flashing eyes ran over Thomas Thyrnau, “has said much that is good; and it does appear to us that we owe poor thanks to him who has burdened us with accusations so old as your serene highness has done. What singular pleasure your grace could find in this, we may reasonably wonder at, when you, methinks, were yourself deep enough implicated in those matters.

“My lords,” continued she, turning towards the table, and taking the easy-chair which the Lady

Gutenberg wheeled after her, " I think these are obsolete stories ; and in the style and manner of the accused lies much which seizes on our faith. The past circumstances which he has described present to us, alas ! many a genuine picture ; and we can well conceive that these complaints may appear yet more completely justified, seen from their own point of view, since we are more able to lower ourselves to a conception of the oppression of the subject, than they, on the other part, are of raising themselves to our sublime position, and of looking into the circumstances under which we are frequently compelled to act, or why we do not cast these antiquated evils at once to the winds, since this very often arises from the fact of the particular order in which we proceed with our reforms ; and for this, that oversight is necessary which we alone can enjoy. It must, therefore, often occur, that many a one regards himself as overlooked and forgotten, because the little spot which he looks down upon, according to our higher arrangement, does not directly come under notice. Hence it is, arising out of this undeniable truth, that the loyalty of subjects,—that is, firm faith in the justice and general care of his prince,—is, of all the duties of the subject, the most indispensable ; and the breach of this, as is reasonable, has been, from the most remote times to the present, punished with the greatest severity as the highest of offences.

" For as God, with government under the most auspicious circumstances, has bestowed on the rulers of the earth a heavy duty, I would ask, How should

mortal strength ever sustain it, if every subject should imagine, that it should be carried on according to the plans which he conceives in his little sphere? Reform, we freely confess to every one, can be of assistance to us, if every one in his place attend to his office with understanding and diligence. What think ye, will not thence the true reform grow? And will it not, moreover, be much easier than that which is laid upon us, to determine and to carry out reforms which no one save ourselves understands, and which, therefore, every one has a desire to blame, and which we yet must carry through, knowing, at the same time, well, that years must pass before it can demonstrate itself why we have just acted as we have done; and the shallow and evil-minded pretenders to superior knowledge, whose speeches we are well informed of, shall, in the meantime, raise as much doubt against these our measures as possible, in order to prejudice the affairs which they have not understood? That is the curse of government, which is, indeed, hard to bear, and against which the sound patience with which God endows us can alone defend us,—a patience which teaches us to hold ourselves independent of the approval of men when a great and God-pleasing object lies before us.”

Wonderfully moved by that which she spoke, the Empress had, in the midst of her speech, as all perceived, against her own will, turned towards Thomas Thyrnau, who, glowing with the expression of inspiration, highly exalted with joy and pride, gazed on Maria Theresa, his great benefactress, and seemed to swallow her words with his looks.

THE CITIZEN OF PRAGUE.

Kaunitz beheld this remarkable scene with an exultation that almost overcame him. He could have knelt before Maria Theresa, and kissed the hem of her garment. This self-forgetfulness, this speech in reply to the accused advocate Thyrnau, which she thus made in opposition to all the etiquette of her high position, borne away by the loftier spirit which waved its pinions before her, and whose shape she recognised in the humble citizen, whom she held of sufficient worth to induce her to stand forth before him, that he might gain a knowledge of her views, this appeared to him a greatness of soul such as no other throne possessed; and he vowed to himself to serve her with all his strength, even should her spirit, in the proximity of its greatness, be apt to strike him with its electrical bolts. He knew that all which here took place was contrary to her wish; he knew that she had, in the closest secrecy, accompanied the Lady Gutenberg into the ante-chamber; and that, although she had caused her invisible presence to be announced to the gentlemen of the council, and had commanded that they should put no constraint whatever on the discussion, yet she was fully resolved to withdraw again as silently as she came. She had thus, then, forgotten herself; and precisely that she could do this, seemed to Kaunitz the noblest triumph of her greatness, and more exalted, more Empress than now, had she never appeared to him upon her throne. Nor yet had she done.

“ You have endured unhappy times,” she continued; “ well do I know that! But your folly was

great when you could have rent away your Bohemia, and given it to corrupted France, of which it could have become nothing but a province. Had you power to prevent that? And has France ever thought of allowing such privileges to her provinces as you would have demanded? These vain fools have always had a puppet which they dressed up, in order to present it to the eyes of foreign nations; and this puppet was called Paris. There concessions were to be sought,—there was an advance in art and science contemplated, and the exertion for this purpose met with respect; but the provinces,—there lay the deepest misery,—there lorded it the most barbarous despotism,—there intellectual aspirations grew torpid, and darkness lay upon great crimes. Poor man! what did your dream of moral decorum for the establishment of which you strove? Had you forgotten wherefore my ancestor, Leopold, so deeply despised this French character? It was because that hero of fine manners and cultivation,—that Louis the Fourteenth,—formed his subjects into hordes of murderers and destroyers, who converted your Bohemia into a desolate waste of burning. Our archives still preserve the horrible testimonies of his never-enough-to-be-abominated system of policy.

“Your Lobkowitz has appeared to us better than the proceedings of that time seemed to warrant, although the praise scarcely belongs to him which you would so freely bestow upon him; and his French character plunged him into great embarrassment, and drew your father in with him, whence you, from your youth, acquired your rebellious blood.

“Through you and your proceedings, it is difficult to distinguish chaff from wheat. You might have done good. These are the hearts which rulers often seek in vain, and on which those who surround you, and who should seek to assist you, do not turn the attention of the ruler till the moment when punishment is due,—till the spirit which works so actively, and to which the direct path of activity is closed, has made itself noticeable in a self-elected direction, which then frequently demands rather our blame than our approval. Not to every one do better views come at the right hour. You have boldly and openly declared yourself; yet you did not know that I heard you.”

“Oh! that I had but known it!” cried Thyrnau here, with a voice faltering with excess of feeling. “Then had I lived through the hour, with the consciousness which has long seemed to me the price at which life would reward us for living.”

“Indeed!” said the Empress, and her mouth exhibited signs of an incipient smile. “You are a confident man! You would intimate to me, that you do not even fear the Empress.”

“And should I fear her?” cried Thyrnau, almost too energetically. “Who should fear our great Empress, who has stood his whole life long before the throne of a great ideal, and, rising above the gloomy pressure of his time, dedicated his powers to the higher faith, that there is a noble people ordained to develop the strength living in him to a loftier perception and a finer consciousness! Can the consequence,—can error itself,—and, above all,

the outward form of that which he desired, rob him of courage, of the sublime idea to which he dedicated his life, and vowed, with a warm pulse of the heart, to remain true? Can he lose courage, and just then, too, when, driven forth with this idea, prosecuted through his whole life, he finally arrive with her at the haven, where she puts forth her hand to save him? Does he now see her laid on a blessed shore, know that she is rescued, and will speedily be conducted through the world by a fortunate pilot? Then need the courage be very small with which he awaits the storm which rends asunder the planks on which she has so long been borne."

The Empress had accompanied his words with a gentle nod, then turned she her royal head towards Kaunitz, and looked at him and nodded. Oh! what a star of honour appeared this glance to the faithful servant! He knew it most assuredly; over all those who had flattered her own desires in the matter till now, over all passed her glance and sought out him who, with an untired spirit, contended with her, on whom her anger had fallen, and with whom she now calculated securely to share the concord of this hour.

"Thomas Thyrnau!" said the Empress, "you are an enthusiast! These are the wonderful criminals who flock round their monarch. They could send their own bodies to death, and that with hymns of triumph for the acknowledged monarch of their thoughts; and again, to defend the idea which burns in their fiery heads, they would draw the sword of civil strife against their monarch, if he seemed to

threaten it. And now, what follows? Shall we make a fellowship with every enthusiast?"

"Maria Theresa can do it, even were she the first crowned head that ever attempted it! For the word which, in the mouth of the multitude, seems to indicate the idle dreamer, will betoken to her the anticipating spirit, which, in advance of the solemn developement of the times, listens to the prognostics of the stars, and points to the prophetic pillar of fire which conducts the mass through the happily-illuminated forest to the farther shore,—to the Promised Land! That is the enthusiast with whom Maria Theresa can hold fellowship,—she is that herself! She has been it from her first step to the contended throne of her fathers; and from us, poor abused enthusiasts, from that time the sin has been taken away which men fixed upon us; it is with her become the truth which we desired, which we acknowledge!"

Maria Theresa bowed her head,—there fell a deep silence,—she reflected whether any one had once before thus boldly addressed her; it seemed to her as if she had already heard him, perhaps dreamed of him,—he had looked into her great heart!

Suddenly she arose,—she advanced towards the table, and said, with her solemn dignity, "I will that the old, half-antiquated stories which have been laid to the charge of this man be considered with reference to his present opinions. They do us ill service who awake with these the memory of cir-

cumstances which are as little agreeable to us as to those who at that time suffered under them. The last affair, that of the year 1741, must, on the contrary, be made clearer; this Thyrnau must be called upon to afford every means of shewing that he then actually did hinder, and not forward it; and, especially, must he explain the nature of the still-continued and existing connexion with the so-called influential person at the French court. It must then be made to appear how the young Count von Lacy came into it; and, finally, his objection to give up the source of the large sums of money must not be admitted."

"If your majesty will spare me only in this one particular, all other proofs shall be produced," said Thyrnau, in a deferential tone; "the payment of this sum is a private concern."

The Empress said, without looking at him, "Foolish reservation! You cannot yourself imagine that it will be permitted you; and what do you want? It is, in fact, for your own good."

"Perhaps," added she, while her eye again fell on Kaunitz,—"perhaps it might be allowed him, as we willingly spare the exposure of private affairs, to select one of these my councillors here present, who possesses his especial confidence, to whom to make his confession, and from whom we could afterwards receive a merely general report."

"This, on command of your majesty, could not be objected to," replied respectfully the Count von Bartenstein.

"And yet can I not accept this deeply felt favour,"

replied Thyrnau, "my exalted Empress, were it even the Count von Kaunitz himself who would condescend to receive my confidence."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Empress, turning again towards him in a lively manner; "you are an obstinate man!"

"If your majesty did but know what determines my conduct, you would say, 'He is an honourable man!' But," continued he, as he drew, in a most respectful manner, nearer to the Empress, "I know one place in this world where I would alter my resolution,—one person to whom I could say every thing, if she would condescend so far as to receive my avowal."

"Well, well!" cried the Empress, almost wrathfully. Thomas Thyrnau bent his knee, and, with bowed head, remained in this position before the Empress.

"What!" exclaimed she, "do you mean me? That I shall be your father confessor? I shall demand from the advocate Thyrnau the confession of his secret? Man! such a piece of assurance was never before offered. I now see well that I did wrong in coming hither; here is respect to my person strangely forgotten."

Yet was it difficult for her to bring out the last words of her anger; for Thyrnau had again raised himself, and stood before her so firmly and so calmly, that she felt scarcely able to bear the warm glance with which he seemed to transfix her.

"Yes," said he, with a soft and quiet voice, "I meant your majesty, when I named the only person

to whom I could confide the most sacred secret of my life. If I have desired too much, your majesty will forgive me; and this secret may increase the difficulty of my affairs, as it will,—it shall remain buried in my bosom, but never shall my exalted Empress imagine that the respect due to her noble person can be forgotten by her most faithful servant. On the contrary, he thought in truth to acknowledge it,—yes, to testify his opinion of her almost divine honour, when he promised to reveal to her what henceforth no one shall have the knowledge of but God alone.”

“Truly, Kaunitz,” said the Empress mildly, yet nearly smiling, as she advanced towards her chair, “a monarch must be pleased, like the Deity himself, to allow herself to receive the most extraordinary species of adoration, and to learn to perceive the purpose which is concealed under the most unseemly form. This vehement man will be always in the right; and his white hair counsels us to shew him consideration.”

Kaunitz bowed, smiling, and, as a gentleman of the chamber, placed her chair. To him, every moment which she remained there was incalculably precious; and he confided in her noble and sanguine mind, which promised to bear her on, to lead her still to continue the office of judge. He blessed all such quietly occurring measures as led her to this; and he could have pressed the heart-and-mind intrepid Thyrnau to his bosom, since he well perceived that he it was that bound this noble woman,—that she was impelled by the inquisitive astonishment of so singular a

we are no friend to scenes, and our person must not be molested by them."

"Ah, never mind that!" cried the Princess still, like a child who knew nothing about usual forms, kneeling with her arms on the knee of the Empress; "only just bridle your anger, that I may speak, else I shall commit some folly,—else you will regret that you did not hear your poor cousin;" and with this she burst afresh into tears.

The occasional emotion of either stern or very lively people always produces great effect; people are at once attracted by it, and consider it something important which has been able to excite them thus, and a little touch of curiosity makes them more readily gain a hearing.

"But here," said the Empress, mildly,— "here—what can there be so very urgent as to make you follow us to this place and interrupt our business?"

"Because all that which I have to say has reference thereto, because you must not punish my Thyrnau until you have heard me, and until you have read these."

With this she took a little portfolio from her pocket.

"There!—there!" said she, "are all his letters to Pompadour, and hers also. These Thyrnau gave to me, and for those I begged so long till she gave them to me, and she was much too thoughtless to reflect of how much consequence these papers were to this worthy man; but a foreboding of this struck me when I left her, although only the pleasure of

these letters and their graceful merriment impelled me to it."

"But what had you to do with this Thyraan?" said the Empress; "he seems to be, indeed, a true wizard who is in habits of familiarity with every body."

"Ah!" said the Princess, "I often think that I have to thank him for more than I yet can see; this, however, is certain, that he is the only man who really knew me, who really meant well by me. From the time when I was a little child and went to school, he observed me, and thought well of me. When that which he had determined upon for me did not succeed, he did not lose sight of me; and when we again met on the sinful soil of France, whither the wise policy of my noble relations had sent me, there has he many a time forcibly taken the bandage from my foolish eyes, helped me out of the difficulties into which my follies had thrown me, and always awoke me to a better sense, and preserved it there; for he always strove to preserve in my soul the most holy sentiment which I ever knew. In him is there no falsehood: no dishonourable thought has ever stirred his noble blood, and people must have grown old in turbulent passions, as his adversary has done, to be able to hate him."

"Now, really," said the Empress, "Mr. Thomas Thyraan has won an extraordinary but a zealous advocate! Moderate yourself now—you are always so vehement in all your projects."

She opened, in the meantime, the portfolio: the

first thing which she met with was a receipted bill for a pair of bracelets set with diamonds, accepted by Thomas Thyrnau, and bearing date 1741.

“Aha!” said the Empress, “we see here that no service was performed gratis. Yet,” continued she, putting them altogether, and handing them over her shoulder to Kaunitz, “there is amusement for you; that is your famous French wit,—here you will be able to find out some of your extraordinary lady’s Chatouille-secrets, about which we have no curiosity; the *resumé*, which has reference to this present affair of Thyrnau, you will then lay before us.”

“Yes,” said the Princess, rising, and looking steadfastly at Kaunitz, “do so, and if you find any thing which will other than corroborate that which he has stated, then you shall have to do with me.”

“Princess,” said Thyrnau, softly, “I beseech your serene highness to moderate yourself.”

“And I,” said the Prince von S., turning towards the Princess, “must, at all events, express my astonishment that your serene highness, considering the connexion which exists between us, should come forward in vindication of a man who gave us so much cause of dissatisfaction, and compelled us to call for the judgment of his country against him.”

“Leave me at peace, and do not give yourself the credit of a connexion between us. I acknowledge nothing but the right of releasing myself from you.”

“Will that be possible?” returned he. “You

wholly overlook the particular relation of your affairs to mine ; we had at one time a very sufficient confidence in each other. Your invaluable written communications at that time contained so much which seem to render the continuance of the connexion between us necessary, that I could almost believe it superfluous to remind your ladyship of them."

As he spoke the last word again sank the Princess at the foot of the Empress.

"Hear, your majesty, he dares to threaten me! but whatever I may have deserved, suffer not, your majesty, that I therefore must be his victim. I will bear every reproach from you, accept every humiliation which my folly deserves, will confess that my foolish' lips have sinned by pronouncing jests on your sacred person. Every thing with which he threatens me, whereby he hopes to establish his power over me, will I myself confess ; but whilst I will patiently bear every punishment from your majesty, do not let that be amongst them which you promised in your anger—the accomplishing of that foolish betrothal into which I once entered with him ; for if so, then as sure as God is above us and hears us, I will not submit to this promise ; and if I am compelled thereto, I will either place myself under the protection of my cousin of France, or I will murder him !"

"Cousin ! cousin !" exclaimed the Empress, passionately, raising her up, and looking steadfastly upon her with an angry countenance, "is such a scene as this calculated to obtain my indulgence ?

Your behaviour gives me much to do, and your words are much more inconsiderate than your actions; for, gentlemen, I would remark here, that on the fair fame of this Princess, the cousin of the illustrious house of Lorraine, there rests not a single stain; but she is a proof how even a lady of such noble birth could fall into all kinds of temptations at the frivolous French court. Princess, do not forget your condition! I give you my word that the claims of the Prince shall be examined, and that no one shall compel you to act contrary to your inclination."

"Thank Heaven!" said the Princess. "Your designs, Prince von S., will all be foundered, as I told you before; for inconsiderate and foolish I was, but not crafty and false."

"Your majesty," cried the Prince, trembling with anger, "the Princess Therese will compel me to discover her transactions, even her connexions with this Thyrnau."

"Sir," interrupted the Empress, "we would call to your recollection that you are daring to abuse our presence; all too long have I lent my ear to this private business. These mutual reproaches, as it seems to me, are very little connected with that for which I came here; and you two seem very much inclined to forget in whose presence you give way to your unbridled passions."

"That refers with great justice to the Prince," returned the Princess; "but what I, on the contrary, have done, was wholly connected with the affair to which your majesty lent your ear. Is it not, then,

to the purpose that I handed in the letters of honest Thyrnau and Pompadour, from which it will be so clearly seen that his assertions are true? Besides this, is it not important to know that the accuser attempts to revenge himself on the accused because he came forward at the right time and loosened the snare, so that the almost despairing victim was able to escape? I have said that Thomas Thyrnau watched over me—never lost sight of me; I add further, he has supplied the place of father and mother to me, and it is not his fault if he could not prevent all my follies. When I was seduced by my deeply wounded feelings to give ear to the proposals of marriage with the Prince, and with childish perversity to accomplish that against which I met with opposition from every body, he then hastened to my salvation, and revealed to me the character of him whom truly no one knew better than himself. I have made an ill return to the magnanimous victim of this discovery, who to make it probed the most agonising wounds in his own breast; for my violence transported me so far in my anger towards the exacting Prince, that I betrayed all to him, and he swore, in that same moment, to revenge himself at any cost on the author of this discovery.”

“That sounds very bad,” said the Empress, shaking her head; “and I think people have been very thoughtless in the management of this business.”

“Particularly after I have cast my eye through these papers,” now said Kaunitz, with vivacity. “It is a collection of notes which passed between

Thomas Thyrnau and the Marquise de Pompadour during the business in question ; and, independently of their being examples of humorous elegance, they prove distinctly that the Prince von S., as an actual prosecutor of this said plot, has been fearfully ridiculed by Thyrnau, as well as by the amiable Marquise."

"Hell and the devil!" cried the Prince, and sprang up like a raging beast, "I'll throttle the villain! I'll be revenged!"

"Away! away!" cried the Empress; "who dares to offend thus in my presence?" and in a moment he was surrounded by the gentlemen present, who, with a loud murmur of indignation, removed him to the adjoining room.

When the curtains were closed behind him, and the ministers, again standing, had taken their places, the Empress, awaking out of her unpleasant reflections, said, "It seems to me that by better intentions and more penetration a great deal of unpleasantness might have been spared. I will not reproach any body for it; I, perhaps, myself too hastily gave ear to preconceived views and left unregarded the most prudent counsel of the other side. The accused is not exactly acquitted, yet we will not be prevented by his presence from remarking that we do not exactly know how to establish any crime against our person or against our government; if,—I state the indispensable condition,—Thomas Thyrnau will resolve to give an index to the source from whence came the money, regarding which he shews such a considerable reserve; and if it be proved after exact inquiry that

it was for the discharge of engagements entered into by the then Count von Lacy contrary to the wishes of the parties concerned, in this case I have anticipated several milder proposals from my minister regarding the further fate of a man whom we are inclined to regard rather as inconsiderate than as guilty."

"Then I will remain sentenced," said Thyrnau, calmly and firmly; "for, so help me God! I will only make this declaration in the one case which I have ventured to mention."

"Sacred heaven! what a stiff-necked man!" cried the Empress with animation; "then we must wholly give up the idea of his experiencing our clemency."

Kaunitz now stepped forward, "I will venture," said he, "to remind your majesty of your own words, 'That a monarch, like the Divinity himself, must allow himself to be satisfied with the most extraordinary forms of worship.' Your majesty has always the highest prototype before your eyes; where shall we find that the humblest was sent away from the highest place where he thought to have unburdened himself?"

"And Thomas Thyrnau——" said the Princess.

"You, also?" interrupted the Empress and looked kindly at them both.

"Oh! I," continued the Princess, affected, "who has more right to pray for him than I? Hear him, my illustrious cousin; of a truth his discovery will enrich your majesty with a new glorious feature of the human heart."

“You know about it, then?” asked the Empress, sharply.

“No,” said the Princess, “I know nothing about it, but all the transactions of this man bear the stamp of sublimity and goodness!”

The Empress was silent, and then slowly lifted her mild searching eyes, as if she would compare the man with the words which she had just heard. His venerable figure bore the stamp at once of strength and modesty; there was no arrogant assumption in his person, no air of challenge or defiance in his mild, noble features—it was the loftiness of soul which spoke in them.

When the Empress had seen him thus for a moment before her, she motioned with her hand, and said in a calm and collected voice, “Let me be left alone with this man!”

“Now,” said the Empress, when the curtain had divided them from the others in the anteroom,—“now you shall have your wish. What, however, could prevent you from giving your confidence to these worthy men,—why precisely to us?”

“Why precisely to your majesty? There are many answers to that,” said Thyrnau, with emotion; “but I can do no more than express my deepest and most reverential thanks that you have granted me this greatest benefit. The secret which I have to reveal is not mine alone, it involves the temporal well-being of the noble young man who innocently has shared my arrest. From him must this disclosure remain secret, if I would not see him subjected to the most unnecessary perplexity.”

“Extraordinary!” said the Empress, “yet you might have been certain of the secrecy of Kaunitz.”

“But he is a noble like Lacy himself, and I could not bear that there should be one,—not even the very noblest, who was made acquainted with the peculiar position of Count Lacy’s affairs when I dared to conceal it from himself. Only to your majesty in your exalted station, which places you at once in a state of isolation and above all your subjects,—to your majesty alone would I confide this the so easily vulnerable destiny of the young man; here alone there is no clashing of interests.”

Thomas Thyrnau then related with clearness and precision the whole course of the events with which we are acquainted. The sacrifice of his property to meet the engagements in France, and the making over to him, in consequence, the lordship of Tein; how he had endeavoured to bind Lacy to his possessions where he was so necessary for the furtherance of their designs; how, at length, the scheme of the marriage was adopted by them and was secured by mutual testamentary documents, by which the heiress of Tein should become the wife of the last Lacy, and by this means the property should return to the same hands. He then described to the Empress, with great feeling, the fateful day on which Lacy came to Tein, and confessed to them his betrothal with the Princess Morani.

“It was a painful moment,” continued Thomas Thyrnau, “but it contained, at the same time that it shattered all my plans and hopes, a glorious reward in itself. The maiden who was destined for

him, whom we both of us, Lacy and I, with all our love, with all our souls, and all our spirit, had cherished—she saved herself and us in her first great agony of heart! Her sense of right decided, even before I myself had done so, what could save us from this threatening, increasing danger; and before Lacy could gain possession of the secret which lay before him in a sealed casket, she demanded its annihilation, and before the young man had regained his consciousness, the two wills, and all the important documents which have reference thereto, were blazing in the hearth."

"Holy God!" exclaimed the Empress, "do I understand aright? it was, then, your whole property?"

"It was by far the greater part of it,—it was the worth of the lordship of Tein! My father possessed a large property, I had increased it; it scarcely sufficed to meet the engagements in France. Lacy sold some smaller estates which did not belong to the territory of Tein. This great possession alone, where we were now beginning to see our plans realised—this we could not bear to see fall again into the hands of arbitrary and rude strangers, I therefore purchased it, and my old friend after that time called himself my steward."

"Man," exclaimed the Empress, "you are then the possessor of Tein; this Lacy is poor, and you have given him back this property and he knows nothing about it, and you are, perhaps, now the poor man. Listen! You are such a one as is but seldom met with—see—more injustice than justice

comes before me, and what you have done is so incredible!"

"Yes," said Thyrnau, almost interrupting her, "I will bring forward a witness to your majesty. Under the seal of confession is Father Hieronymus, of the Premonstratentian order in Prague, acquainted with this, for I will not mention the name of the maiden who was educated by us both."

"Yet—yet," said the Empress, "I know the maiden. Yesterday she spoke to me on my way to the church and prayed that she might share your imprisonment. You are, both of you, very uncommon kind of people; and although we have only your own word, yet we would willingly put faith in that which is uncommon. And is it, then, your determination to abide by this sacrifice? have you not since then repented of it? Have you not reflected that you have deprived yourself of a princely income, — your granddaughter of claims so great? Are you sure that you will continue in this mind? do you not, at least, think of quietly re-establishing these claims that you may bring them forward on a fitting opportunity?"

"No, no, your majesty, quite different is our feeling on this subject; we regard it as the great mercy of God that we were able to perceive the right at the first moment. This mode of conduct has saved every thing, and we have obtained every thing which can give us consolation as long as the thing remains concealed. If the least idea of this were suggested to the young man, it would be beyond all

human power to keep him in his hereditary possessions!"

Again the Empress was thoughtfully silent, then said she, "I must say that I believe your whole report, nevertheless our imperial credit demands that we do not thoughtlessly act upon this belief. I will therefore have some talk with this Father Hieronymus about it; if your secret is confirmed by him, then I will assist such silence, and will think that I am participant in the confidence of a very noble man. Your position is singular; I have no longer, as I should like, full power over it, cannot promise you that you can be fully acquitted, but I will decide as mildly as is possible if you will confess, without reserve, why you continued your connexion with this French Marquise, and why at last she received from you, through young Lacy when he accompanied Kaunitz, so great a present."

"We have alone to thank this lady that so many years' respite was permitted to us for the liquidation of our debts there. The most urgent demands were met by such monies as I could instantly advance out of my own private property, and transmit through banking-houses; the rest of my property was in land—it was a most unfavourable time to offer it for sale, as Bohemia was crushed by war. In order not, by over-haste, to lose too much, we were obliged to pay interest on these demands, and at intervals to clear off the capital; but to do this a third party as surety was requisite, and this was difficult to me because all confidence was to be avoided, which would so easily betray us. The

“If your majesty can use that word for the truest service of a subject. Ever since your great minister Kaunitz has excited these thoughts in her, I have known her thoughts on the subject, and have endeavoured to overcome the follies which have always, between times, undermined her glorious understanding; and as Count Kaunitz unfolded before her a larger field of politics, I undertook to give these great plans stability in her mind, and to translate them into the language which was most intelligible to her; and now I believe she is arrived at the important conviction that she can no longer retain the Abbé Bernis. Her questions to me on this subject I have had time to answer. I have shewn her how untenable is the system pursued until now under Bernis, and, on the contrary, have set before her the advantages which must accrue from a change of ministry, in the substitution of the Duke de Choiseul. This letter must be at this time in her hands, it was sent off the day before my arrest.”

“Well, really,” cried the Empress, “we have here a beautiful state secret! But now answer me a question, on your conscience: and come nearer to me the while,” added she, fixing her large eyes upon him. “Are you in a league with Kaunitz? The truth,” said she, “then I will not be angry. Do you hear?”

“I was so little acquainted with Count von Kaunitz,” said Thyrnau, “that it was especially interesting to me to make out which was he among the ministers whom I saw here before me. I was

not long in doubt. Count Kaunitz knows as little about my connexion with Madame de Pompadour; she wished that in all her transactions with him these views should appear as her own; she wished that I and the Count should not meet, lest, perhaps, it might be discovered with whom her views originated. I conceded to her this little condition, and wish to continue honest to her, and, therefore, I would avoid the discovery of our connexion."

"You are a remarkable man," said the Empress, "and we are amazed how we can have reigned fifteen years without having heard of you. You clever heads, what an injury is it to us rulers of the earth that you never will endeavour to understand our plans, and will not turn your abilities to the carrying of them out, and of making the hard labour easier to us! You seem only to have minds that you may misunderstand us, and may begin something in a contrary direction to us, about which you exert yourselves to get into opposition, and by dark ways try to attain your purpose; which when it comes to our knowledge must grieve us, and whereby we then are not able to recognise the excellent men who otherwise deserved our regard."

"This is a specious truth, your majesty, and least of all befitting for our great Empress. If a monarch have actually great beneficent designs for his people; if he be bent upon their radical improvement, on their moral elevation; then he stands at the head of the nation, and ought neither to wait for its great minds nor yet to fear the being misunderstood by them. The freest mind will submit

to the restraint which the originator of the idea will impose upon the co-operator—his endeavours will accord with those of the great mind which preceded him; he will then be all that which your majesty requires from a highly-gifted subject—he will aid, further, and labour himself to shew the good for which he has striven, and it will soon be understood because it is the truth.”

“My good enthusiast,” said the Empress, kindly, “it requires a long time before even truth is understood; the malicious, the censorious make up the mass, and a little grain of the better minds accumulates very slowly, and cannot effect much, because every thing new—if it be of the most beneficial kind—if it be the dearest sacrifice which a monarch can make—gets, first of all, into the mouth of idle gossips, who thereby turned out of their common course, anger themselves that things will be otherwise than they were accustomed to.”

“But the better minds,” said Thyrnau, with emotion, “they associate together in the meantime, and the one draws on the other to the understanding of the truth; this little grain will grow, and it alone deserves the name of the people. Oh, God preserve every monarch who stands like your majesty before the lofty throne of truth from doubting whether he can become harmonious with his people! He who excites this doubt, who dares to encourage it,—he is guilty of high treason. In his heart is there conspiracy against his prince, against goodness, against the people to whom he belongs.”

"You have thoughts, Thyrnau," said the Empress, "and a spirit full of human experience, and, withal, you are, with your white hair, as ardent as a youth. Your trial is terminated—save the sentence," continued she. "The young girl, who is as fervent as yourself, shall be permitted to be with you; whatever may be decided regarding you, you may certainly depend upon the mercy of your Empress. How she may be able to shew her favour to you I shall not know until I have counselled with my ministers."

She touched a bell, at the first sound of which Gutenberg appeared.

"The ministers," said the Empress, "and the Count von Lacy!"

When all had respectfully placed themselves around her, she began,—

"The charge with reference to the payments to France is vacated, the sentence of the accused, however, must be delayed until I have spoken with certain person who is involved in this, after that I will fully give my opinion on the whole affair. I can find nothing incorrect in the conduct of Count von Lacy; I, however, leave this to the decision of the special council—at all events his arrest is at an end. I rejoice, Count Lacy, that you will so soon receive back the sword of your noble uncle.

"You, Count Kaunitz, I expect after this session in my cabinet. Count Bartenstein, Count Uhlefeldt, Baron Binder, I commend your zeal, and hope v

may be able from this day to direct it to more serious affairs.

“Thomas Thyrnau, after judgment you will hear more from us; we shall remain kindly thoughtful of you.”

She now rose, and, nodding to them all, left the chamber.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER HIERONYMUS was in Vienna, and, being ordered to do so by Count von Kaunitz, announced himself to the Empress. She gave him a calm and attentive hearing; he related to her in his own way the whole course of the affair, which he knew intimately from the two friends, and which accorded entirely with that which she had heard already from Thyrnau, and by this relation she became still better acquainted with the noble dealings of the accused. Accordingly Count von Bartenstein received the announcement that she was satisfied of the truth of Thomas Thyrnau, that no suspicion remained, and therefore that this must operate favourably upon the sentence.

After a few days, Count von Bartenstein laid the decision of the special council before the Empress. It entirely acquitted Count von Lacy, declared the connexion with France, since the present sovereign ascended the throne, as unsuspected; that, in the reign of the late Charles the Sixth, as proved by the confession of the accused, the court declared to be

capable of no other construction than that of high reason. On account, however, of various mitigating circumstances, the court recommended a milder sentence than that which the crime itself demanded, and therefore substituted imprisonment of ten years in the case of Thomas Thyrnau.

Maria Theresa with her own hand wrote under his,—

“The sentence of the Count Lacy is thereby ratified. Thomas Thyrnau is seventy years old,—he has not time for an imprisonment of ten years,—mitigating circumstances, which are evident to us, allot him five years of this punishment. Hereby we give order that he be banished to Karlstein, in Bohemia, for five years, that the governor of that fortress receive instructions to that purpose, and that a becoming escort be appointed to convey him hither. The Prince of the Empire, von S., will receive sentence from ourselves.”

No one, perhaps, excepting Mrs. Gutenberg, was able to say what occurred in the audience which the Empress had with the aforesaid Prince. When he returned through the ante-room, there was not an inch visible of him that was not of a dark red colour, even his eyes, as it seemed, were blood-shot; his head hung down to his breast, and he returned [the inquisitive courtesies of the ante-room with a dull grunt, and as several of the court domestics took occasion to go to the hotel in which he was staying, they saw with what haste reparations were making for his journey, and the following day the police announced his departure.

With weeping eyes, and yet smiling on every one with the expression of happiness, the Princess Therese went the next morning to the Empress; she had already heard of the Prince's departure. Every body rejoiced that the beautiful lady, as was to be desired, was released from the universally detested Prince; for, a few weeks before, when he in secret made his first declaration, report said that the Empress had commanded the Princess to keep her inconsiderate promise with the Prince. As the door of the sleeping-room of the Empress opened, she felt very plainly that she had to endure a storm, for her royal cousin looked up from the papers which lay before her, and then immediately down to them again, without saluting the Princess. But Gutenberg sat behind her, and was busied at a cap-block over a head-dress of her illustrious lady, and nodded and shook her head appeasingly, and motioned with her little hand in the air in order to give the Princess courage.

"What I think of your behaviour, *ma princess*, there is no need for me to tell you," began the Empress, without looking up.

As the pause which ensued continued somewhat long, the Princess returned in a low and humble tone,—

"No, certainly not; I know it all."

"When a person is a German Princess," began the Empress again, "and of so noble a house as yourself, they should, at least, not expose the name which God has given them to public shame, they should not thoughtlessly have affairs with all kinds

of men and then again endeavour to release themselves from their promise because of some inconsiderately excited disgust. By this means a lady of high rank and high connexions gets talked of by the crowd, and of necessity censured like any other lady of lower condition. To cure you of your follies would be hard work ; but your relations might naturally require that you would keep them to yourself, and not let the world have any part in them."

"Ah!" said the Princess, kneeling upon some cushions, on the other side of the table, just opposite to the Empress, "it has all my life long been my misfortune that I could not commit my sins in secret, like other honest people; every lady who chooses can take part in them, and only my virtues remain solitary and unobserved, and I alone have barren pleasure in them."

"You are attempting to fall into your old arrogant tone," returned the Empress, "but you speak more seriously than you think, and it is precisely that which inclines me to treat you with greater indulgence. I might now send you back to D., and thus rid myself of all responsibility, but I have resolved not to strengthen the many mistakes which people have fallen into with respect to you from your youth upwards, by again giving you up to chance and your inborn folly; do not, however, make it difficult to me, otherwise you will compel me to be a stern companion to you."

There was such a grave, gentle kindness, such a maternal sympathy in the words of the Empress,

that they took hold on the entire heart of the Princess. Her head sank upon the table before which she knelt, and she sobbed aloud.

"I have been thinking a great deal about it," continued the Empress, "whether I had not better send you now on a visit to one of our relations; but then it appears to me that, in the eyes of the world, you might be unjustly judged, as I will shew you; it might be regarded as a mark of my displeasure."

"Might I dare?" cried the Princess, sobbing aloud; and in the same moment she had thrown herself before the Empress, and had covered her knees and hands with kisses and tears.

"I think, therefore, that you must remain with us," continued she mildly, "and go with us where the court will speedily remove. We have, to be sure, not a great many attractive pleasures to offer you, for, as you know, we live in the old worn-out style which our forefathers smuggled hither out of Spain, and your best friend, the Empress, sitting before you, tricks herself out in some old faded robes, like a queen on the Gobelins tapestry; but ——"

"For Heaven's sake, be silent!" exclaimed the Princess, who had shrunk at every word of the Empress as from the point of a needle; "your punishment is too severe! Think—at the moment in which I worship you, in which I for the first time have a father and a mother, to be reminded in this moment that I calumniated her like a godless child!—that with childish jests I ridiculed the holiest—the dearest——have pity! You must, indeed, know

that not a breath more of this crime lives in my heart!"

"So I really believe," said the Empress; and as the Princess looked up to her she saw the most cordial smile around her lips. "We this time," said she, "exchanged parts, I wished somewhat to banter my cousin Therese; if it was at the same time a little punishment, we have now done with it. But as our cousin has so much to say against our toilette and our other arrangements, we have resolved to give her a little occupation, and our dear, old Countess von Fuchs a little relief, in offering to her a post which has just now been established, that of Lady of the Palace, an office which requires a lady of high rank, as she will have immediately to hold communication with us respecting the necessary purchases, decorations, or pleasures of the season, and for which in good earnest, considering the instructions we have received from our dear cousin, and that her taste has been formed according to the French Areopagus, we cannot think of any person more suitable than yourself."

"Shall I be that?" cried the Princess, springing up with joy. "May I serve you? Oh, if you had given me the post of your bed-maker, that I might have made your couch soft, might have folded up your night-cap, have put by your slippers. Mother!" cried she, in the highest exultation, "thou hast saved a foolish heart from ruin; I have a presentiment that a thought on thee for the future will preserve me from folly!"

The Empress kissed the forehead of the Princess, and a tear stole down her beautiful cheek.

“Gutenberg,” said the Empress, addressing her, “do not sit there crying your eyes blind, but come and put your favourite’s hair straight, else the good antechamber people will fancy I have been pulling her by the hair of her head.”

“I came,” said the Princess whilst Gutenberg arranged her hair, “principally to offer my thanks for the departure of the Prince von S., besides that as I thought your majesty would be glad to be rid of me, and as I wished neither to return to Paris nor yet to my father’s court, I wished to beseech of your majesty that I might be sent with him who, until to-day, was my only friend, with Thomas Thyrnau, to Karlstein, that, by endeavouring to enliven his captivity, I might express my gratitude to him and my repentance, as his magnanimous sacrifice for me had drawn upon him the hatred and the revenge of the Prince von S.”

“It was a thought which does honour to your heart,” said the Empress; “but that would not exactly have done. However, as Karlstein is not a prison, but a safe castle of our ancestors, it may be that somewhat later you may pay a visit there. I have some schemes with young Count Lacy regarding Thomas Thyrnau and his residence at Karlstein, and as he is a newly married man, and his wife may like to follow her husband there, you may accompany her; besides you are related to her.”

The blood mounted to the Princess’s face, and the Empress certainly would have remarked it had

not Gutenberg interposed her whole breadth between them.

"The young girl, however," continued the Empress, "the granddaughter of old Thyrnau, has prayed me, through Kaunitz, to permit her to accompany her grandfather to Karlstein, and I have consented, and it will, at all events, lessen your anxiety about Thyrnau's solitude. I think also that young Lacy shall soon follow him. Do you know the girl?"

"No," said the Princess; and, although she had just forsworn all follies, a strong temptation assailed her, for she had instantly a presentiment of a rival.

"Then you can remain till I see her," continued the Empress; "Gutenberg will bring her in. I wish, through her, to do a kindness to the extraordinary old man, who is dearer to me than at first I would confess."

Gutenberg had already disappeared through the wardrobe, and presently returned leading in Magda, whose air of deep melancholy seemed to have warded off the bashfulness which she otherwise might have felt in approaching so great a personage.

She curtseyed deeply before the Empress, who bade her approach nearer. The Princess looked at her with astonishment; she wore to-day upon her glossy black hair the golden net ornamented with jewels; the long plaits were bound up, and thereby the beautiful form of her neck, which the closely pinned, delicate neck-kerchief perfectly revealed, was exhibited more gloriously. She wore a

boddice of black velvet with silken sleeves, with an open dress, and the petticoat which belonged to it of heavy black silk. The beautiful peculiarity of her costume was preserved, but still the Princess saw that a skilful and experienced taste had arranged her dress.

The Empress looked at her for some time with pleasure, and then said, with a smile, "On what terms are we now with each other? Thou wert very angry with me that I did not send thy grandfather back to Tein."

"He said that thou wert altogether kind to him, and thou behavedst as nobly to him as he always believed thou wouldst," replied Magda.

"Now, that pleases me," said the Empress; "but thou, my child, dost thou think me as kind?"

Magda shook her head involuntarily; she blushed however, and said, "I believe him."

"Indeed!" continued the Empress; "but it is not thy own conviction! What, then, didst thou think I should have done?"

Magda at first opened widely her large eyes, and fixed them on the Empress, and then said, "I thought that when thou hadst seen and heard him, thou wouldst have recognised him as the greatest and the best of men; and then I thought that thou wouldst not have parted with him, for where wilt thou find a better than he? Who hast thou that is equal to him? He, I thought, must have been a real benefit to thee, because thou canst understand him, and he thee!"

The Princess clasped her hands together; the Empress motioned to her to be silent.

“And supposing that thou wert right in thinking that I should know how to value thy grandfather, hast thou never heard that we, the great of the earth, are often compelled to punish the actions of those whom we inwardly highly esteem, on account of other qualities?”

“No,” said Magda, “that I have never heard. I thought that thou hadst a beautiful privilege, which might be called divine guidance—that thou couldst, if thou sawest deeper than other people, shew favour without having to give an account for it, and without any one controlling thee!”

“And I have done so,” continued the Empress. “I have shewn favour to thy grandfather, and that to an uncommon degree.”

“He says the same also,” returned Magda calmly.

“And thou dost not believe either of us?” asked the Empress.

“I believe you, certainly,” said Magda, “only I had expected it to be so different, and so much more beautiful? It only grieves me that our Empress cannot be as I had fancied.”

“Thou hast expected too much,” said the Empress, with great mildness.

“Yes, indeed!” exclaimed Magda; “but when I first saw thee, then I believed all would be right. Thou lookedst so divinely, with thy fair countenance and large blue eyes; the sun followed thee, although thou walkedst from it; but the beautiful

crimson velvet mantle which hung around thy shoulders glowed in the sun's beams, and it was as if it surrounded thee with a glory; the door which thou approachedst glowed with a wondrous light; I could have fancied that thy approach illumined it; and the cross saluted thee, and the clergy were blessed by thee!—ah! how joyful was I, that my Empress, as I had fancied her, was inferior to thee!"

"Maiden," said Maria Theresa, with great emotion, "thou art an enthusiast!"

"And why not?" said she, "dost thou not think well of enthusiasts? That I am, certainly. I have always been accustomed to fancy beforehand how things ought to be. My grandfather says that in this way the imagination is more beautiful than the reality, and yet he never counselled me against it—It is well, he said, to begin with the best—one may preserve it long, he thought, and the common does not easily consort with it."

"God keep thee, my child!" said the Empress, passing her hand over her eyes; "in this Thoma Thyrnau also is a remarkable man, that he has educated a girl like thee! Tell me, has Kaunitz already told thee that I permit thee to go with thy grandfather to Karlstein?"

"Ah! yes, indeed!" exclaimed Magda; "and for this I would kiss thy hand!"

"My child!" cried Gutenberg, "nobody may do that!"

"Let alone, Gutenberg," interrupted the Empress. "Come nearer, and here thou hast my

hand—even if I am not of that divine nature which thy imagination fancied, still thou shalt not be so bitterly deceived as to suffer shipwreck on the rocks of etiquette!”

With this she extended her hand, which Magda, kneeling, kissed with fervency twice. The Empress then took from a cushion a golden boddice-pin, and gave it to her. “This is a keepsake for thee from me,” continued she, “and attend to this—whatever may happen to thee in life, thou shalt always have the right of applying immediately to me, and where an Empress can help she will help thee! Say so also to thy grandfather; and if it will be any consolation to him, then add that I do this for his sake.”

This seemed like a leave-taking, if Magda had understood it as such, but she remained standing, and looked thoughtfully at the Empress.

“Thou hast still something on thy mind,” said the Empress to her, after a little pause; “I permit thee to ease thy mind.”

Magda bent forward with wonderful grace, and raised her face with an almost beseeching expression, whilst she said, “I should like to know what thou wilt do with my grandfather?”

“Well, then,” said the other, smiling; “first of all, I send him more like a prince than a state prisoner to one of my safe castles!”

“For five years!” said Magda quickly; “but, then,—wilt thou then keep him with thee? will he sit in thy council and promulgate thy wisdom? will he then, in the right place, be able to carry out the

great, sublime plans for his country which have occupied his whole life? Tell me that, great Empress; and if thou art the real empress which thou seemest to be, then take to thy council the best man which thou canst, because what proceeds from thee becomes the best."

"Dost thou mean," said Maria Theresa, "that thou thinkest us to be so happy and so highly favoured, that we need only know the good to become possessed of it?"

"Yes, I mean so," returned Magda, folding her hands before her breast, "and therefore I think——" She was silent.

"What dost thou think?" asked the Empress.

"I do not think it,—I dreamed it," said Magda. "I dreamed that thou wert sitting in a dome, the vault of which was lofty as heaven, and stars were in it which shone, otherwise there was little light only on the altar burned thousands of tapers, and thou satest before it full of devotion, with thy crown on and thy mantle, scattered with stars, and the sceptre in thy hand, and thy hands were crossed on thy breast. The church, however, was filled with moving people, a throng, and all was in a half-darkness. Then thou didst raise thy head, and looked upwards; the stars saw this, and from each one came down a ray of light, which fell upon thy crown, and thy head was illumined thereby. Then thou tookest the sceptre, and didst teach the moving mass; the place became light, and a human countenance shone brightly, a man or a woman came forth; they greeted thee, and placed themselves

beside thee, and they all wore white mantles. And as thou didst repeat this again and again, every place was filled, and it was as if light went forth and cleared away the darkness which lay in the church, and thou spakest no word but with the sceptre. Now thou movedst it in smaller, now in wider circles; now the movement was gentle, now of chastisement, so that lightning came forth from it; and I clearly knew what it spoke. Always moved the sceptre, and the words which proceeded from it were intelligible and beautiful; it had won again the power which God had imparted to it, and its spirit was comprehended by all. And those who had been sent forth returned from their missions; and music was heard,—more beautiful than earthly musicians can make,—so beautiful that the stars moved, and long beams, like glances of love, went out from them, and all met in thy crown, and thou lookedst divinely beautiful. And as thou didst stretch forth thy arms, I saw that, like the *Mater dolorosa*, thou hast swords planted in thy breast, and that they now, like flashes of lightning, flew out one after the other; and thou didst arise, and wert very great, and didst hold out thy mantle with both thy arms, and then the throng released itself from the mist, and the wise men or women, whom thou hast called to thee and sent forth, came, and the faces of all were beautiful. Then was all full of life within, and each one had with him a being who was necessary to him, yet I cannot explain all, for there was much which I did not understand,

but with a loud cry, which I myself uttered, I awoke; for one of the wise men was my grandfather, and under his mantle he wore the Czechen costume!"

"Ha!" cried the Empress, who had listened with intense interest, "it was Bohemia which he conducted."

"Was it not?" exclaimed Magda.

With these words the Empress recovered herself; she felt singularly affected, she had completely lost herself in the interpretation of the dream, she glanced around a little ashamed, and it consoled her that Mrs. Gutenberg, with open mouth, quite against *dehors* leaned upon a chair, and that the Princess stood like one entranced, and that both of them just as little as herself had attended to anything but the dream-images of the young girl. She had time to collect herself, and who can follow the rapid movement of the quick spirit; and she said, "Hast thou told the dream to thy grandfather?"

"I dreamed it this night," said Magda, awaking with a sweet smile from her thoughts; "but certainly I have to thank my grandfather for it, for yesterday he spoke glorious, comfortable words to me, and when he parted with me and gave me his blessing his countenance beamed as I seemed to see it last night."

The Empress was thoughtfully silent; she then rose and made the sign of the cross over Magda's brow. "Go now! and God preserve thee! Thou hast asked me if in five years time I will remember

thy grandfather, I answer thee, I will not forget him! Now, Gutenberg, take care that this dear child goes safely where she wishes to go!"

She then made a parting movement to the Princess, and withdrew to her library.

When the Princess saw herself alone with Magda she rushed to her, embraced her with ardour and kissed her like a sister, "Magda! Magda! Thyrnau's granddaughter! pray for me—love me," said she, "I am Therese von D. who have so much to thank thy grandfather for!"

"The Princess?" asked Magda, and then bent down to her and kissed her with equal cordiality.

"Now, however, we both of us go to your grandfather," cried the Princess.

The Empress's command that Thomas Thyrnau should be treated with the greatest consideration was all the more immediately obeyed, as it was intrusted to Count Kaunitz; Kaunitz himself, as it appeared, in consequence of what he had had to endure through these affairs, and as a reward of his fidelity and firmness, had risen higher than ever in the favour of the Empress. He felt, however, that he had alone to thank the incomparable personal qualities of Thyrnau, and his success in having induced the Empress, who was able to understand him, to become his listener, for the fortunate issue of the business; and he felt such a lively interest in Thomas Thyrnau that during the short time he had to remain in the castle he visited him daily, and enjoyed as he had never done before the clear, deeply practical understanding of this man, and his exten-

sive knowledge of all existing political relationships.

But there is no need for us to go through all their conversations, we will only communicate such as are connected with the personal life of Thomas Thyrnau.

Magda took part in these conversations. The unconquerable determination of an invincible feeling made her inseparable from her grandfather.

She sat on a low seat immovable as a beautiful statue with serious countenance and penetrating glance at the feet of Thomas Thyrnau, and listened to the two men as if she were their supreme judge. They spoke of her in Latin, and in a few words Thyrnau gave a sketch of her uncommon character, how she had been educated by himself, and his old friend Lacy in common, and how they had cultivated the sense of duty in her earnest mind, for the pleasure of watching the views which were taken by this young, incorruptible spirit. Thus it was that Kaunitz, who just now was in a mood more susceptible than usual to anything out of the common way, not only permitted her presence, but at length took pleasure in seeing her lovely countenance, and saw and heard with astonishment and increasing interest, how she often followed the conversation of the old gentleman with an enthusiastic glance; and also, by a few perspicacious words, would interrupt and set them right if they made the slightest deviation or shewed any uncertainty of information regarding circumstances well known to herself.

In order to take leave of every one in the Moran:

Palace she returned thither for a few hours, and besought for Egon's and Hedwiga's presence here. She took with her the Princess Therese, for this took place on the same morning as she had her interview with the Empress, and, after having seen Thomas Thyrnau, they two went to the palace.

As they entered the saloon, where they were expected by all, Magda advanced forward first, and the Princess followed well satisfied that it should be so. Count von Lacy and his wife and the two children came forward to meet her. It seemed to every one as if Magda was very much changed; she had that imposing bearing which is peculiar to a high condition of mind, and in which the soul, as from an elevated position, governs every limb and every movement. With this she was pale as marble, and spoke low and but very little.

She hastened into Claudia's arms and rested on her bosom, whilst she extended her hand to Lacy, who respectfully took it and kissed the tips of her fingers.

"Farewell!" said she, raising herself, in a low voice. "To-morrow I set off with my grandfather, and God bless you for the kindness you have shewn me!"

Her eye rested for a moment on Lacy, and her colour changed, then said she, "When you go to Tein"—ah! how he felt it, that he was the only one to whom she did not address the *naïve thou*—"when you go to Tein, let Hieronymus tell you whom I have been accustomed to take care of. Do you do it now! Also the Dohlen-nest"—her voice

failed her, she was silent, the trembling of her limbs was visible, she glanced aside and saw the Princess stand with suspended breath, she extended her hand to her, and at the same moment, with knees that refused their support, fell into her arms. Claudia drew an arm-chair towards them, the Princess placed her in it, Lacy touched her not: he stood as if rooted to the spot, and the pain which he suffered almost robbed him of consciousness.

Egon and Hedwiga knelt down before her and wept; but Magda had not fainted, she looked quietly upon the children and stroked Hedwiga's hair.

"All is now accomplished, children!" said she softly. "Countess Lacy will take care of you, and Tein will be your home!"

Oh, how much was said by these words to those who knew her fate! Claudia sank down upon a chair near to her and wept, whilst Lacy pressed his hands before his eyes.

"Oh, Magda!" cried Countess Lacy, "and thou, and thou?"

"I, too, shall accomplish my destiny!" said Magda, with a gentle smile; "I remain with my grandfather!"

She raised up Egon's head, stroked the curls from his brow, and looked at him for a long time thoughtfully, then she said, "I wish I could take thee with me to my grandfather, Egon! I know where I have seen thy brow; he would immediately know it, and when two people suffer from a mystery it is possible that comparing their impressions might clear it up."

Her eye met Lacy's, and they both crimsoned. He rose up hastily to go that she might prepare for her journey, and as Claudia led her away the Princess knew the reason of it ; she glanced at the Count, their eyes met, and as he felt what were her thoughts he at once became self-possessed. He offered her his arm and led her to the terrace ; the Princess smiled with a smile her violently agitated heart.

CHAPTER-III.

THE magical riches of an October morning were spread over the earth; the ground was sown with pearls of dew, the turf was of the softest green. On the banks of the streams still grew the richest-hued flowers, and in the low walls of rock the varied vegetation, revived by the refreshing dew, glowed in brighter colours. The woods shone forth in a truly magical transformation, the golden-leafy coronets, with purple shadows, contrasted against the eternal green of pines and larches, whilst the bindweed, with its dancing, gauzy flowers, and the travellers'-joy, with its busy little hands, had clung to every stem, and its pale-green sprays had flung themselves so high, that they had reached the neighbouring bough, and now having formed a friendship with it, and being graciously tolerated, had twined themselves farther, until these green festoons had formed one grand community of the whole forest. In the distance, where the wood-path made a sudden turn, and where the glades opened out in the forest, lay opposite to the sun clouds of mist; in some places compressed together, in others drawn up by his rays

into vapoury streaks, whilst their light masses shone forth against the dark rocks in rose and violet colouring, or, broken up by the warm beams of the sun, seemed isles of bliss shining forth in paradisaical luxuriance.

The wanderers, who clomb the rough and rocky road, were as silent as the scene around them; only now and then was heard the cry of the woodpecker or owl in the wood, or bees and beetles shot humming past them.

This deep stillness seemed to suit the wanderers; for both were silent, and it appeared almost doubtful whether the glorious morning exercised its power over their spirits.

Thomas Thyrnau walked somewhat behind Magda, and his anxious eye alone sought that one being, who, with sunk head, with difficulty ascended the road before him, leaving unobserved all objects on the road-side which formerly would have caused her light and childish form to bound before him. The departure from Vienna had broken her heart; it was now that she appeared, for the first time, to feel the whole weight of her altered fate, and strength had left her bosom. Magda had, for the first time, understood her own sorrow, when anxiety for others had passed away. With much deep grief did Thyrnau think of the abode which they approached, and which should be a prison for this suffering child. He no longer thought of removing her from him, for all attempts to persuade her to this had failed to bend the will of this firm girl; and whilst his eye despondingly watched her, it was this unceasing

endeavour of his fatherly love to discover the wound which a look of affection might soothe.

Often, where the road was ascending, and when the surrounding scene invited them, they quitted the carriage; and, thanks to the respectful forbearance which had ordered them but one guard, every arrangement which the prisoners could propose was listened to.

Before them ascended up the hill the heavy, close carriage; and Thyrnau learned that this road wound along one of the four mountains, in the deep valley between which rose the table-land where stood the historically important Karlstein. This, then, was their last day of freedom, within an hour, perhaps, the walls of the secure old royal castle would shut them in; and it seemed to him that he must detain the beloved child as long as possible in the free air, make her turn towards the animating sunbeams, gather flowers for her, and see her rest upon the moss.

He observed how she hastened towards a tree, and then, exhausted, leaned herself against its trunk. Insignificant as this may seem, it nevertheless cut him to the heart; when ever before had she known weariness,—when ever had a road appeared too steep? And yet to-day her strength was so soon exhausted, when, but so short a time before, they had risen from their night's repose, and had walked but so short a distance.

“Thou art weary, my child!” said Thyrnau
“Repose thyself upon my cloak on the moss,—it's so soft!”

“ Ah, never mind that, grandfather! I fancy we shall soon be there, and then I can repose for a long time; I do not know whether I am weary, only I cannot draw my breath easily; I wanted merely to lean against the tree, my head is so tired!”

“ Look around, my girl!” said Thyrnau. “ The morning is so beautiful, and the road has its charms.”

“ I see them all!” said Magda, and, after a hasty survey, cast her eyes upon the ground; “ but I shall feel better within the walls. So much beauty can really distress one. So much beauty cannot exist in vain,—we must rejoice in it; it punishes us; do we not— Believe me, precisely this beauty makes my heart so oppressed and sad.”

“ Perhaps,” said Thyrnau, mildly, “ thou wouldst think otherwise of kind Nature didst thou not fear her. Thou wouldst make her a vain, coquettish being, who will punish us if we refuse to do her homage; and yet she is the kind and loving mother who stretches forth her soft arms towards her sick and weary children, letting them dream away upon her bosom, and lavishing her treasures upon them, without thinking whether they appreciate the greatness and excellence of her gifts in their full extent, or would thank her for them.”

A few tears started from beneath Magda’s eyelids. She stretched forth her hands towards him, and said, “ Perhaps I dare not let myself be softened. I can imagine, that were I to yield to such mild Nature, my last support would give way,—that streams would break forth,—the sun entices away the thin rind, and the spring rushes forth. Ah!

grandfather, thy Magda would release herself; she would become a stream which would flow away before thy feet."

Painful as were these words to him, he yet smiled, and said, "What beautiful flowers thou hast growing on thy banks! only see, certainly these blue ones, with their sweet name, were for me, and the crocus, with the violet and yellow blossoms, and the white water-lily, which thou permittest to dance upon thy waves, and the small white stars with their red borders."

"The daisies," said Magda, smiling like a child when spoken to about its toys, "thou knowest," said she, still smiling, "around the lake at Tein?"

But scarcely had this beloved name, which contained within it her secret yearning, passed her lips, than she uttered a cry as if her heart were breaking, and threw herself upon Thyrnau's breast, he silently encircling her in his arms.

"Reflect upon thy misery fully, my dear, dear girl!" said Thyrnau, gently. "Thou wilt then be better; thou wilt fathom thy sorrow, and wilt ascend out of the depths of thy despair."

But Magda only wept, and her bosom heaved convulsively; but Thyrnau, in the midst of this violence of passion, continued to speak gentle words to her, happy that her grief had found an outlet, and hoping that thus its violence would cease.

At length she sank as if exhausted, and Thyrnau spread out his mantle for her. Upon which, leaning against the tree, and supported by himself, she sank into a short sleep. Although this sleep was of no

long duration, it refreshed her; she rose, thanked her grandfather, hung upon his arm as usual, and appeared somewhat troubled that the carriage had passed out of sight. Their guard had ridden back to learn the cause of their delay, and rode, when he perceived the two, quietly before them until he reached the highest point of the eminence, where he rested until they came up.

Before they had reached the spot where he stood, a spot on which grew tall pines, he pointed towards the distance, and as they approached, the battlemented towers of mighty Karlstein rose before them; and now, as they stood beside their guard, it lay before their eyes, on its mass of rock, surrounded by its four mountains as by four vassals. Both were much excited by this view of the old fortress, for, spite of the flight of time and many a devastation, it bore the imperishable stamp of grandeur, and its lofty, strong towers were full of a proud character, to which their varied forms gave something mysterious, as if they were the cipher language of some great history, which alone the mystical mind of the architect understood, and for the preservation of which the watchmen are answerable with their lives. The winding road which lay before them, however, in the living rock was, at the same time, the only one which led to the interior, and the gateway, above which arose the dwelling of the first watchman, was closed by a portcullis. Silently gazed our two wanderers upon their future place of abode, and listened to the explanation which their guard sought to give them. The four heights which

surrounded the castle were fortified and commanded the whole Beraun valley; upon their highest eminences were small buildings, in each of which formerly, both day and night, stood a sentinel, relieved every hour, whose duty it was to gaze fixedly into the distance, and under pain of death permit no stranger to approach. Each time that these sentinels were relieved resounded the solemn cry of, —“AWAY FROM THE FORTRESS THAT NO MISFORTUNE ARISE!” and the neighbours of this sacred fortress knew well this death-signal was followed by a sure arrow being shot from the unerring bow. Now, when this sacred edifice, once so watchfully guarded, had been forced to yield to the spirit of the times, these fortifications were deserted, but whoever gazed upon this magnificent building, and entered into the profound character of Charles the Fourth, its great builder, must feel that the spirit of a mighty secret had been here stamped upon the gigantic mass of stone in an imperishable manner, and the initiated would discover a sign, which to profane eyes remained veiled in mystical obscurity. Thomas Thyrnau gazed with deep emotion upon the mansion of a once so potent master, he also belonged to the same order, and knew how to explain the various signs which he was sure to find. The thoughtless girl beside him felt immediately the same influence. “Ah! ah!” stammered she, stretching forth her arms towards the fortress, “what things wilt thou be able to tell me of which I have never heard before, and after which my heart beats with such longing; what secrets dost thou contain within thee,

after which I may perhaps eternally inquire in vain !”

Thomas Thyrnau glanced with emotion at the over-excited girl, but every appearance was dear to him which gave him hope of her stepping forth from her dull, inward grief. “Thy presentiments are correct, my daughter!” returned he, without a pause,—“Charles the Fourth stood as grand-master at the head of a powerful order, which the east has handed down to us in sacred traditions. Its deep significance and powerful influence upon the well-being of mankind are veiled in an impenetrable mystery, which alone permits the initiated to comprehend the rite which to the profane remains an incomprehensible sign ; and I am certain here of finding signs of his having exercised in this place the holy rite.”

“Ah!” cried Magda, who with her wise eyes had devoured all his words, “thou wilt teach me to distinguish them also : I shall learn something really great and profound here !”

“No, Magda !” returned Thyrnau, “every woman is excluded from participation in the knowledge of this holy order ; without being guilty of perjury, no initiated brother could give thee a key to these mysteries.”

“Ah!” cried Magda, “there thy holy order, as thou calledst it, has its weak side! How can you men dare to make laws which pretend to exclude, as unentitled, beings formed by God and equally endowed by Him ?”

“Curb thy impetuosity,” said Thyrnau, some-

what severely ; “ were it suitable I could assign many reasons which justify this decision. One, however, will be evident enough to thee, and was, perhaps, the origin of this law. In that early age there existed but a very circumscribed spiritual connexion with woman ; the barbarism of the age confined her in a narrow sphere, where being deprived of her natural rights she appeared an inferior creature and alone connected with man in a less noble sense.”

Thyrnau had silenced Magda by this reply, but to withdraw her inquiring spirit from the contemplation of this new object, he as little desired as he had been able to effect it.

“ Look ! ” pursued he, “ how sweetly the valley opens out and follows the windings of the Beraun as far as the little town of Budnian, which encircles its church like an indifferent setting to a precious stone.”

“ Yes,” sighed Magda, with emotion, “ here is peace,—here for the first time, I learn what solitude is. Do birds really sing here ? Do trout dart about in this brook ? Has the wind a voice here ? and does not the rain-cloud prevent its drops from falling ? Dost thou not think that the faded leaf must reflect before it sinks to the earth, and that the bees must return to the four mountains from whence resounds that mysterious ‘ Away from the fortress ! ’ ”

“ We shall discover whether it is so,” said Thyrnau, smiling, for it rejoiced him that the silent Magda had fallen into her old rhapsodies.

They perceived that the carriage had already been admitted through the first gateway, and

their guard requested them to follow the same way.

As they descended into the valley they were met by a damp, cold air, the sun was still low in the heavens, and the high hills intercepted his rays. The road led beneath the grated door through a passage hewn in the rock, and provided with loop-holes and masonry, to the principal entrance, and a gigantic gateway, where an immense lock excited Magda's astonishment. Above this gateway rose the decaying ruins of Wenzel's chapel, upon which was still seen the golden cross, alone supported by newer beams. Through this gateway they entered the outer court of the fortress, where was seen the dwelling of the Burg-graf, now occupied by a less important personage, a governor. Here their guard conducted them into an apartment connected with the court by open doors, where were an officer and a few men of the garrison.

When the conductor of our prisoners had announced his business, the officer cast a supercilious glance upon the two, and, pausing before Magda, he laughed and said, with a careless familiarity, "Well, little one; thou art a curious sort of a soldier for the fortress of Karlstein! Dost not thou know that women's petticoats are forbidden to sweep here? That we must quarter thee out somewhere, or must let thee dangle from the highest battlement, so that thy crime may be expunged?"

"Sir!" said Thyrnau, whilst Magda started back with horror, "have the goodness not to weary us with your jokes, but announce us to the Governor, we shall alone listen to him."

“Death and the devil!” cried the offended officer, “shall a good-for-nothing fellow who is enduring his season of punishment, and who has been transported here for God knows what crime, open his mouth again to the all-powerful gentlemen of the royal fortress of Karlstein—the first in the land, the most glorious service of the state? If thou canst read, old fellow, thou shalt here see recorded the illustrious names, who, having served in this castle, have eternalised the honour in their escutcheons! And dost thou think that this custom has fallen into disrepute? Learn, that still only men of the purest nobility are summoned hither, and hear, to thy deep shame, that now thou hast the honour of speaking to the second son of the noble house of Castiglione Pasterau!”

Thyrnau had calmly led Magda towards the fireplace and made her sit down upon a bench, her delicate frame trembling from cold and terror; and standing before her to screen her from the officer's bold glances, he now turned towards him and calmly said, “All the better, sir, is it if you can boast of a noble name, you will not then revile misfortune and innocence.”

“Yes, misfortune!” cried Pasterau, “all criminals are merely unfortunate, that is the old history! And shall we worship the innocence of such girls as this, who wander about the highways, and come to the garrison of a fortress? Thou art an old blockhead, and I will teach thee what we think here of thee and such wenches!”

“Enough!” cried Thyrnau, with such a voice of thunder that Pasterau started back, and the soldier

leaped from their bench as if they had heard the signal-gun. "Your behaviour exceeds all right and justice, and unless you immediately conduct us to the Governor, who will put a stop to your rudeness, I will complain against you!"

"Throw him out! fling him into the rock-dun-geon!" cried the officer raging, for his mind was clouded by the number of wine-bottles he had emptied at his first breakfast; but Thyrnau called to the soldiers to beware, at the same time whirling a wooden foot-stool with such agility in the air, that the men were seized with some reluctance to approach him. Their former attendant now approached Thomas Thyrnau and besought him to retire with his granddaughter, saying that he would endeavour to calm the young gentleman.

Thyrnau was all the more willing to follow this advice, as Magda appeared to suffer much, and the intoxication of the young man made his dispute the less honourable. The two, therefore, followed their conductor across the court, and were led by him into a low building which appeared to be a public-house, and where he ushered them into a room, a wretched apartment filled with benches and tables, apparently a public-room of the lowest kind. But it was empty, and this made it, in comparison with the one they had left, a perfect haven of rest. When they were alone, Thyrnau drew the trembling Magda to him; she was deathly cold, and shivered from the frosty air, but neither spoke a word. Magda's heart was paralysed with terror. Thyrnau himself felt surprised by this rough reception, and

he meditated with uncertainty upon the fate which might await him. He besought Magda to release him, in order that he might see after a fire being made, and although she shuddered at leaving hold of his protecting arm, she glanced desiringly at the cold hearth upon which no ember glowed. Thyrnau meanwhile passed across a passage into an opposite room, which was so filled with a variety of objects that at the first moment he was unable to discover its inhabitants.

In the middle of the room stood two broached barrels surrounded by pewter jugs and glasses. The walls were lined with drawers, which contained all the articles of a general dealer's shop. From the ceiling were suspended sausages, hams, fitches of bacon, tobacco, candles, twine, and flax, whilst bales of linen and pieces of coarse cloth were arranged along one wall; here also were benches, and upon the hearth burnt a fire, where pots and kettles were in the act of boiling. When he had at length reached the fire, a coarse woman's voice called out to him, "What, please you? what, please you? what does the gentleman want among other people's property?" A broad, sturdy form rose behind him, and a pair of scarcely visible eyes glanced inquisitively and sulkily at him.

"My dear woman!" said Thyrnau, "make a little fire in your public-room; and could not you prepare us something warm, have you no tea or coffee? A young girl is almost frozen to death in the other room."

The woman stared at him as if he spoke

different language; and then her face, which was of a dark brown, and very much marked with the small-pox, flushed crimson, and, setting her arms akimbo, she cried in a coarse and scornful voice, "You are no doubt a prince, Mr. Vagabond, and have only to command? These are cunning ways,—a fire for yourself in the public-room and tea or coffee. And pray are you one of those polite people without money in their pockets, who make us wait upon them, and consider us very well paid if they eat up all we have?"

"Take this piece of money in advance," said Thyrnau, alone anxious to gain his point, "and provide all I require." The woman's hand closed over the money as the lid does upon a tankard; she then said, "Couldn't you warm yourself here, isn't there then room enough for a young thing of a girl?"

"No," said Thyrnau, who dreaded the overpowering odour of this store-room for Magda, "you must make us a fire yonder, and provide us there with every thing we require."

"Well, then, hear, man!" cried the woman, decidedly, "that I will not do! Fire is only made on the hearth yonder in an evening when the guard is relieved, and when they come for their supper, for people in dark coats such honours are not intended! Coffee you can have here, and, like every thing else which is served in this place, of the very best; but the wench will drink it here, or else you may seek yourselves another inn on the Karlstein!" A rough burst of laughter proved her confidence in the im-

possibility of this, and Thyrnau, immediately perceiving how useless all opposition would be, left the room directly for Magda, considering that it was warmth she stood most in need of.

He found her with her head resting upon her arms on one of the hard tables; she rose full of affection, and he led her into the other room. She shuddered as she entered, but permitted herself to be conducted to the hearth, where the draught from the fire somewhat purified the air, and the warmth pleasantly influenced the poor frozen girl. Thyrnau prepared a tolerable kind of seat for her, and pushed a low stool near her for himself, so that he might support her in his arms. The woman, meanwhile, without providing, in the slightest degree, for the accommodation of her guests, prepared the drink which she called coffee, and which Magda eagerly drank, for she felt a numbness creeping over her which almost made her wish to drink the very flames, she then sank upon that loving breast in which she was the prime cause of solicitude. In spite of the woman's pursuing her kitchen vocation and of the noise of her whirling reel, Magda fell asleep, and Thyrnau listened anxiously to her low, quick breathing. But not long did this peace last, for he heard loud steps echo in the passage, and the room opposite proving empty, their former guide, accompanied by a young officer, entered, and Thomas Thyrnau perceived with some satisfaction that, at all events, this young man was not Mr. Castiglione Pasterau.

He had a handsome and distinguished figure,

and a noble and proud countenance in which gravity bordered upon haughtiness ; but Thyrnau perceived at the first glance that from him he had no vulgarity to fear, which was indeed a consolation.

The officer seemed struck for a moment by the distinguished appearance of Thomas Thyrnau, and the pale, sleeping child upon his breast, but his habit of proud self-government quickly vanquished this impression.

“ Is this the man,” inquired he, in brief and solemn manner of their conductor, “ whom you, under the name of the Advocate Thyrnau, say you are commanded to bring as a prisoner to the fortress of Karlstein in so unusual a manner ?”

“ Yes, gracious sir,” returned the man ; “ I can swear by my oath of office that I belong to the secret-police-bureau of his Excellency the State-Chancellor, Count von Kaunitz, and that I from him received the passport which, as a messenger of the government, has opened for me the gates of Karlstein.”

“ It has already been proved that you belong to this body, and your passport commands all the authorities in the towns through which you pass with your prisoner, the Advocate Thomas Thyrnau ; to grant you all such assistance as you may require, —but what further ? You have the permission to enter the fortress of Karlstein, but nothing is said about your prisoners, and thus, being provided with no instructions, his grace the Governor must demur in permitting a strong royal castle, such as Karlstein, and one which ranks among the most honour-

able and important in the land, to be changed into a prison for unknown people of the lower class, by which both the dignity of the place and of its commander would be degraded."

"Sir," cried Thomas Thyrnau, "I am much surprised that his Excellency the Governor is not yet apprised of my arrival, since, the day before my departure, a courier was despatched hither with the commands of the Empress for my reception. We have travelled slowly on account of my granddaughter, and the imperial messenger ought to have arrived here several days before us."

"No such commands or messenger have arrived here," returned the officer, "and his Excellency doubts the possibility of such a command."

Thomas Thyrnau was silent for a moment, for Magda had been awake by the speakers, and her large, weary eyes now fixed themselves upon the young man who had thus spoken.

"Perhaps," pursued he, "some mistake may have arisen, and that the intention was to consign you to some other fortress, where the command to receive you may have arrived."

"This cannot be the case," returned Thyrnau, "since I myself have seen, in the handwriting of the Empress, the words which she added to the sentence, saying that she had appointed as my prison the Karlstein, in Bohemia,—my native land!"

The officer gazed at Thyrnau with a peculiar smile, which greatly increased the haughty silence with which he received this reply; at length he added, "All these circumstances, however, are no

reason that the Karlstein should be degraded to a common prison, and the Governor considers this intrusion as something inadmissible."

"Cannot I speak myself with the Governor?" asked Thomas Thyrnau; "perhaps we might then come to a better understanding."

"I do not believe the Governor will speak with persons who are not authorised by rank or office," returned the officer.

A smile of undeniable ridicule passed over Thyrnau's countenance, and the young man, whose quick glance immediately comprehended it, coloured in a moment.

"Will you then explain to me what the Governor has decided upon doing in this extraordinary case?" asked he, and his careless smile of derision accompanied his words. "You will grant that this is a peculiar case, when a prisoner must pray to be admitted into prison; it might almost seem that his liberty was restored again to him when he is refused admittance."

"I do not doubt the right of depriving you of this liberty," returned the officer coldly, "but only of the right of stamping this royal and most important castle as a common prison; and, seeing that you are a Bohemian by birth, I might, perhaps, await a readier comprehension of the case, Karlstein being the pride of the country, and its peculiar rights and irreputable laws, which it does not even appear the Austrian rulers have power arbitrarily to change, should, I think, be known to, and venerated by, every Bohemian."

“Spite of these white hairs, I cannot boast of belonging to the glorious epoch of Charles the Fourth, but in my library I have found a yellow chronicle in which the laws of Karlstein, at its consecration four hundred years ago, are described as being precisely such as you appear inclined to consider them now. At that time, sir, all the garrison deserved the title of warders of the crown; but Ferdinand the Second, by removing the treasure, took upon himself the high office, and for two hundred years, I fancy, the gentlemen of the garrison have only had to guard the memory of their departed glory.”

“I might reply that, to a nobleman whose forefather witnessed this consecration four hundred years ago, at the side of this glorious Charles the Fourth, this would be cause sufficient to screen so sacred a place from profanation; but I cannot suppose that you would understand me, and might perhaps doubt whether mine were not idle words.”

“And that they are undoubtedly, sir!” cried Thomas Thyrnau. “And now I must beg you to explain how you can justify your conduct towards me; and you,” added he, turning towards his former guard, “to whom as a messenger of police my person was consigned, you must see, according to your instructions, that I am treated with proper considerations, and that a dwelling, therefore, be provided for myself and granddaughter, where we shall no longer be exposed to rudeness. This I demand immediately.”

“Sir!” cried the police-officer, and interrupted

he doubtlessly warm reply of the young man, your present position is rendered unpleasant by some strange accident, but still I trust that my behaviour on the journey has not deserved the honourable gentleman's distrust. I see that the Governor will delay receiving you officially into the Karlstein until the arrival of the imperial courier, I will therefore propose an expedient to the Governor, and you will perhaps be persuaded to regard this house, which is in no way connected with the castle, as neutral ground, and the Governor may permit some rooms which Mrs. Grimschütz has towards the garden-side to be prepared for the temporary use of the gentleman and his granddaughter."

"I am satisfied with this as a preliminary arrangement," returned Thyrnau; "I only demand that this be done without delay."

"I must, however, observe," said the officer, "that the Governor considers the admission of a young woman utterly impossible, and decidedly urges her removal before night, and this must be expressly complied with should the Governor perchance permit the prisoner's reception in this public-house."

"Beware, sir," cried Thomas Thyrnau, "how much longer you weary me with your antiquated laws,—laws which beyond these walls are become utterly ridiculous! I have not been sent hither to combat antiquated prejudices; my granddaughter will *not* be separated from me, and I will, for the time being, accept this unworthy dwelling, certain that, by the arrival of the imperial courier, all will soon be made right!"

“ You will draw down upon yourself unpleasantnesses,” returned the officer; “ I will report all faithfully to the Governor, and meanwhile will not deter Mrs. Grimschütz from affording you refreshment.”

He left the room with a short and haughty greeting, and the police-messenger did not delay longer to follow his example than was necessary to signify to Mrs. Grimschütz, who had suspiciously watched the whole scene, that she should immediately prepare the rooms for the two confided to his charge, and offer them all the assistance they might require.

Thyrnau sought to calm Magda, who was filled with speechless astonishment and terror by this her first acquaintance with the rudeness and severity of man, then followed the old revolting woman into the rooms which had been mentioned. They were most wretched and of the dirtiest appearance; but a dark passage divided them from the rest of the house, thus assuring quiet; and a small garden, shut in by the walls of the fortress, on which waved various young shrubs, with their quivering leaves, lay before the windows, and he knew that this view would lighten Magda's heart.

When the rooms had been swept out, the tables, chairs, and windows washed, and the warmth from the fire in both rooms began somewhat to improve the atmosphere, Thyrnau conducted our poor, exhausted Magda to her new abode; and her first impulse was, as he had imagined, to hasten to the windows, and, with a deeply-drawn breath, to exclaim, “ Ah, how green and still !”

From this moment all was pleasant to her : she so actively assisted their gloomy hostess that the old woman became gradually less rude and uncivil ; and when Thomas Thyrnau ordered some of the most necessary packages to be brought from the carriage, and Magda unpacked, with her assistance, the handsome beds, fine linen, and plate for daily use, a kind of respect rose in her mind, which acted as a salutary check to the idea she conceived it necessary to cherish of prisoners.

When things had thus assumed a more cheerful aspect through Magda's tasteful mind, the door suddenly opened, and the young officer entered with a firm and proud step. Magda was kneeling on the floor before a handsome chest, out of which she was removing books, but as he entered, she started up, flew to her grandfather, and, clinging to him, riveted her large dark eyes so gravely and attentively upon the young man, that he involuntarily stepped back, bowed before her, and for a moment had forgot his speech.

Thyrnau, who was forced to smile at Magda's little triumph, and who regarded the handsome, proud countenance of the youth with the kindly feeling of an old man, said, in a more friendly tone than at their former interview, that he hoped he was the bearer of better tidings. The young man had again assumed his proud, almost haughty bearing.

"His Excellency," said he, "will regard the whole affair as if it did not exist ; he cannot permit the presence of yourself and this young woman in the

fortress, but will suffer the mistress of this house to give you lodging, without calling her to account."

Thyrnau laughed a short but merry laugh, and then said, without paying any attention to the solemn anger of the youth,—

"My dear young man, I must congratulate his Excellency upon this power of forgetting things which are displeasing to him. This strange old Karlstein still asserts its old right of driving men beyond the rules of reason. My old friend Cervantes would, I imagine, among the knights of Karlstein, have found rich material for a new romance, a worthy companion to his already celebrated one."

It was, perhaps, a lucky thing that reading was not one of the marked characteristics of the class to which the young man belonged, otherwise this joke about Don Quixote de la Mancha might have occasioned our bold old Thyrnau much unpleasantness. Even as it was, the young officer felt that it was a difficult thing to awe this man, inferior as was his station, and that he possessed a mode of address implying great self-assurance. Therefore he was happy to withdraw himself entirely, and merely observing that he must not quit these apartments, he withdrew with a proud air.

"But tell me now," said Magda, after he had left them, "why no women may remain at Karlstein, and tell me as much about the place as thou canst?"

"Well," replied Thyrnau, "this much I can tell thee, that Charles the Fourth brought hither a treasury

of relics, and that his pious, fanatical soul rose into the highest regions of mysticism to do them honour. A bishop and the highest dignitaries of the church performed service in the chapels, and diffused a kind of monkish discipline; but the regulation which forbade the presence of women might, perhaps, originate in the equally severe laws of that order, the grand-master of which he was. Even the Empress Elenora was obliged to quit the fortress at the hour of repast, and he built a castle in the neighbourhood for her, which was called Karlik, and now has fallen into ruin. These regulations had all of them a venerable object, in the most sacred preservation of the various treasures assembled here. The high duties of a deeply initiated grand-master, the piety of that age which invested these relics with a mystical sanctity, and the presence of the crown jewels and most valuable documents in the land, which, in those unsafe times, were deemed most secure within the walls of this impregnable fortress, all conduced to render Karlstein the most honourable castle in the kingdom. Then, too, the Burg-graves being chosen from the noblest families in the land, and the officers and men being the *élite* of the army, they regarded themselves, on account of the greatness of their responsibility and the importance of their service, as a higher order of beings; and this idea was increased by a kind of wild fanaticism, kindled by the priests, or an heirloom from the great founder of the system. This spirit has existed for hundreds of years after Charles the Fourth's death, and there is scarcely a noble family in the

country who cannot count among its ancestors a Burg-graf of Karlstein. But in vain does man build impregnable fortresses against the influences of time; therefore let it be the task of every honest man to understand the wants of the age in which he lives, for should he oppose the age, she will pass on without him, leaving him solitarily to fight a weary, empty struggle, which will make him the torturer of those around him, and, stripping him of his usefulness, make him a despicable or ridiculous thing. Judging from what we have yet seen, I should conclude that the gentlemen of this garrison seek to preserve an importance of which they have read in the chronicles of their families, believing that it depends upon their will alone to compel its acknowledgment from the world. But the world is not so wretchedly off as such miserable egotists—who meet with but little attention, and consider themselves wounded on all hands—would fain believe. Great as is the amount of sin, stupidity, and confusion of all kinds, God still, in certain individuals, whom He makes the bearers of His will, rescues truth, that divine treasure, and out of them forms an invisible and victorious power, which dashes to earth that which has become empty and still offers resistance to the progress of the age.”

CHAPTER IV.

WE will now avail ourselves of our privilege, and glance for a short time into this strongly guarded sanctuary, since a few hours of their life will convince us whether Thomas Thyrnau's conclusions have been just or unjust.

The vesper-bells summoned, at close of day, the garrison into the chapel of the Holy Cross, where the Dean, attended by his five deacons and inferior assistants, celebrated mass. This greatest sanctuary of the royal fortress was situated upon the highest point of rock, and in the strongest of its towers, which rose a hundred and twenty feet high; its walls were fifteen feet thick, and seemed to bid time defiance. By a drawbridge, and through two heavy gates, which, being now without locks, would not ill have defended the disabled drawbridge, you reached the lower arched hall, from whence ascended the broad winding staircase which connected the five stories of this tower. On the third story was the chapel of the Holy Cross; and four doors with nine remarkably strong and intricate locks guarded the entrance.

Since the Dean's dwelling had been destroyed, he, together with his clergy, inhabited the remaining portion of the tower. Above the chapel were situated the dwellings of the inferior priests and the library; beneath, the abode of the Dean himself; and on the ground-floor, was the refectory and kitchen.

When the Governor and his officers, bareheaded, and with every sign of the deepest devotion, had passed through the four doors, the keys of which the Dean alone bore, they entered the oblong chapel, repeating at the entrance a sort of prayer of purification, and sprinkling themselves with holy water. A golden trellis, among the rich tracery of which still glittered the remains of precious stones, which had once adorned this work of art, divided the chapel into two parts; the farther one contained the altar, and was the holiest spot. A priest opened the trellis for the procession, and again closed it upon their entrance; and whilst the Governor, with his officers, knelt behind the priests upon the lowest step of the altar, the space behind the trellis was filled with such soldiers of the garrison as were not upon duty.

Whatever war, with its ravages, might have effected upon this once so highly revered sanctuary, still it had been impossible to destroy all its claims to splendour; and above the altar was still seen the azure vault, studded with golden stars, around it the gilded walls, on which were seen the figures of the apostles,—a sublime and splendid decoration. Beneath these paintings, from either side of the altar, ran benches with carved arms, and these were

made of the cedar of Lebanon; the seats could be lifted up, and beneath them had once been preserved the jewels of the kingdom. Above the high-altar stood the shrine, so deeply revered on account of many most highly-valued relics, and in this had once been deposited the Bohemian crown; a picture representing Christ standing between Mary and John, now covered the empty chest. Above the entrance was a space, which might be attained by a passage, and which overlooked the chapel. Here might such inhabitants of Karlstein as did not belong to the garrison worship; for the garrison alone were permitted to tread the sacred floor of the chapel.

The evening service was celebrated with deep devotion and military discipline; and behind the priests strode the Governor and his officers between the soldiers, who were drawn up in ranks, who, in their turn, joined the procession. Meanwhile, the officiating deacon extinguished the tapers, and locked the nine intricate locks of the four doors; and although the last of the procession was still honoured by the Governor and all his suite waiting in the refectory with bared heads his arrival, and not until he had delivered to the Dean the sacred keys, did they depart to the Burg-graf's dwelling, which was the most extensive building in the whole castle.

Here an apartment, heavily wainscoted with oak, received the officers; and then, as the Governor regularly retired to his room, the restraint somewhat relaxed itself, and varieties of character might be observed. Mr. Castiglione von Pasterau shewed no longer any signs of his morning's debauch, but

the exhaustion which follows excess might be trace—
in his unmeaning features; he had placed himself—
in the recess of a window, and listened with a wear—
air to the discourse of his comrades.

“So long as we possess a commander such as
our present one,” said a short, compact, little man,
who, having no longer claims to youth, was remark—
able alone for a fiery red face and large fair whis—
kers,—he was the captain of the corps,—“so long
shall we preserve our position uninjured, and pro—
tect it from that usurpation from high quarters which
implies haughty forgetfulness of our rank and pri—
vileges.”

“But it is to be regretted that we have to defend
ourselves,” added the handsome young man with
whom we are already acquainted, and who, now in
his more natural mood, bore the expression of a
proud fanatic. “What a treasure! what a jewel in
the crown of a kingdom must a sanctuary be so full
of imperishable historic worth as is this sacred castle!
Its consecrated earth received that seed sown by the
princes of the land, which has brought forth the true
growth of knightly virtue and Christian thought.”

“Yes!” said a lean, gloomy-looking warrior,
whose strongly marked features, bald skull, and
empty left sleeve, which was fastened to his buff
collar, marked him as one experienced in life.
“Yes! if the time had only not arrived when faith—
ful service is forgotten, and the exalted names which
would once alone have scattered armies, are buried
beneath their decaying towers!”

“Most incomprehensible things happen,” said

the captain; "and with grief we must confess that it is a capricious woman's head which now governs us; new fashions arise, and she thinks as scornfully of an old nobleman and his hereditary rights as she would of an old head-dress or her yellow ruffles!"

A tolerably loud laugh disturbed these gloomy speakers; they directed their eyes towards a rosy-cheeked young cornet, who had thus suddenly interrupted the measured tones of his companions. This was the young Prince von Trautsohn, who had been sent hither to his uncle, the illustrious Count George Podiebrad, governor of Karlstein, by his guardian, to learn to check his impetuous temper through the severe discipline which was exercised in this fortress. He sat upon the edge of the projecting chimney-piece, and caressed a beautiful white greyhound, which he was teaching to catch the pieces of food he threw into the air. This youth had such soft features, such round rosy cheeks, such a fair brow, and clear, bright locks, that one might have taken him for a sweet young girl, were not a manliness of form perceptible in his young and powerful frame. 'Oh, Galbes! my dear Emanuel, forgive me that I derided thy words with my stupid laugh," cried he; "but when thou sayest that my sweet cousin, the Empress Theresa, is fond of change, my heart laughs with joy in my breast, for then I know that I shall find grace in her eyes when I accuse my guardian who keeps me, poor, worldly child! thus imprisoned beneath the rule of the incomparably valiant and knightly virtue which I see before me!"

This merry jest found an immediate response in

the souls of two of the younger officers, who thanked heaven that their young and somewhat indulged companion had dared to speak their secret wishes; the smile, however, which shewed itself upon their lips, suddenly vanished before the grave glance of Count Matthias von Thurn, the proud young officer whom we have often alluded to. Before Matthias broke silence, however, the house-steward entered, and announced that the repast was served.

The officers now, in due order according to their rank, entered the adjoining room, which was an equally gloomy apartment with a large fire-place and narrow windows. The walls were here covered with gay leather hangings, and the rich plate upon the table, brightly illuminated by tapers, presented, however, a more cheerful aspect. All took their well-known places, standing, with their plumed hats held in their hands behind them. After a pause, the door opened at the upper end of the room, and his Excellency the Governor of Karlstein, the illustrious Count von Podiebrad, presented himself.

All present bowed to the very earth; the Count strode towards his place, the chamberlain drew his chair forward, and when he had placed himself before it, he graciously returned the greeting of his officers.

George von Podiebrad was a descendant of the second Burg-graf of Karlstein, appointed by Charles the Fourth, and he little doubted but that the union of Podiebrad and Karlstein would once more restore the fortress to its ancient glory. He ha

made great sacrifices to the chimera which now had become part of his existence. Although permitted to unite all the happiness of domestic life with his governorship of Karlstein, he yet, as he himself expressed it, had resigned a beautiful bride on the altar of his fatherland, considering it a crime against God for a Podiebrad to infringe the sacred laws of Karlstein. He likewise required all his officers to remain unmarried; and having succeeded in restoring to the Karlstein its ecclesiastical privileges, a union of monkish and knightly discipline was gradually introduced, in which he took great delight, and sought once more to adorn it with all manner of mystical dreams and usages out of the history of the Crusades. His personal appearance and character supported in the highest degree his pretensions. He was six feet high at least, and his lean form, and his expressive, proud and fanatical countenance gave proof of his ascetic life. He was possessed of great native dignity, and had gained, through knightly exercise, an elegant bearing and proud courtesy, which he accounted among the necessary knightly virtues. Every one who saw him for the first time must undoubtedly have been attracted by his condescending kindness and noble dignity, which he so well knew how to unite, and must have admired him as a representative of a by-gone age, for he resembled one of Godfrey de Bouillon's knights rather than the governor of a fortress in the time of Maria Theresa.

After Podiebrad had, with the greatest respect, returned the greeting of his officers in the manner

we have described, he, with all around him, remained standing until a hoarse old clock in one of the towers had struck eight times ; then the doors opened at the end of the room, and the officer on duty, attended by two soldiers, entered, and with great solemnity laid before Podiebrad, upon a cushion which the chamberlain immediately presented, the keys of the fortress, at the same time exclaiming, in a loud voice, " All in peace and safety — God and His saints protect the castle !"

" Amen !" said Count von Podiebrad ; the deputation withdrew, and now when the chamberlain had borne the keys into his master's apartments, the Governor took his place, inviting the officers to enjoy the same liberty.

The simple but wholesome food circulated round the table, and a moderate use of the wine-cup was also permitted.

But this, perhaps, was the greatest liberty enjoyed, for Count von Podiebrad entertained an idea that it was not at all becoming to speak in his presence. This, however, gave rise to such monotony, that even he himself must sometimes feel its weariness, especially having no companions, like his officers, with whom he might indemnify himself for this restraint. He being alone permitted to speak, had introduced, therefore, a kind of catechism which all must carefully listen to in order to reply. But in vain had the whole authority of the uncle been brought to bear upon the fair youth, and several times had it been so much endangered, that at length the noble Count von Podiebrad had determined in

doubtful cases to leave the follies of his nephew unobserved. And to-day, scarcely had the ceremony of the giving up of the keys terminated, before he whispered to Castiglione von Pasterau, his neighbour, "that Mother Grimschütz' cow had absolutely refused to wait for the opening of the gates, and in mockery of his noble uncle, had, before his eyes, walked out of her stall, and taken her way over the invincible ramparts."

"Well, to-day," whispered Pasterau, in return, "things have reached their crisis in our castle, for the most beautiful girl in Christendom is arrived here, and, should she be quartered here, it's all up with the dignity of your uncle!"

"I hope that he *will* be obliged to give way, for the Empress will not trouble herself about the crazy fancies that are hatched here, and the police-messenger swears that she has issued her commands—— if I had only seen her!"

"She has a sort of bull-dog with her as guard; he calls himself her grandfather," returned Pasterau; "but such old fellows always love a little glass, and with that we will soon decoy him."

"Those are the only means thou art acquainted with," cried Trautsohn, in somewhat too loud a tone. "Take heed that his Excellency do not discover how thy morning and evening hours are spent!"

"Count von Pasterau, may one inquire what subject of importance you find it necessary to discuss in our presence?" cried the severe voice of the Governor.

"Ah! my illustrious uncle," returned Trautsohn,

“ I could not make Pasterau believe what extraordinary capers Mother Grimschütz’ cow cuts when every morning she leaves the castle without waiting for the opening of the gates.” But the waggish youth almost regretted his cruel joke when he suddenly perceived that the severe countenance of his proud uncle became pale, and instead of anger, expressed painful thoughts and sincere grief. This he had not desired, for he had the best heart in the world, and both loved and honoured his uncle. A deep silence fell upon the assembly.

At length Count von Podiebrad having once more persuaded himself with the old deception that, nevertheless, Karlstein was a strong fortress, again raised his grave, melancholy voice :—

“ Baron von Galbes,” said he to the captain, who sat next him, “ to-day has been an evil day, and full of most improper demands. Have you commanded the messenger-of-police to leave the fortress to-morrow with the persons confided to his charge ?”

“ Your Excellency, he is in no manner to be persuaded to that; he even still dares to maintain that his instructions have reference to this place, that he has fulfilled them, and now must leave the rest, your Excellency. He is ready to return speedily as possible to Vienna, to make every inquiry on the road concerning the courier, and forward to your Excellency from Vienna the earliest instructions regarding this peculiar case.”

“ But what must become of the prisoners ?” cried the Count von Podiebrad, with terror; “ he must re-conduct them to Budnian, and have them consign

to the prison there, for the Karlstein is no place for criminals." Saying this he glanced from right to left, and Matthias von Thurn summoned courage to reply, "That there must be some peculiar circumstances connected with these prisoners."

"Speak, Count von Thurn," said Podiebrad, condescendingly; "you conducted the affair; I suppose they are common people; lawyers are usually cheats, risen from the dregs of the people!"

"Your Excellency will have had greater experience," returned Thurn; "but, nevertheless, it is certain that this old man is not without education—perhaps, from having been employed by persons of the higher class, he may have caught something of their manners and bearing."

"And his granddaughter is wonderfully beautiful, your grace!" cried Trautsohn.

"Thou wilt please to remain silent until thy turn comes to speak," cried Podiebrad, wrathfully; "it is not seemly to speak of women here with the term you have just employed; she will, no doubt, be a common person of the labouring class," pursued he.

Thurn was again puzzled; at length he said, "She can scarcely be of the labouring class; every thing is so mysterious. I heard that she was expecting a female attendant; the messenger desired admission for her also."

"This exceeds all belief," cried the Governor, overpowered by astonishment. "A prisoner of so low a class, and arrogates the privilege of a woman

of birth; and this—I might say forgetfulness—in permitting two women to arrive; there real must be some mistake, Count Matthias. They may be ordered to some fortress suitable for them—the Karlstein has only prisons for its own inhabitants—certainly, at various times, exalted persons have been sent hither, but they being cavaliers, and here on their parole, we have regarded them as guests, and not as prisoners. Well, Count von Thurn, you will insist upon this police-officer placing his prisoners in the prison at Budnian before departing; he can have his instructions rectified at Vienna, and can then carry them to the fortress which is designed for them. We will graciously pardon him; but, nevertheless, lay our complaints before the imperial court, where our much-esteemed friend, Count von Kaunitz, will not fail to procure us satisfaction.”

“ This illustrious name was also on the prisoner’s lips,” returned Count von Matthias; “ he also said that the Count von Kaunitz had himself assured him that the imperial courier had been despatched to your Excellency with all necessary instructions, and that he had expected, therefore, to find all prepared for his reception.”

Count Podiebrad gave a slight start, and then fell into deep thought, with the air of an experienced man who wishes to conceal an important thought, and yet desires to fathom the thoughts of those around him, he riveted his eyes penetratingly upon Count Matthias, and said, “ You remarked

that the prisoner did not appear to you to be deficient in education—did he speak pure German or a dialect?"

"A pure and elegant German!"

"Indeed! indeed! Was his hair worn with powder, and dressed, and his dress elegant—and his linen, sir! his linen?"

"He wore his hair in the style of his Excellency the Count von Kaunitz' portrait, which hangs in your cabinet; his coat was without embroidery, but of fine dark cloth; his linen seemed equally excellent; and he has beautiful hands, I remarked, as he supported his granddaughter—she was dressed in silk!"

"Hem! hem!" said Count von Podiebrad, thoughtfully—"it were a possible case!—such things have happened before. Gentlemen," pursued he, turning, and addressing them in an instructive tone, "can any of you tell me what an *incognito* is?—have you ever met with such a case?" He glanced along the table, and nodded, as if saying to himself, "Can any of you follow my train of thought?" We may suppose they did, as they all bowed.

"And you, Count Thurn, what have you observed further?" continued the Governor.

"At once all the mystery is solved," returned the young man; "for never in my life have I met with a bolder, more arrogant, or self-assured bearing, and my boundless displeasure at finding that an advocate, with the common name of Thomas Thyrnau, should oppose me in such a manner, has passed, now that I can suppose that it was one

nobleman opposed to another, and that the combat was an equal one. And then, too, the delicate features of the girl—all is now explained, and a stone falls from my heart."

"Very just! very justly felt and observed!" said Podiebrad; "and we must, therefore, now pursue measures which shall bring the affair to light before the expected courier deprives our penetration of this discovery. Considering these various probabilities, we shall certainly not be venturing too much, were we to-morrow morning to send you, Count Matthias, to this mysterious man, to ask him, in our name, whether he cannot send us some sign, a ring, or a letter from some distinguished person, or something of that kind. Is he an *incognito*, as we imagine, he will immediately understand us, and no longer hesitate to reveal himself to us; but if he cannot do so, why then we shall not have condescended too much, and the police-officer must obey our commands."

A murmur of approbation closed this speech, and the chamberlain announcing that the repast was ended, the gentlemen rose, and with the Governor at their head, returned to the ante-room, where the Dean received them, and read the evening prayer and blessing, after which the Governor dismissed his officers, this time in such an unusually good humour, that he pulled the Prince von Trautsohn's ear, calling him at the same time Harry Hotspur.

CHAPTER V.

THE refreshing sleep of a quiet night had removed all traces of the yesterday's anxiety from Magda's brow, and the morning sun shining through the curtainless windows had already awoken her. Excited by the novelty of her situation, she was soon dressed, and, opening the window, sprang from the low window-sill into the garden, and with hasty steps began to explore the territory which she intended to take possession of.

The little garden was a perfect wilderness. Kitchen-herbs even were ill attended to, and only such flowers were seen as had sown themselves, and these were choked by coarse grass and thistles, or trodden under foot.

The rampart, however, which inclosed the little garden, looked charming with its short turf and nodding willow bushes, and without further reflection Magda climbed up its broken side, and as she reached the top sent forth a cry of joy, for the whole beauty of the Beraun valley lay before her. The small silvery bright river, from which the valley receives its name, wound gracefully beneath

the group of rocks which bore the Karlstein, and appeared, owing to the foliage of the young trees, which, in their rich autumnal tints, clothed the rocks to their very feet, as if its source here lay concealed among them. Farther on lay upon either bank the small town of Budnian, surrounded by the most beautiful woods and meadows, the low houses, in their turn, enclosing the splendid Gothic church of St. Palmatius, which was built by Charles the Fourth. Beyond the little town the enchanting valley, with its lovely stream, became ever more romantic; here and there were seen thatched roofs peeping out amidst the foliage; hedges surrounded them, and in these inclosures grazed cattle; picturesque mills shewed themselves, with their artificial water-falls; and still more distant might be seen a colony of fishers' huts, boats, and outspread nets upon the shore. This animated picture lost itself, at length, in the deep defiles of the mountains, where the dwellings ceased, and the autumnal colouring gave place to high peaks of rock, on which grew dark pines and larches, forming a dark green mass against the deep blue heavens. The morning sun shone down into the valley, his magical splendour illuminated all, and his animating warmth called forth a refreshing autumnal odour and diffused a balm through the air. Magda's young heart exulted with joy, whilst her eye sought a path by which to descend. Somewhat lower down was seen a mossy rock jutting forth; her desire was to reach this; what a beautiful, dream-inspiring seat would this be! Sliding, springing, and again clamber-

ing up, she at length reached it, but suddenly started back terrified, for from the soft mossy bed at its foot sprang up a snow-white hind, and fled with her four little fawns into the thicket. Like one enchanted Magda gazed after her, then climbed up the steep rock, which raised her high above the wood, and afforded her a solitary woodland view in which the little river Beraun, with its green banks, was the only animated object.

The struggle of yesterday, and her activity, had restored Magda to herself, and the deep delight with which she enjoyed the beauty of nature was a sign of her recovery.

The bitter past lay far away,—here it seemed to her that she was far removed from the world in which she had suffered, and as if this sylvan peacefulness promised never to pain her, so smiling was the whole scene.

Suddenly she heard the branches crackle beneath her, saw the foliage move, and now the beautiful slender neck of the hind, as she cautiously glanced about before returning to her couch. Not perceiving Magda on her rocky seat, she sent forth a gentle, trembling cry, and came forth from the thicket, whilst, with many playful gambols, the fawns followed at her heels. The hind laid herself comfortably down upon the soft bed of moss, and the little fawns arranged themselves near her; one drew itself up like a little dog, and gazed wistfully into the distance; another made the drollest attempts to climb, and, slipping down again, most absurdly rolled itself round in a ball; the third had com-

posed itself to sleep between the fore-legs of the mother ; whilst the fourth, a little black buck, with the most importunate love, caressed the hind, hung about her neck, and then, tumbling himself over her head, squatted down upon her back. With the dignified calmness of a mother, the beautiful white hind indulged her little descendants in their various fancies ; and it seemed to Magda she had never watched so beautiful a mystery, never seen any thing more lovely ; she dreaded that her very breathing might disturb them, and would rather the whole day have remained hanging on her rocky seat than have again terrified this happy family. But her eyes were suddenly dazzled by the appearance of some object glittering in the sunbeams, and the Gorgon's head could not have petrified or terrified her more than did the sight of a fowling-piece, which was thrust forth from the thicket and directed towards the careless little family. Terror robbed her almost of consciousness, and, gazing speechless at this weapon, she perceived a kneeling youth who, being George Trautsohn, we need not again describe. He was in a simple hunting-dress, and his handsome face was raised towards Magda. Had Magda only retained her presence of mind, she would have soon perceived that *she*, and not the hind, was his aim ; but, as it was, she only saw the danger which threatened the gentle creature with her little fawns, and, wringing her hands, cried in a whisper,—

“Thou wilt not be such a monster as to kill them ! Think—only think,” pursued she, “how

orrible! Have mercy! Thou wouldst be a murderer of God's beautiful happiness!"

Although through fear of again disturbing the hind she had only whispered, still the youth had understood her, and now his sweet smile, the sign she made with his hand, and his laying down his gun, soothed her.

"Be easy!" cried he, "I will not hurt them,—they are my family!" and, saying this, he opened his hunting-pouch, and a handful of broken bread flew among the merry little creatures.

Magda now saw the whole connexion of things; she and her children were acquainted with the huntsman, and rushed forward to the merriest gambols towards this much-loved god. Having repeated this several times, he rose up, passed close beside the hind and the little ones, without their stirring a step out of the way for him, and in two springs was beside Magda on her buck-seat. Magda looked at him with her large eyes, but he seated himself comfortably beside her, and, opening his hunting-pouch, brought forth more bread.

"Now do thou feed them," said he, in a friendly manner.

In a moment, Magda's taper fingers glided into the youth's filled hand, and with joy she flung down the crumbs to the merry little fawns; the little black buck looked up to see whence this fresh bounty came, Magda exclaimed with joy, and, without troubling herself any more about her neighbour, he continued to visit the youth's hand until all the crumbs were gone. They laughed like two children

at the merriment of the little creatures, especially at the little buck and his droll antics.

"Now, alas! I have no more bread!" cried the youth sorrowfully; "but to-morrow I will bring a whole loaf, and then the little things shall eat until they can eat no more."

"And I also," said Magda, "will bring something with me, something especially for the dear white mother, for only look! she has not had a crumb even! Hast thou really nothing more with thee?"

Trautsohn who would willingly have changed his very hand into bread, so kindly did she smile upon him, sought in vain throughout his pouch, but not a crumb did he find.

"We will fetch some more then!" cried Magda. "Grandfather will be up by this time, and then he can get some bread." Saying which, she immediately stretched forth her dainty little feet, and endeavoured to slide down from her seat. The young huntsman was immediately at her side, and pointed out to her a foot-path behind the rock, so that they did not disturb the little group.

"Thou art the prisoner-girl, no doubt?" said Trautsohn, as he walked beside her.

Magda laughed. "Yes! if thou choose to call me so! but I am free; I merely belong to the prisoner."

"Indeed!" said Trautsohn; "what is thy name? I fancy thy name must have a very sweet sound!"

"Magda," returned she; "and if it please thee, it is all right, if not, I can't help it; and thou?"

“I am called George; but if that do not please thee, then call me Trautsohn.”

“The first name is the best, the second is so long,” returned Magda. “Is the castle thy home?”

“No! thank God! at my home all is beauty and pleasure! They have shut me up in this old owl’s nest for a little while, because I am of a somewhat merry disposition, talk a deal, and will have my own way!”

“Aha!” said Magda, “thou wouldst rather say no than yes!”

The two laughed. They had now climbed the rampart, and gazed down upon the desolate garden, into which the windows of Mrs. Grimschütz’ back-rooms opened.

“And this is the palace in which thou livest?” cried George.

Returning from the spotless beauty of nature, this miserable human dwelling appeared like a crime,—an injustice against its inhabitants.

“Is it possible that my grandfather was forced to sleep in such an ignominious abode!” cried she, with emotion, but suddenly glided down among the willow-bushes, for she perceived the beloved form of her grandfather at one of the open windows.

In a moment the fresh and joyful countenance of Magda presented itself before him. With what delight he gazed at her and kissed her beautiful clear brow! In hurried words she related what had happened, and what she now desired. “And here is the hunter!” pursued she, for at this moment he drew near.

All this pleased Thyrnau. Most heartily did he bid the youth welcome; and Magda having entered by the neighbouring window, he told him to follow her example, and invited him to breakfast with them before he returned.

Magda collected all the crumbs together in her little basket, and was about to invite her young companion to return to the rock-seat, when, after a slight knock at the door, the tall form of the Count von Thurn presented itself. Great, indeed, was his surprise to find the Prince von Trautsohn most confidentially seated with the prisoners.

The Prince being a cornet in his regiment, and he acting as a sort of tutor to him, the Count riveted a severe and reproachful look upon the poor youth, who, greeting him with military respect, coloured deeply.

Thyrnau welcomed the young man, and invited him to take a seat beside him. The Count, who was come with the aim of investigation, felt that the supposition of the incognito might permit him to be somewhat more condescending.

"Well," said Thyrnau, merrily, "are you come, my dear young sir, to announce that my right to imprisonment will be acknowledged, and that a decent custody will be provided for me?"

"Since this depends upon his Excellency the Governor alone, I can return no reply," said Thurn. "But his Excellency's great humanity has led him to reflect upon this application; and although his views remain unchanged regarding the destination of the royal castle, he has remembered that this

ress has been employed as a place of banishment distinguished personages, though never as a pri-

And also, that peculiar circumstances have etimes induced distinguished personages to adopt les of conduct which, upon a more confidential aintance, have been fully justified."

It was no easy task for the young man to end speech ; for forced to look at Thomas Thyrnau, net such an unusually merry and arch expression he old man's countenance, that a mingled senti- it of anger and embarrassment made it difficult him to keep the thread of his discourse.

" Sir," said Thyrnau, smiling, " these peculiar umstances do exist ; and I can assure you, that condition is not that of a common state-prisoner, that I shall most certainly remain in Karlstein, that, too, under the most honourable circum- ces, as soon as the courier arrives."

" But this time, until the arrival of the official ructions, might be rendered less tedious were to send his Excellency some sign of the rank to ch really you belong. Seeing that you have all r luggage with you, this would not, perhaps, be so cult a matter."

Thyrnau was about to reply with a smile, when suddenly paused in thought for a moment, invo- rarily shrugged his shoulders, and told Magda to ig him his portfolio. This was a souvenir of the ncess Therese ; her arms were embroidered upon y her own hand ; it was set in rich gold, and the c was adorned with four emeralds. Thomas

Thyrnau opened this portfolio, whilst the young man's eye glanced over its exterior with great interest, and a delicate colour flushed his countenance, which was become less austere.

After turning over the various papers it contained, Thomas Thyrnau drew forth, at length, a small note written upon rose-coloured satin paper, looked at it thoughtfully, and then fixed his eyes upon the young man, who followed his every movement. "Do you think," said he, "that the Governor is acquainted with the handwriting of the Count von Kaunitz?"

"I have but little doubt he is, since he calls the Count his friend."

"Well, then, be it so. Give him this note to look at."

The young Count Matthias no longer doubted for a moment that this was some distinguished incognito who stood before him, and he expressed this even by his bearing,—nay, he even now ventured to rest his eyes longer upon Magda, although her beauty, as belonging to a low estate, had really at first terrified him.

When about to withdraw, he invited the young Prince von Trautsohn, by a sign, to accompany him; but he merely bowed, and, like a wilful child, placed himself against the window. Count Matthias saw immediately that he must give way if he would not occasion an unpleasant scene.

Scarcely had he left the room, than Magda presented the little basket of bread to Trautsohn, say-

ing, "Do thou go alone now and feed the hind, I will remain with my grandfather; for I see there is reason for me to stay with him."

"We can go together another time," returned Trautsohn; "if thou wilt not go with me, I shall have no pleasure!"

"Thy pleasure has nothing to do with the matter," said Magda, warmly; "but the thing is, that the good hind be not hungry when all her little ones have satisfied themselves; if thou wilt not go now, I will never go with thee again!"

"Thou art very severe," said the youth; "but give me the basket, if thou dost desire it I can go;" and he went.

Count Matthias soon returned, saying, that the Governor desired to become acquainted with the man to whom Count von Kaunitz had written that note.

Thyrnau and Magda exchanged glances, and being already, according to his constant habit, perfectly attired, he had nothing more to do than to take his hat, shake Magda's hand, and follow the young man.

Meanwhile, the Governor, pacing up and down his cabinet, had read the Count von Kaunitz' note a dozen times at least. All the circumstances agreed. Kaunitz, perhaps, was the only person throughout Austria who employed this fine gay French paper, this golden sand and coloured sealing-wax for his private correspondence; there, too, were his arms,—his sprinkling of French words,—his peculiar signature; the address was, à *Monsieur Monsieur*

Thyrnau. The contents were, "*Mon cher Thyrnau*," I have the satisfaction of informing you, that the courier has been despatched to Karlstein, who is to announce your approach, and prepare every *aisance* for you which circumstances may permit. Since I intend to pay you a visit to-day, these lines merely bear my morning greeting to your granddaughter *ma petite femme jure*."

"Who would write a note such as this to an equal?" cried the Count von Podiebrad having read it once more. "The Karlstein, too, is expressly mentioned, and if this note be not stolen and this old fellow be not the servant of this incognito Thyrnau, it is clear that I shall see one of my equals before me."

Having repeatedly come to this conclusion, the door at length opened, and the Count von Thurn ushered in Thomas Thyrnau.

"Your Excellency has the little document in your hand, which has, at length, induced you to receive me," said Thyrnau, with calm dignity; "I appear with pleasure, hoping that now every misunderstanding will be explained, and that my position will now become the right one."

"Yes! yes!" said Podiebrad, carefully examining the advocate, who had thus dared to address him; "misunderstandings may very easily arise where proper observance is not paid and regard felt for the confidence which ought to be felt—considering the rights which this castle—as well known exclusively—"

This most thoroughly confused speech Thyrnau

did not attempt to answer ; for he perceived, by the very first phrase, that the speaker was stumbling in the snares of his pride.

“ I regret,” remarked Thyrnau, after a pause, “ that the courier who would remove all doubt should be so long after his time, and am only somewhat impatient about my present situation on account of my granddaughter.”

“ Having gone so far,” said the Count Podiebrad, with returning composure, “ I must remark that it will alone depend on you, sir, whether through your placing confidence in an old nobleman, who has often had to conceal names and circumstances, you will repair the evil occasioned by the courier’s delay.”

“ Most certainly, your Excellency,” said Thyrnau ; “ I believe that, from the very first moment I have besought this honour. I have no reason whatsoever to conceal that I was accused, owing to my former connexion with the state, and that my judges condemned me to ten years’ imprisonment in a fortress, which the Empress has reduced to five, with the addition that no common fortress should be my abode, but the Karlstein.”

“ This is an open, honourable explanation,” returned the Count von Podiebrad, with a smile. “ Permit me to add,” pursued he, approaching the advocate in the most polite manner, “ that this is the explanation of a thorough nobleman ! This speech between equals is easily understood. You have betrayed yourself, or, rather, you have forgotten that the eye of an old nobleman sees very

quickly, and that a name does not easily deceive him who possesses that good, uncorrupted instinct, which is retained by those who have mingled alone with *pure* nobility. I will *not* wait the arrival of the courier,—I will assign *you*, sir, and, if it must be, the young lady, your granddaughter, a dwelling in the castle, and will admit also your servants, whom I hear you are expecting.”

“My lord,” returned Thomas Thyrnau, smiling, “these are, at all events, such concessions as I have expected; but I believe that I am not mistaken in supposing that I am now indebted to an error for them. Your Excellency sees in me the advocate Thomas Thyrnau; to him, by the will of the Empress, should all these privileges be granted, and it is alone this advocate Thomas Thyrnau who can and will receive them.”

Somewhat offended by this speech, the Governor drew back, and paced once more, with measured steps, through the room.

“I have no right to force your confidence from you,” he then said; “but this I may say, that I have deserved it, and that this will not be the first time that I have received confidence under similar circumstances. I must only remark, that by this means our position is not freed from its embarrassment. It is only to the nobleman under sentence of banishment that a dwelling in the castle is permitted.”

“Well, then,” said Thyrnau, “I shall remain in the hut where I now am; but I must, at the same time, insist, that the messenger of police who brought

ne here be immediately despatched to Vienna, with report of these circumstances, since it is thence, as it seems, that I can alone expect help."

"You render it very difficult for me to assist you," said the Count, "and I must consider myself freed from every responsibility by your obstinacy. In an hour the messenger of police will be despatched, and I leave it entirely to you to make your own report."

"I have no report to give the messenger," said Thyrnau, who well knew that this martyr to old-fashioned opinions would not misrepresent the affair; "your Excellency, through your communication, will, without my interference, so describe my present unpleasant situation as to procure me assistance from the Empress."

Podiebrad smiled, feeling himself flattered.

"Now I may say, sir, that you do me justice; permit me to add, *Mr. Advocate Thomas Thyrnau*," pursued he, in a tone of raillery, "that this is the confidence of a real nobleman."

"Well, my lord," said Thyrnau, impatiently, "then learn from this advocate, whom you seem determined to make noble, that nobility of sentiment is natural to a man of honour in all ranks." With these words Thyrnau bowed proudly towards the Governor, and the Count von Thurn accompanied the inexorable old man to the door of his hut, where they separated.

Having communicated this conversation to Magda, they both perceived that, for some time to come, at least, they must put up with their present abode;

and the necessity immediately awoke in her her womanly activity. The large carriage, which had been provided with a variety of comforts, through Lacy's and Claudia's love, was now entirely stripped of its contents, and Magda insisted upon converting her grandfather's room into a kind of saloon. She spread the carpet upon the stone floor, covered the tables with cloths woven in the Tyrol, and formed a couch from the cushions of the carriage. With Gundula and Veit she awaited other comforts, and, in the meantime, the pleasure of being with her grandfather made up for any temporary inconvenience.

Thyrnau endeavoured also, by a wise employment of time, to prevent Magda from sinking into idle dreamings, and availed himself of her love of historical tradition to impart to her a more extensive and methodical knowledge of history than the nuns of the Ursuline Convent had been able to give her.

He also accompanied her in her wanderings along the ramparts of his prison, which no one seemed inclined to prevent; for, since his interview with the Count von Podiebrad, no one even appeared to recognise his existence.

In her house, however, Mrs. Grimschütz made an exception to this rule; and out of it, young Trautsohn, Count Thurn, and Mr. Castiglione von Pasterau, all three, however, in a different manner. Mrs. Grimschütz soon perceived her advantage, and so acknowledged Magda's irresistible rule, that the young girl, with her bold, decided manners, could command whatever she considered necessary.

gda and Trautsohn met, like children at their
ace, almost every morning near the rock-
where they fed the hind and little fawns.

had now for a long time been received into
fidential alliance, the little ones as well as the
ther ate out of her hand ; the fawns even would
into her lap, and let her caress them, and all
riband of a different colour ; the little buck
mained her favourite. At their meetings,

and Trautsohn would discourse like old
about their experiences, and Trautsohn,
lly, would relate to her of his fine estates in
a ; of how his parents had died at Prague
plague ; and how he, the only heir, and but
ghteen years of age, had been sent by his
guardian to Podiebrad to learn obedience and
y discipline.

pleasing as all this was to him, he still loved
le, the brother of his mother, and especially
or, the young Count Matthias von Thurn,
gh his firmness, his gravity, and his undevi-
ustice, frequently became unspeakably wear-
o the thoughtless youth, who was ever exceed-
nds in some way or other. His intercourse
agda, and the occasional breakfast he par-
ith Thyrnau—who had known his father, and
ndly disposed towards the son—were things
ely disapproved of by Count Matthias. He
d their intercourse in an unusual manner,
ideavoured to keep the youth busily em-

gda had little to fear from these two, but Von

Pasterau lay like a threatening tempest upon her horizon. He occasionally heard in how contemptuous a manner Count Matthias spoke of intercourse with a citizen-girl, and, in accordance with his nature, came to a conclusion which would have been abhorred by Count Matthias, namely, that such a girl was only fit to sweeten the leisure hours of a gay cavalier, and would, considering her low condition, regard his attentions as a real happiness. He considered Magda handsome enough to deserve his wooing, and opportunity had alone been wanting for him to express his sentiments.

October, among these protecting mountains, was a real miracle of freshness and beauty, and each morning Nature seemed to rise in new youth from the glittering dew of the light night rime. Magda had soon discovered the way down into the valley, and was joyfully expected by young and old, who had already tasted of her thoughtful benevolence.

Often wandering among the hills the whole of the forenoon, she would leave her grandfather alone with his work until the evening, and in this pure mountain air her health once more returned, and a beautiful peacefulness had driven from her soul its former bitter grief. Often, upon returning from the valley, she would pause at the rock-seat, and as the shadows became longer, and the evening-bells of St. Palmatius sounded from the distance, mingling their far harmony with the strangely solemn and rich tones of the bells of the Cross-Chapel, Magda would break forth into one of her peculiar songs, the inspired words of which came to her

lips unknown of and unsought for by her. Whoever heard these songs must have thought of David, and how his music soothed the excited brain of the sick king, for they seemed the revelations of a prophetess—her deep spirit of devotion gave to her wonderfully beautiful voice that power and tone which is termed art.

At this time she knew that all the officers were in the chapel, and she was thus also secured from George's visits; and she must feel this security before her spirit could expand itself.

One evening her song lasted longer than usual, and during the intervals she had fallen into deep thought. Suddenly she heard the boughs rustle behind her, and supposing that it was the hind which sought its couch, she did not turn round, when all at once she felt something near her, and was embraced by a pair of strong arms. Terror stifled the cry in her bosom; pale as death, she violently repulsed the object, and now recognised this detested Castiglione von Pasterau. "Wretch!" cried she, with such an expression of deep contempt in her proud countenance, that Von Pasterau stood perfectly astonished and confounded before her. Having by this violent repulse been thrown from the little rock-seat, he now stood upon the only path which led to the rock; Magda stood upon the summit of the little rock, meditating upon a leap down from the opposite side,—a leap, however, which, even to her courageous spirit, appeared somewhat dangerous.

"Little siren!" cried her persecutor, soon reco-

vering himself, "wherefore, then, dost thou entice the shepherds if thou hast no wish to play? Come, come down, and do not be so coy. If thou canst take the young lad Trautsohn as a lover, take me also. I am, at all events, one who has a beard upon my chin."

Magda only shuddered; she had no wish to answer, and only meditated how she might come down without passing Pasterau.

"Away with thee!" cried she, at length, in a stifled voice, — "Away with thee — so that I may descend!"

"Yes! only do thou come down; we will love each other dearly, and I will go with thee whithersoever thou wilt!"

"Monster!" cried Magda, in perfect despair; "retire! or I will precipitate myself from the rock!"

"No! no!" returned her tormentor; "or if thou wilt, precipitate thyself into my arms!"

And at the same moment he rushed up the narrow path to the rock-seat, whilst Magda dared the desperate leap from the other side. She reached the ground uninjured, but she fell upon the ground, and the shock was so great as to render her for a moment unconscious. She could not thus fly as she had hoped to do, and Pasterau stood beside her, and before she could raise herself, had taken her in his arms. Although Magda struggled with all the strength of despair, and endeavoured to escape, he held her hands fast, and the combat became too unequal to leave any hope of Magda's escape. A cry of despair burst from her lips, and suddenly it

seemed to her as though it were answered by a familiar jackdaw cry, and immediately Pasterau was fallen upon and attacked with such fury, and in so unusual a manner, that it seemed to him some monster must have sprung upon his back, and he knew not whether to defend himself first from the scratching, biting, or strangling. But Magda escaped from him, and had fallen against a tree, and saw, to her unspeakable delight, that Bezo, who appeared here as if by miracle, was her deliverer. Her presence of mind now told her that Bezo would soon require help against the enraged Pasterau, who was already struggling for his sword, and therefore she redoubled her cries of terror, and rushed towards the ramparts to reach her grandfather. But better help appeared, and Magda almost rushed into the arms of Count Matthias, whom no cry of distress ever reached in vain.

“Save us! save us both!” cried she, wildly, “or he will stab my poor Bezo!”

“Who? who?” cried Matthias, anxiously, and held Magda’s hands fast in his.

“Oh, do not ask! but come, make haste!” Magda fled before him, and Matthias heard the wild cries resound from the distance, as if savage beasts were fighting with each other.

Magda rushed to Bezo, whilst Thurn, by a dexterous movement, succeeded in wresting the sword from the mad combatants, and then the Count’s powerful hand released the strangling man from the fearful fingers which clutched his throat. But

Magda's voice more than Thurn's hand availed in inducing Bezo to quit his victim.

"I am saved, Bezo!" cried she, "only come down; leave hold! leave hold!" At length when he fell to the earth like some wild beast, Thurn flew to Magda, and screened her with his person.

"Fly, unhappy girl!" cried he, in great excitement, "I will keep this monster from thee; may this experience be a warning to thee!"

Pasterau, however, now fell upon Bezo, who had seated himself on the ground quietly beside Magda, and was busied in arranging a large paper cornucopia in which he had collected the second fruit of the wood-strawberries with which these forests were odorous.

Magda bent over Bezo, and cried, protecting him with her person, "Hence, wretch that thou art! why wilt thou chastise him, since he has given thee the just reward of thy wickedness? Protect him!" said she, turning to Matthias, "he is a poor idiotic boy, and a thousand times better than this wretch!"

"How came this creature hither?" asked Matthias, holding back the enraged Pasterau from the poor lad.

"I do not know as yet," returned Magda, "but doubtless, God has sent him in my deep need, for He never forsakes the innocent."

"How canst thou claim divine assistance when thou consentest to meet this dissolute man?" said Matthias, in a reproachful tone.

"Proud and unjust man!" cried Magda, "it is

easy for thee to imagine evil, since in thy eyes I am of low estate; but I tell thee that by this thought thou art as little of a Christian as the man whom thou condemnest. I do not quite understand what thou wouldst reproach me with, but if thou meanest that I have awaited this man here, it is a thought as unworthy of a noble youth as the blackest lie. Stand up, Bezo," said she, "and follow me."

She was about to retire, as Bezo, with an idiotic smile, held out to her his paper cornucopia. But Magda was too much wounded in mind to remark his attention, and Count Matthias, confounded by the reproaches of the young girl, seeing it held forth, abstractedly took it from him. "For Magda—twist it tight!" stammered he. Count Matthias cast his eyes upon the paper almost unconsciously to fulfil the boy's desire, and there, in large letters, saw written, "To His Excellency the Governor of the royal castle of Karlstein, George, Count von Podiebrad." "What is this?" cried he, quickly, and immediately recognised the broken imperial seal, and there, where lay the strawberries with their crimson stains, he saw the closely written sides, and, moreover, an official address to the Governor, and the date of the month and year he recognised also. Without reflecting for a moment, the Count tore open the cornucopia, and soon recognised that it was a despatch, and that Thomas Thyrnau's name was mentioned in various places.

Bezo, seeing his whole collection of strawberries fall into the moss, uttered such a cry of anguish that Magda turned round, and seeing him weeping on

the ground, was about to return, all the more fearlessly as she perceived that Pasterau had retired.

"The boy," said Thurn, in an agitated voice, "has found the despatch which the courier ought to have brought, and, although it is terribly soiled, the writing is still legible, and here in the end where it was twisted up, are the names of the Empress, Kaunitz, Uhlefeld, and Bartenstein."

"Then it is authentic," said Magda, "those are the three judges; take the paper to the Governor, that he may at length learn what he has to do."

"But in this condition?" asked Matthias; "and how could the boy get it? and who is he? what connexion is there in all this?"

"It is all strange enough!" returned Magda, "and you must investigate the affair; that is your concern. The boy belongs to us, and when he has reposed himself, I will question him." Again, she moved away, and, clapping her hands hastily and in a peculiar manner, Bezo started up, and flew after her.

Arrived in their humble abode, and weeping upon the breast of her grandfather, she related to him the insult which had been offered to her, and her miraculous escape through Bezo's means.

Thyrnau's breast swelled with indignation, and he was about to demand immediate satisfaction and protection from the Governor, but he perceived, with anxiety, that Magda's scarcely restored health had given way under this agitation of mind, and that a kind of fever already had attacked her frame. He felt, with deep sorrow, that she had no one but

himself, and that he might not leave her when thus ill. He persuaded her to lie down, prepared cooling draughts for her himself, and remained watching beside her bed the greater portion of the night.

Count Matthias, meanwhile, had reflected upon what was to be done with this desecrated imperial command. To lay it in its present condition before the Governor, he considered, knowing well his character, as a very dangerous step; yet to conceal this circumstance was impossible, he being this day on guard. Whilst thus undecided, Matthias perceived the Governor, attended by a small suite, return from his short evening ride. Whilst assisting the Count to alight, he perceived that his Excellency was in an unusually condescending humour, and this gave him courage.

“Count von Thurn,” said the Governor, after a few words relative to the splendour of the Karlstein, that “jewel in a golden setting—worthy of the exalted wisdom of its founder!”—“Count von Thurn, have you to announce any important event which has occurred during our absence?”

This question, repeated every evening, and which for years had received a negative reply, excited in the minds of the most devoted officers even a slight feeling of weariness; but the devotion with which, spite of this feeling, they all listened to it, was to-day rewarded; for Count Matthias bowed low, and replied, that he *had* an announcement of importance to make.

The Governor in expectation of the ever

uniform reply, had already turned away, when these words reached his ears. Full of doubt, he again directed his eyes towards the young man, and, seeing him still standing in his humble position, the idea of its importance immediately increased in the Governor's mind, and, motioning to the others to withdraw, he strode toward the entrance of the fortress, followed alone by Count Matthias.

"I await your announcement," said he, when they had reached his cabinet.

"Your Excellency has heard, both from the prisoner and the messenger-of-police, of an imperial despatch sent hither. Accident has placed this imperial command in my hands, and this under the most extraordinary circumstances."

"This despatch?" cried Podiebrad. "You mean to say that the courier has arrived? And yet I do not see the letter in your hands to present to me!"

"Precisely. Because the courier has not arrived, and because I have gained this knowledge in an entirely different way, am I uncertain whether I may venture to present this letter to your Excellency."

Podiebrad was much embarrassed. At length he said that he had not understood him.

"I have found this imperial letter, signed by her majesty and three ministers, with its seal broken," returned Count Matthias, "and addressed to your Excellency."

"Good Heaven!" shrieked the Governor. "Who has committed this unheard-of crime? Explain all quickly, for our honour is menaced. But why do I

ot receive this desecrated letter? that is the first and most needful step!"

"It is so crumpled, and stained with strawberries which a boy had collected in it, that I doubted whether it would be consistent with your dignity to receive it thus."

The Count von Podiebrad's astonishment almost topped the current of his thoughts, and suppressed his anger, which as yet had found no proper object to vent itself upon.

"Explain yourself," said he, in an absent manner.

Count Thurn, passing lightly over Pasterau's guilt in the affair, related how he had gained possession of the important document, and how the girl who called herself the prisoner's granddaughter had declared the boy to be one of their household.

After a profound silence, the Governor said, "We will summon a council-of-war, my dear Count. This case, which demands such careful consideration, shall be decided upon in a council formed of our officers, who are all men of the purest nobility. You will see that the gentlemen assemble in the ante-room, and we can terminate our business before the announcement of the evening meal. You will inform me when the assembly is formed," added he, and motioned to him to retire.

The council met, and, after a long and imposing speech from his Excellency, it was determined to deliver the stained document over to the Dean for him to purify, and to meet for further discussion the following morning.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning Magda, having fallen into a deeper sleep, Thyrnau confided her to the care of old Mrs. Grimschütz and Bezo ; and, knowing from experience that the gentlemen must have returned from mass, he bent his steps towards the dwelling of the Burg-graf.

He arrived at the memorable moment when the Dean, accompanied by his deacons, returned, in full assembly, the Empress's letter, with the assurance that he might now read it without prejudice to his honour ; and might afterwards, without fear of desecration, consign it to the archives contained in the sanctuary of the chapel.

Count von Podiebrad had already commanded a cornet and two men to secure the criminal, even poor Bezo, and to bring him to judgment. At the very moment that these functionaries quitted the apartment Thomas Thyrnau entered by the same door to the astonishment of all the assembly.

" My lord governor," said Thyrnau, with a cold but polite bow, as soon as he had strode up the room to where Podiebrad was seated, " I come with the

intention of procuring protection and assistance from your Excellency, my granddaughter having been insulted in the most unworthy manner, and that, too, within the precincts of this castle. At the same time, I require that this gentleman—I believe a Count von Pasterau, but unworthy of that noble name—be either entirely removed from this castle, as punishment for his rude and ungentlemanly behaviour, or else be severely reprimanded.”

It is scarcely needful to describe the impression which this haughty and unhesitating speech made upon all. Count von Podiebrad believed that his last hour was come, and anger for a moment sealed his lips; then he sprang forward, crying, “Who is this that dares to make such unheard-of accusations? Who has given you permission to enter unsummoned here, where a tribunal is assembled to punish an outrage in which you are also implicated, and which has excited our highest displeasure?”

“What you say, my lord governor,” returned Thyrnau, calmly glancing at the assembled company, “leads me to infer that you are as yet unacquainted with the outrage attempted yesterday by the Count von Pasterau, otherwise you would have called him to account the very first thing, and he would not have stood here as one of the tribunal, but as the accused. Thus I am come at the right moment to undeceive you. Come forth, Count von Pasterau, and, if in truth you be a nobleman, relate yourself your own rude and unworthy conduct.”

“Nay, this exceeds all else that we have experienced!” cried Podiebrad, passionately; “and,

were you ten thousand times
rogance exceeds all that nobili

“Calm yourself,” said Thy
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self quietly upon the ground.

“Does your Excellency believe that this unhappy being is a servant of mine?” cried Thyrnau, in a gentle tone; “and, besides, do you think that he is accountable for any deed he may commit?”

“How, then, has he obtained possession of this highly important document?” cried the Governor.

“This, my lord,” said Thomas Thyrnau, “is surely the question which most nearly concerns you; and I am astonished to find it put to me here, since, considering the circumstances under which you have discovered the document, the most natural inference is that the courier commissioned to bring it hither has met with some misfortune,—a misfortune certainly demanding the investigation and activity of those to whom the despatch was addressed.”

The pause which now ensued was one of embarrassment on the part of the Governor, and Thyrnau, feeling a kind of compassion for him, pursued, “The courier must have either met with violence, or with some accident within the precincts of this castle, since the boy most probably discovered the despatch in the wood whilst seeking for strawberries, and, being in the habit of using similar paper to carry his fruit in, immediately applied it to the same purpose. This being the case immediate search would, doubtless, discover traces of the unfortunate man.”

Count Matthias and Trautsohn sprang forward as if animated with fresh life, and besought permission from the Governor to search the neighbourhood with a body of men. “Remain, gentlemen, until I tell you to go,” returned Podiebrad. “All must receive justice in my presence. This man has

accused Count von Pasterau; he shall be heard. What has Count von Pasterau to communicate unto me?"

Pasterau had hoped that the proud manner in which Thomas Thyrnau had demanded justice would have been an unpardonable offence in the eyes of Podiebrad, and that by this means he would be able to escape; but he was mistaken. No means remained by which he could evade a reply; he, therefore, rose with the greatest assumption, glanced haughtily at Thomas Thyrnau, and placed himself with every sign of the deepest devotion before the Governor.

"I am truly indignant," began Pasterau, "that people have dared to trouble your Excellency with a joke occasioned by my accidentally meeting with this citizen girl. Her indecent behaviour when I addressed her made me desire to punish her, and whilst endeavouring to escape from me she uttered that cry which brought this monster to the spot; he sprang upon my back, and even wounded me;" saying these words he turned his scratched and swollen face towards the light, whilst Podiebrad examined it with solemn gravity.

"And you, the accuser," said he then to Thyrnau, "what have you to reply to this?"

"That the Count has dared to speak an untruth to your Excellency, and that my granddaughter, sitting and singing innocently upon a rock behind the ramparts, was fallen upon by this man." He then gave a rapid but distinct account of the whole occurrence, which it would be needless for us to repeat.

Podiebrad cast angry glances upon Pasterau, and cried, "Can you vindicate yourself?"

"Will your Excellency decide against me in favour of this old Thyrnau and a silly girl?" asked Pasterau.

Young Trautsohn could no longer restrain himself, with one spring he was at Pasterau's side. "Do not call this girl silly or her conduct indecent, she is an angel of purity and goodness, and wiser than you imagine. You offended her when she first arrived here, have waylaid her ever since, and would have followed her had I not been her guard. Had it not been for that cursed ride last night, you would have found it difficult to have offended her; but I trusted to Matthias, who also goes to listen when she sings her divine songs."

"I did go," said Matthias, hesitatingly; "but only as she fled, therefore I do not know what had taken place beforehand."

Podiebrad stroked his thick moustache in increasing agitation, for, having determined to punish Pasterau for the mere crime of acquaintance with this girl, he now discovered that his nephew Trautsohn had instituted himself her knight, and that Count Matthias, even this cold, modest youth, stole after the girl.

Perceiving his surprise and increasing embarrassment, the Dean approached and said, that, perhaps, he had better become acquainted with the commands of the Empress, and that by this means he might learn more regarding the prisoner. Almost unconsciously Podiebrad nodded his head and cried, "Read!

read! venerable sir! We will listen to it with all respect."

The venerable man took from the table the important document which, although well smoothed and cleansed, still retained the stains of strawberries, and in a loud voice read as follows:—

"To our beloved and faithful subject Count George Podiebrad, Governor of our Fortress of Karlstein."

At these words Podiebrad rose with a rustling sound, took his plumed hat, and remained standing in a reverential attitude as if in the presence of the Empress herself. All the officers immediately imitated him. The Dean then continued:—

"We, in the first place, send our gracious greeting to you, and impart to you our commands regarding a certain prisoner, who will soon arrive, bearing the name of Thomas Thyrnau. We desire that suitable apartments be prepared for him and for his granddaughter, Magda Matielli. His liberty shall in no wise be restricted after he shall have given you his word of honour to regard the Karlstein for a certain period as his fixed abode. You shall regard him as our guest. His suite shall be admitted. Your kitchen shall supply him with all necessaries, and it shall depend upon himself whether he dine at your table or in his own apartment. He shall in no manner be restrained, annoyed, or insulted; and we herewith render you responsible for his comforts.

"You will also give orders that other apartments be prepared for fresh guests, who will arrive in due

time, bearing in mind that these apartments may possibly be for the use of ladies.

“ In full confidence of your obedience, we remain graciously disposed towards you.”

Here followed the signatures. Podiebrad immediately knew what he had to do. He bowed to the very ground, as did his officers also, and then cried, in a loud voice,—

“ Baron von Galbes, Captain of the Karlstein, remove Count von Pasterau’s sword, and accompany him to the prison-tower, where he shall remain until further commands.”

He stood immovable while this command was executed; but as Galbes was about to conduct his prisoner away, Podiebrad cried, in a voice of thunder,—

“ Gentlemen, give heed! the same chastisements will each one of you receive who shall disobey the commands of her Majesty, our most gracious Empress! The prisoner before us, called, by command of her Majesty, Thomas Thyrnau, is, from this moment, through these exalted commands, raised to a rank determined by the will of our illustrious sovereign, she choosing to reserve to herself alone the knowledge of his true position. Her command renders him worthy to be received among us, and we must regard him as our equal. In the same manner we must suppose that her Majesty has some highly important political reason thus to revoke the law of her pious ancestor, Charles the Fourth, and command us to receive a female inhabitant into the sacred fortress of the Karlstein.

“ We will receive this young lady, whom she thus honours, with the chivalrous devotion which belongs to every irreproachable nobleman. We will, at the same time, recollect the grand example of our forefathers, who, during the Crusades, often for many years together, would endure the greatest danger in the protection of some pious princess or illustrious lady, without recognising the woman in her, or, exceeding their office of protector, seek to approach her more nearly.

“ I have the same rules now to lay down for you, and passing over all past deviations, we having no knowledge of our prisoner, I now shew you, in Count von Pasterau, the manner in which, after becoming acquainted with the imperial commands, I shall punish all similar conduct.”

He motioned with his hand, and the Captain, Baron von Galbes, retired with his prisoner.

After he had withdrawn, the Governor approached Thomas Thyrnau, who had witnessed this scene with indescribable delight, and, politely bowing, said,—

“ May I hope that the Governor of Karlstein has fulfilled his duty?”

“ Perfectly,” returned Thyrnau, without being able to master that smile which drove Matthias despair; “ and I feel certain that I shall no longer meet with any offence.”

“ My word will be the law of my officers,” said Count Podiebrad. “ I now dismiss this assembly and shall proceed to inspect the apartments in the Tower of St. Nicholas, which have been applied for—

merly to similar uses. My commands will enable your honour," said he, addressing Thyrnau, "to commence your removal to-day. I will immediately grant your suite permission to enter—they are awaiting my order before the castle-gates."

When Thyrnau entered his humble abode, he found Magda already risen from her bed and tenderly clasped to the bosom of an old woman, in whom he immediately recognised Gundula. Veit stepped forth from the window; and the joy of both to meet their old master was, however, so mingled with grief at seeing him in such a position, that floods of tears were their expression of devotion.

Their melancholy, however, soon vanished before Thyrnau's gaiety; and a hearty laugh was called forth when their old master learned that the good old folks had evaded the Governor's command, and, instead of awaiting his permission to enter, had left the two baggage-wagons before the gate, whilst they themselves had pursued the way which Mother Grimschütz' cow took every morning.

The Governor placed the Nicholas-tower at the disposal of the prisoner. Thyrnau soon arranged all. In his spacious study was a charming bow-window, commanding a view up the valley towards Budnian. This was fitted up for Magda. This study opened into Magda and Gundula's sleeping-room. A story lower was a small hall, with another bow-window and a balcony: here they would take their meals; and close to this room was Thyrnau's chamber. Veit and Bezo were also comfortably provided for; and thus Thyrnau, much to the Go-

vernor's relief, left him the so-called royal apartments to fit up for the expected guests with all the elegancies which his luxurious taste could imagine.

Thyrnau did not feel himself thoroughly at home until his writing-table was prepared for him, and he had arranged the books upon it necessary for the work which the Empress had employed him on. This great design filled him with such contentment that his apparent imprisonment, procuring him, as it did, undisturbed quiet and leisure, was regarded by him as a most fortunate occurrence.

Had not it rendered Magda's fate still more sorrowful, he would have felt it as no deprivation; but this beloved being made his heart heavy and destroyed his peace, for he was ever fearing lest he should neglect or overlook some means by which he might render her life less painful.

Magda was aware of his solicitude about her; and often, when she felt that he observed her, she would affectionately take him to task, and exhibited to him that contentment which he desired; but he could not always watch her, and then would the poor girl sink into a pensive silence, which, nourished by a thousand circumstances, both internal as well as external, threatened to destroy her youthful joyousness.

The Empress, struck by Thomas Thyrnau's common character, had formed the determination employing him upon the compilation of an amended code of Bohemian laws, which might easily be submitted to her judgment. For such a mind as Thomas Thyrnau's had she long sought, but that

together with the experience of age and the most thorough knowledge of his country's needs, should unite the activity of youth, was an advantage which she had never even dreamed of. This advanced age, however, made her desirous to possess a pupil of his, brought up with the same views, desirous that Lacy should be still further imbued with his spirit. She determined, therefore, that when Thyrnau's labours should have reached a certain point, Lacy should assist him, and become the recipient of his experience and views, a valuable subject, on whose assistance and aid she might reasonably count for years.

Such were the circumstances under which Thyrnau endured his honourable imprisonment. The Empress could not have entirely acquitted him without offending her ministers, whom she had commanded to exercise the greatest severity, or without casting a suspicious slight upon her own opinions.

Kaunitz, alone, was made a confidant in her design, and in his conversations with Thyrnau, to which we have already referred, had confided to him the intention of the Empress, and consulted with him regarding the most suitable means to be employed for the furtherance of her views.

Magda, who had been present at these conversations, as we have already seen, and who entered with all her soul into the mighty work confided to her grandfather, now became not only his confidant, but his assistant, and her beautiful and elegant hand-

writing often traced the bold and soaring thoughts of the ardent old man.

Thus had winter gently overtaken them; walks with Gundula, Veit, or Thyrnau, had become less frequent; and now, from her bay window, Magda saw the first snow, and the little river Beraun transformed into an icy mirror.

Count Podiebrad, after Thyrnau had taken possession of his new abode, paid him a visit, attended by all his officers, and besought the honour of being presented to Miss Matielli.

In her growing beauty, and attired in the same rich costume she wore when before the Empress, she came forward at her grandfather's desire, with her simple, yet dignified air, and Podiebrad imagined he beheld the Empress Elenora, to whom his ancestor, four hundred years before, had paid his devoirs in this very Karlstein. His chivalrous devotion became so extreme, and assumed so sentimental a character, that Thurn was forced to rivet his flashing eyes upon Thyrnau in order to repress that unspeakably annoying smile of his.

With much delicacy the Governor had excluded Pasterau from this visit of honour. He presented all the officers to her, one by one repeating their names.

"One only had not dared to present himself before her, having forfeited the happiness of enjoying her blessed presence," said he:

"Ah!" returned Magda, in her grave *but*

gentle voice, "you mean Count Pasterau. Restore him his liberty—it is so sad to be imprisoned."

When the young Prince von Trautsohn was presented to Magda, she extended her hand to him, which he, immediately kneeling, kissed.

"Thou art the best of them," said she, "and from thee I had nothing to fear; but I can no longer go to the rock-seat where I was so shamefully treated, and now thou must feed the hind and fawns by thyself. Ah! only promise me to take bread enough for the little fawns and the good mother also!"

"That will I swear to do by Heaven and my honour!" cried the youth, pressing his sword upon his breast; "but say, wilt not thou return to thy rock? We will all take an oath to preserve thy rock-seat sacred, and whoever approaches it without thy permission shall be challenged by us!"

"Ah, no!" said Magda; "if that be the case there will be no more retirement for me. I should never feel myself alone! Thou, good Trautsohn, I thank thee, and confide in thy fulfilling my request."

"Permit me to present the other gentlemen," said Podiebrad, interrupting the reply of the ardent youth. "I will then declare to you our unanimous resolve."

But as he presented Count Matthias, Magda drew herself up proudly, and said, glancing at him with severity,—

"I am surprised to see you here!"

A pause succeeded — which Matthias endeavoured in vain to break ; with a proud and cold bearing he stood silent before his beautiful judge. Trautsohn, however, drew near, and said, —

“Forgive him, dear Magda ; believe me the evil one must have blinded him if he could have offended thee—he is as noble and good a youth as ever deserved to wear spurs. I like him the best of all, and cannot endure to see thee think ill of him.”

“Then I will forgive him on thy account ; and, because thou hast never offended me, I will endeavour to think better of him than he deserves.”

Matthias stepped back proudly, replacing his sword with a ringing sound. Podiebrad considered it best not to inquire into this little *intermezzo*, and now approached to take his leave, saying, with great solemnity, —

“All these gentlemen, who bear the most illustrious names in the land, and are members of the noblest families, here promise, together with me, to be ready for every service which the protection of a noble lady may demand.” He then, bowing low, retired with his suite.

With the most rigid observance of etiquette was Thyrnau invited to the Governor's table ; and Podiebrad had determined that the Empress's guest should sit at his right hand and be first served. What, then, was his surprise when he received a polite answer, stating that Thyrnau would eat in his own apartment, and had already made all suitable arrangements ?

Podiebrad for a whole day busied himself with his astonishment that any one could possibly decline the honour of an invitation to his table. Before telling his rosary that night, he said to himself, " Either he must be of very exalted rank or a stupid citizen who does not understand the honour which was shewn him." He then told his rosary, and immediately fell asleep.

Thyrnau paid his devotions in the chapel of the Holy Ghost. According to his desire, the long-unused space above the door, and from which you could look down into the chapel, was fitted up as a sort of oratory. When the officers were assembled in the chapel beneath, the younger ones listened, with suppressed breath, for the sound of the metallic rings to which the curtain of the oratory was suspended. This curtain was lightly drawn back when Magda leaned against the balustrade; and did one of them glance upward, there in the dark space might be seen a beautiful, pale countenance, surrounded by the rich black hair, confined in its golden net; and, besides this lovely head, the white hair of Mrs. Gundula, surmounted by some kind of waving cap.

Vespers was the only time when the Governor deemed it fit to recognise the presence of the young lady. As soon as the ceremony was over, he stepped before the screen, and, bowing low, said,—

" Has the young lady any command for the Count von Podiebrad or his officers?"

Magda would then, not unlike some saint,

acknowledge his greeting; but without words, gently waving her hand to him.

But we must now leave her and her good grandfather, whilst Winter spreads his deep silence around them; and Magda from her bay-window sees nothing but a white covering of snow, out of which rise the hoary tree-tops like pyramids, and when the flight of a bird of prey above the expanse is looked upon as an event.

CHAPTER VII.

SINCE the departure of Thyrnau and Magda, at the express desire of the Empress, Lacy and Claudia had appeared more frequently at court, and enjoyed all the distinction which the Empress's favour conferred upon them. This position was agreeable to both of them—they stood in need of something to divert their thoughts. Their union had been exposed to too severe a tempest in its earliest season to be one of perfect happiness. Neither could these noble beings wish for much happiness, whilst so sad a fate was impending over their beloved friends. Tein was no longer spoken of—neither desired to go thither. Lacy occupied himself with his preparations for the great work in which at some future period he should assist Thyrnau. Hedwiga's education was the chief employment of Claudia. During their leisure hours they drew around them a pleasant little society, and, in this private circle, as well as on more festive occasions, the Princess Therese was an ever welcome and enlivening guest.

Towards spring, on all sides, shewed themselves signs of a fresh war. The brow of the Empress was

often clouded, and she spoke of the approaching danger with her ministers. The King of Prussia remained still her most dangerous foe, and she could not forget Silesia. The Empress could never reflect without a sentiment of jealousy upon the genius of this king, who, with such small means, had bowed her might; and although she had reason to consider him her most dangerous foe, Frederick well knew that the present peace was merely a truce.

The Empress no longer opposed her great minister in his proposed plans for the French alliance. It was no longer treason to mention the name of the Marquise de Pompadour in presence of the Empress; and people began to whisper that the Abbé Bernis was no longer in favour, and to remember the Duke de Choiseul, the amiable French ambassador at the Austrian court. The Empress was well pleased when her nobles returned to her court from their country-seats, where the peace had occupied them, and evinced a disposition to enter the army, or themselves formed small corps which should afterwards join the imperial troops.

Lacy carried on since spring a correspondence with Thyrnau; he desired to serve in the army, and inquired from his tried friend, in how far this was opposed to the wishes of his deceased uncle.

Thyrnau was a gentle and kind counsellor, and after due consideration consented to his proposition, and doubted not but that Lacy's next letter would announce his having entered the army. But it was from the Empress herself that opposition to his plan arose. That conduct which in others had excited

most gracious commendation, in Lacy excited surprise,—nay, undisguised displeasure.

“I cannot properly understand this extraordinary position,” said she, and her colour rose; “perhaps high opinion of you has made me doubt whether I understand you aright. In the first place, I thought I were bound by the will of your deceased uncle to withhold yourself from the service of the state; and I do not well see, how, if this will were ever sacred to me, it can now cease to be so. At least, we have always borne this in mind when we have thought of employing you on the affairs of Bohemia. We, also, thought that your being acquainted with our intention of devoting you to this object would have somewhat influenced you.”

“If your majesty regards my prayer in this respect,” said Lacy, warmly, “I must humbly beseech your majesty to regard it as misspoken; but, even Thomas Thyrnau himself, this participator in all the thoughts of my uncle, and whom I have consulted on this, considers at the present moment that affairs are sufficiently changed to permit me for a few years to dedicate my activity to the service of my country. I will not regard military service as my destination; but now—now that I have the happiness of knowing your majesty more intimately, I am unwilling not to add myself among those nobles who hasten to augment your army.”

“Listen,” said the Empress; “even if we should, on our own great sorrow, require more soldiers than we are necessary to act as sentinels, I ask you, is there nothing more to be done in a state which wages

war than to charge cannon and fire off muskets! Therefore, do not let yourself be drawn into the whirlpool; and if you will know, it is far more agreeable to me that you should set out soon for Karlstein and become old Thyrnau's pupil, and grow, if possible, as good a Czeche as the lively old man himself; for listen, my friend, what you wish to learn from him must soon be learned—for your teacher is seventy years of age!"

This truly kind and most confidential speech of the Empress produced its desired effect upon Lacy. With the truest devotion of his heart, he placed his fate entirely at her disposal—nay, he no longer doubted that, in complying with her wishes, he was following the true path of duty, and that since she was become his fate, the will of heaven would be revealed through her to him.

The Empress listened with pleasure to the Count as he thus expressed himself, and told him that Kaunitz had received a report from Thyrnau which had filled him with astonishment at the old man's industry and activity, "And this, indeed, is saying much," added she, "for Kaunitz himself is a great worker, and much is required to satisfy him. I heard at the same time, that the Count wished you to go to Thyrnau, and my intention was to send for you to learn my determination.

"The Karlstein is certainly a royal palace of no very great importance, but we have given orders that all the so-called royal apartments shall be put in good order, and thus you can easily take the Countess with you, especially as Prague and Tein are near

nough for you, or even for her alone, to visit if the mistress should become too confined for her."

The Empress, who liked much to arrange the affairs of her court, was extremely well pleased whilst delivering this speech, and promised to give Claudia still her more good advice, if she would visit her.

Long was the conversation which ensued between Lacy and Claudia upon Lacy's return from the audience; and there was something unspeakably consolingly for him, when the good Countess, with a clear and noble mode of thought, perfectly agreed with him in considering that to fulfil the Empress's command was now their first duty. Claudia determined upon accompanying her husband to Karlstein, and from thence visiting Tein, accompanied, perhaps, by Magda.

They, also, concluded not to expose Hedwiga to so irregular a mode of life, and Claudia hoped, through the intercession of the Empress, to procure her admission into a very celebrated school for young ladies, where her education might be completed.

Lacy became, whilst thus conversing with Claudia, calmer, and his love and respect appeared ever on the increase; at her side, he imagined, he must always remain strong against temptation. Nevertheless, it was agreeable to him that the Princess Therese immediately declared her intention of accompanying them to Karlstein, to pay her homage to her old friend Thyrnau, for where she was, he well knew there could be no dreamy life.

The Empress, also, recollecting her old promise.

granted the desire of the Princess, and thus their departure was fixed for the middle of May. Again were messengers despatched to Karlstein to announce this important visit, and to prepare the Governor for so numerous a suite, that every corner of the old castle must be turned to good account. This announcement only increased his secret belief in the concealed greatness of his prisoner, for he was convinced that all these exalted personages were his relatives.

Lacy's and Claudia's leave-taking of Hedwiga was sorrowful; for she, poor child! was in despair at parting with her benefactors. Egon was already a cornet in a cavalry regiment, and had left Vienna.

It was with mingled feelings that Thyrnau learned the altered plans of his young friend. The deep solitude of the winter had pressed heavily upon both of them, and Magda's gravity and pensiveness of thought were more than youth permitted. And thus he weighed the beneficial effects of society against the secret fears he entertained for Magda and Lacy, — fears alone arising from his knowledge of the human heart.

Magda's attention having been aroused by the increased activity in the Nicholas-tower, he imagined her prepared, and at length determined to inform her of the expected arrival.

He called her down to enjoy the beautiful spring evening. As they entered the court-yard, they perceived Trautsohn leaning against a tree, and his eyes directed towards the Nicholas-tower, as if expecting them. He immediately approached them, colouring,

nd being much embarrassed. "Take me with you, to-day," said he, at length, to Thyrnau; "I want to take you along a beautiful path which leads down the hill-side, and from which you have a beautiful view of Budnian."

"Come, then, my dear Prince," said Thyrnau, who was anxious to conceal that he also had endeavoured to avoid him; "the evening is beautiful, and Magda must lose her winter paleness before the guests arrive who will soon animate Karlstein."

"Of whom dost thou speak?" asked Magda. "Who told thee about guests?"

"Hast thou heard nothing about them?" said Gautsohn. "My uncle has sent for beautiful furniture from Prague, to adorn these old decaying royal apartments."

"Yes," said Magda, "I have often watched how beautifully they have arranged every thing; kings might live in these rooms. The good Emperor Charles would not have things so splendid, I imagine."

"Well, there is a princess coming, they say, and a number of grand people."

"What are they coming here for?" asked Magda again.

"I believe they are coming to us," said Thyrnau, and, by the sudden start of Magda's arm, felt that she had a presentiment of the truth. "I believe," added Thyrnau, quickly, "that the Princess here is with them."

"Indeed!" said Magda; fell into meditation, and sank her head upon her breast, whilst Thyrnau

engaged the youth in a conversation regarding his own peculiar affairs, endeavouring to arouse once more in him a determination to enter the army,—a desire which would most certainly not be opposed by his guardian.

Meanwhile Trautsohn led them into a sort of coppice, and along a path which appeared newly made.

Suddenly Magda uttered a cry of surprise; for the road, which was narrow and bordered by young trees, suddenly made a turn, and at the end was seen an arch of rock, and within its frame lay the enchanting valley of Budnian, seen in the evening light, and the glittering silver band of the rushing Beraun.

“ Ah ! ” cried Magda, hastening forward, “ what a miracle of beauty ! ” She stepped through the archway, and found herself upon a rock, which, rounded and levelled by nature, formed a sort of platform ; a small hedge of woven osiers now encircled it. Near the archway, precisely on the spot commanding the most beautiful view, were raised seats of turf ; a small wooden table, a foot-stool, and a couple of picturesque chairs, formed of oaken logs, furnished this charming retreat, which seemed alone approachable by the rock archway ; and this also might be closed by a wicket. The tree-tops rose from the depth below, and light birches, bending their glittering and dancing branches, formed a protecting roof.

“ Oh, grandfather, what a miracle of beauty this is ! ” cried Magda, carried away by her delight.

“No, here must be the most beautiful spot in the whole world!” She flew from place to place, and then turned to the youth, who was witnessing her surprise with suppressed delight. “And, Trautsohn, thou, thou hast prepared all this; I know it,—thou! —thou, who art the best of human beings, thou art its originator!”

“And now it will alone belong to thee,” cried Trautsohn; “and here thou hast the key to the rock-gate; if thou wilt close that, thou canst float almost in the air; for a deep chasm divides this rock from all near objects. This is why we have chosen this spot, after we had searched the wood far and wide, and found none where thou couldst feel thyself so completely alone. But now, I beseech thee, feel thyself again quite safe and alone, and sing once more to the evening bells; for thou canst hear them here as well as at the other place.”

Magda nodded in a friendly manner, and tried first one place, and then another; her grandfather commended the youth, and rejoiced, with emotion, to see Magda once more the merry child. She perceived a hunting-pouch lying upon the little table, and a silver whistle near it. “What hast thou here?” said she merrily, and placing the whistle to her lips, called forth clear tones. Trautsohn laughed archly; and making Magda and her grandfather seat themselves on the mossy seat, pointed out to them the wooded side of the mountain.

“Once more!” cried he. Magda willingly complied, and whistled as loudly as she could; and suddenly, in great haste, appeared a little herd of deer

on the slope. Magda exclaimed exultingly, for it was the white hind with all her fawns; but how much had the little creatures grown! "Now! now! once more!" cried Trautsohn. Magda whistled, and with one spring the hind had reached the rock, and all the fawns followed her. The happy youth, whose long-prepared surprise had so completely succeeded, now presented Magda with the hunting-pouch; and she scattered bread to the little family, who, however much grown, were still as eager as ever. This was a delight!

"Ah!" said Magda, when they had all satisfied their hunger, "such a pleasure as this I have not had for a long time! Thou art indeed good, dear Trautsohn, to have done so much for me; only tell me how thou hast trained the hind and fawns to come here?"

"Yes!" said Trautsohn, "as soon as ever we discovered this place, we determined that thou shouldst find thy little fawns here; and I placed myself on the rock with food, and Matthias drove them; but the old one hesitated, and we did not force her for a long time, for we knew she did not consider the little ones as strong enough to encounter the leap. But at length she did spring, the little buck followed her, and all the others after him; and when they had once done this, there was no longer any trouble!"

"Matthias?" inquired Magda. "Has Matthias assisted thee?"

"Oh, yes! yes! good Matthias!" cried Trautsohn. "Ah, if thou didst only know how good he

is! We two have done this almost all alone by ourselves, so that the others might know nothing of it, and thou mightest be here quite undisturbed."

"And why is he not here also?" cried Thyrnau, "so that we might thank him."

"Ah!" said Trautsohn, "he thought if Magda saw him here, it would spoil all her pleasure!"

"No! no!" said Magda. "I have forgotten all about the reason of my anger against him, and now I should like to thank him."

"Yes," returned Trautsohn, "but it is no such easy matter to have intercourse with him as thou supposest; thou didst reprove him very severely in presence of the others; he wished to make thee amends for the loss of thy rock-seat, but he will have nothing to do with thee."

That evening in the chapel Magda's eyes sought for Count Matthias, and she was almost uncertain whether the pale, thin youth before her could be the handsome Count von Thurn. She perceived that after service Thyrnau addressed him with much kindness, but that the proud youth almost repelled him, and soon released his hand which the ardent old man had seized. It seemed to Magda that he spoke no word, and that his features retained the same expression; she was grieved, not angry. She kept him ever in her eye, and observed how Matthias remained behind, leaning on his sword, in deep meditation or prayer, before the statue of St. Andreas; and was only aroused by the Dean, who reminded him that the chapel was empty and must now be closed.

He rose to follow the Dean, and Magda, leaning over the balustrade, addressed him in a gentle and kind voice. Matthias started, so that his sword rang against the pavement; but he did not raise his head towards her.

“Thou art still angry, Count Matthias,” said she, gently; “and yet it is so long since I scolded thee, that I have quite forgotten my words; and to-day I should so much like to thank thee for having, together with Trautsohn, cared for me like a brother, and given me so much pleasure.”

She gained courage as she spoke, for he raised his head, his glance became brighter, and a smile played about his lips; but he did not speak.

“Speak to me!” said she, compassionately,—“thou lookest so ill. Tell me whether thou art reconciled to me: thou must not bear malice. If I did scold thee then, thou didst deserve it; and one must always acknowledge that one has been a little in the wrong, or else one should never be reconciled again to one’s friends.”

Matthias was still silent. Magda leaned still farther over the balustrade, and stretched forth her hand to him. By this movement, a little bouquet of wild flowers which Trautsohn had given her fell from her boddice, touching his sword-belt as it fell to the earth. Matthias uttered a strange wild cry, withdrew his gaze suddenly from Magda, and madly stamped upon the flowers as they lay before him.

“Ah, temptation of hell!” cried he; “hence! hence! What illusion art thou to insult my firm courage? I bid thee defiance, thou hellish phar-

tom! thou shalt not seduce me! Oh, Andreas, protect me! be with me, that I escape hell!"

A loud cry escaped Magda's lips. He looked up—she had vanished. He stood speechless, wiped away the cold sweat from his brow, sighed deeply, and staggered forward. But he perceived the trampled flowers, groaned aloud, raised them from the ground, and rushed from the chapel, past the astonished Dean.

When Magda fled, like a chased doe, from the chapel, she perceived the court-yard filled with horses, servants, and luggage; but her terror of the insane man—for such she considered Matthias—rendered her indifferent to all around her. She fled to the Nicholas-tower, and as she hastened up the stairs she perceived the door of the royal apartment standing open, and hastened in, for among other persons present she recognised her grandfather. The very sight of him restored her composure; and at the same moment she saw Lacy, who, with her name upon his lips, hastened towards her. Her head grew dizzy, and she remained standing, like one confounded.

"Magda! dear Magda!" cried Lacy; "hast thou no word for thy friend—thy brother?"

"Welcome!" said Magda, in a low voice, and mechanically extended her deathly cold hand.

"Thou art so pale!" pursued Lacy, sorrowfully. "Say, Thyrnau, is she ill? Ah, her beautiful youth!" said he, bitterly. "My God! if she fall sick she must hence!"

“Hence? away from my grandfather?” cried Magda; “no, never! Oh, Lacy, art thou then come to drive me hence?”

For the first time she addressed him with her *thou*.

“Magda, do not misunderstand me!” said he, and pressed her hand to his breast. “If thou wilt remain, we will all of us do every thing in our power to restore thy health.”

“I am not ill,” said Magda; “I was only terrified on my way hither; for, grandfather, I am afraid Matthias is become iusane!”

She conducted her two friends farther from the busy servants, and related, in her natural and animated manner, what had just occurred.

Thyrnau listened attentively to her extraordinary relation, and the two men exchanged a look which called the colour to Lacy’s cheeks, but which was unobserved by Magda.

When Thomas Thyrnau’s old-fashioned but most comfortable dining-room had received the three friends, and they found themselves seated round the well-supplied table, Magda learned that the Countess and Princess had remained in Prague, and would follow in a few days. After a deal of pleasant converse, they all rose; and Magda, followed by Lacy, stepped into the balcony, which commanded a wide prospect over the country. They gazed upon the deep woodland solitude which lay below them whilst bathed in clear moonlight. The strongest tower of the fortress, containing the chapel of the

Holy Ghost, rose on one side. Magda seated herself upon a small stone seat placed against the parapet.

“When thou hast been here some time,” commenced she, “thou wilt see how this old castle can enchant one with its old memories. Grandfather, with his clear-sightedness, cannot understand this; he likes every thing in its place. The past he honours, but it may not in the slightest degree interfere with the present. This is wherefore he ridicules all these good knights here, who he says reel about in the present because they wish to violate nature, and still keep hold of the past. But he who enters this castle with the intention of cherishing old memories may soon be ensnared by what he meets with; and this has been something my case! This Charles, who is so highly thought of by all Bohemia—this true Czeche, son of noble Przemyside—he has stamped his inmost being on this castle. And does one come with a heart full of love towards him, all these walls again echo, and the sacred spirits step forth from these signs, and hold communion with one before one is aware. Upon this very seat Charles the Fourth is said often to have sat for hours, and in the chapel of St. Catherine he would pray for a whole day together with the doors locked. The small quantity of food which he required for the preservation of life was silently put in through the wall to him. The cares of the world might not follow him into this sanctuary; during these silent days his realm must rule itself, and his prayers protected it!

“How often do I search after what he may have

thought and felt, and sometimes such strange views of the world's ways arise before me that I could almost fancy I had released his own thoughts by my deep meditation, and that they had come to me."

"Yes," said Lacy, sympathisingly, "an indissoluble sign of their existence has stamped itself on the abodes of all distinguished men, a sign which places all kindred spirits in communion with them."

"And how well I understand his long and deep meditation!" pursued Magda. "How necessary that must have been for him,—a monarch is so seldom left alone, and who, besides matters of importance, must be fretted with useless trifles enough to weary any one! Dost thou know," continued she, "that Petrarch, his poetical friend, passed some time here with him, whilst on his visit at Prague?"

"I was not aware of that," said Lacy, "although I knew of his correspondence and friendship with Petrarch, as well as with Boccaccio and Ginobio di Strada."

"And with Sassoferato," added Magda. "Only think, no one here knows of this,—no one can shew me where he dwelt! Podiebrad, whom I questioned on this subject, appeared to consider that Petrarch could never have been in the presence of the Emperor, however much the Emperor might have admired his writings; but I verily believe I am better acquainted with the histories of the Crusades than he is with the life of Petrarch. Only think, as they two sat here on a moonlight night and gazed over the deep quiet of the forest towards the distant world, how they must have followed the

wide, outspread arch of heaven, and how the glittering stars must have guided them aright! Then, indeed, would the mean on earth appear mean; the great, the great! Dost not thou think so?"

"Yes," said Lacy, with emotion; "and dost thou know that Charles the Fourth asked Petrarch what kind of life he should prefer? And Petrarch replied, 'A solitary life; none other is so safe, none is more agreeable or more suitable for me; I will seek it, as I have done before, among woods and mountains, or, can I not, I will strive to procure myself this happiness even amidst the turmoil of a city!'"

"Ah!" cried Magda, "this is the reason then wherefore he came here. Here they could indeed learn what solitude is!"

"And has it not been *too* solitary for thee?" asked Lacy timidly.

"I do not know whether it came from the solitude, but I have often had such a strange feeling," replied Magda; "I would rather have experienced something; my thoughts often pained me."

Saying these words Magda arose, approached the parapet, and pointed towards a grey building in the distance.

"There," said she, "lies Karlik, where the Empress lived; he could see the little castle from here; people say that she also had a balcony from which she could look towards the Karlstein, there she would sit and gaze hither; thus they were not separated, although that pious vow held them one from the other!"

Lacy stood beside her ; they both gazed at each other at these words ; both coloured.

“ Good night ! ” said Lacy, “ good night, dear Magda ! ” He hastened back into the room, and, taking leave of Thyrnau, retired to his apartment.

Magda remained on the same spot, and gazed towards Karlik.

“ Alone, alone ! ” said she, at length ; “ and what, then, do I desire ? May I not, then, take pleasure in being near him ? I wish for nothing more ; I desire so much to tell him all. How pleasant it is when I can tell him my thoughts ! When Claudia comes I will take counsel with her.”

She seated herself again upon the stone seat ; she felt how light her heart had become. A gentle, warm south wind bore the perfume of flowers towards her, and until now she had not heard how, in the neighbouring coppice, two nightingales sang a duet, which appeared almost a contest of skill, so loudly did each reply to the other.

“ How joyous is all this ! ” cried she. “ May cannot sleep for all her joy, her buds, and odours. All is activity in the beautiful night, and the little flowers, which by day have unfolded themselves in the warm sun, now throw off their little caps, and put forth their white buds into the moonshine, or unroll their green leaves to the dew, so that on the morrow they may cast a rich shadow ! And thou also art not yet asleep ? ” said she, glancing into a little nest, where a swallow sat with her bright eyes protecting her small eggs, which she sought to animate by the warmth of her breast. The bird

oked fearlessly at Magda, for she had helped to finish out the nest.

Her good grandfather now called to her, and on appeared himself; he wished to have her thin the house, and at rest for the night, but she id he should only listen, nothing could sleep in so arm a May night.

“ Every thing will be ready to enjoy the beautiful morrow, that is the reason why they work all ght. Ah, if I could only hear all the rush of this owth and blossoming, the pulsation in the buds, e explosion when they burst open, and what the etles, and glow-worms, and a thousand other little nged creatures, say to all this, and how they tter their tiny wings for joy, thinking of their autiful existence!—ah, grandfather, he who hears is must hear the most beautiful harmony, the ost beautiful words!”

Thomas Thyrnau rejoiced in her animated mood, r words seemed to him an echo of her former ildish gaiety, but his eyes were directed towards e broad highroad which led to Prague, and on ich the moon shone brightly. He fancied he w something move upon it; this gradually ap- oached, and he recognised a troop of horsemen. s, and in front rode their commander probably, th an officer by his side.

They appeared to enjoy the beautiful night. All de slowly, and the horses moved along at their se, as if left to their own guidance. As they ap- oached Thyrnau exclaimed, with a smile,—

“ Podiebrad! Podiebrad! an invading troop

draws near the fortress of Karlstein, and thou and thy knights will be surprised whilst reposing in your soft feather-beds! If this troop should discover the road which Mother Grimschütz' cow has so well levelled, the fortress will be taken unawares, and Podiebrad made a prisoner in his night-gown!"

The two foremost officers appeared sunk in contemplation of the Karlstein, which, illuminated by the moon and thrown up by the dark wood, no doubt produced a splendid effect. They stopped their horses for a moment to enjoy the spectacle, and the bay-window at which Thyrnau and Magda stood, illuminated as it was by the lights in the room behind them, appeared to excite their attention. One of the gentlemen took a telescope, flung back his cloak, and waved a white handkerchief.

"I know who it is," said Magda; "whoever has once seen him can never forget him. It is the Hereditary Prince. See! he has recognised us also!"

The officer gave a sign to his followers—the trumpet sent forth a joyous sound—he put his horse into a gallop, and was soon beneath the window. But the height was too considerable to permit more than the interchange of a few words, and even they were scarcely intelligible. The whole troop then hastened round the castle towards the entrance, with sounds of trumpets.

Here such men as were on duty, and but badly armed, had assembled in motley groups, more from curiosity than from zeal. Count Pasterau, who chanced to be their commanding officer that night,

had forsaken them, preferring a walk to Budnian to the *canui* of the guard-room; and thus they determined innocently, and, no doubt, better acquainted with the true condition of the fortress than their superiors, to open the gates to the strange guests.

The troop now entered the court-yard, and their commander, springing from his horse, desired, in that tone which meets with obedience every where, to be conducted to the dwelling of Mr. Thomas Thyrnau.

Magda was not mistaken. A few moments later the Hereditary Prince von S. pressed her and Thyrnau to his breast.

Meanwhile the flourish of trumpets had mingled with the dreams of Count von Podiebrad, and had assisted him to a highly important attack of the seven bastions before Jerusalem; when the sound of trumpets in the court robbed him of the courageous scene, he found himself wrapt up in his bed-clothes, and lying awake upon his soft couch.

Again the trumpets resounded, and Podiebrad sprang with two steps to the window. And oh! what a moment!—here was seen the strange spectacle of armed troops, intermingled with the garrison, who were disarmed.

“Holy Heaven!” shrieked Podiebrad, “who has done me this dishonour? The fortress has been taken whilst Podiebrad enjoyed repose! My head is devoted to the axe!”

The unhappy dreamer suffered all the agony which four hundred years before the heart of his

ancestor would have endured upon a real occasion of danger. His next impulse was to fling his clothes upon him, and, with sword in hand, drive forth the invaders, and thus, through an honourable death, perhaps redeem the disgrace which must otherwise cling to his name.

He was just about to gird on his sword when the door opened, and, preceded by the servant who bore a light, the Hereditary Prince entered, who, having yielded to Thomas Thyrnau's wishes, now came in person to make his excuses to the Count von Podiebrad, whose state of mind Thyrnau could well imagine.

Podiebrad had been too long withdrawn from the world to recognise the Hereditary Prince; he therefore drew himself up with a wild air, and, with his hand upon his sword, rushed towards the Prince, exclaiming in a voice almost stifled by agitation,—

“I come to demand satisfaction, and with my own life will wash away this disgrace, and with my hand, and this blade, drive forth all who have surprised this sacred fortress!”

“Softly! softly! my old comrade!” said the Prince, in his clear voice, which, contrasted with the gloomy tones of the excited dreamer, sounded fresh and human that Podiebrad appeared still more ghostly.

“In truth, my good Count von Podiebrad, you are at this moment as indisputably the honourable and sole Governor of Karlstein as when, a few hours since, you laid yourself down to rest, for I, the Hereditary Prince von S., am merely come to visit an

ld friend, and to claim hospitality from your Excellency, enjoying her Majesty's permission, likewise."

Podiebrad left hold of his sword, and many unpleasant thoughts passed through his mind; for it was far more difficult for him to accustom himself to the simple circumstances of real life than to the imaginary ones in which he delighted.

"If this be the affair," said he, slowly, "and I see the Hereditary Prince von S. before me, I have only to wish that he had informed me of his approach by a body of his troops, and then I would certainly have received him in a manner suitable to the honour."

"On this very account, in order not to inconvenience you," said the Prince, "have I thus come unexpectedly. Have the goodness to excuse me, and to command what is necessary for the accommodation of my attendants. I myself have already found quarters with my old friend Thyrnau."

The Prince hastened to withdraw from this ceremony, and for this night was received by Thomas Thyrnau, whilst Podiebrad was more convinced than ever that his mysterious prisoner was some illustrious personage.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning the Prince, who did not know Lacy, made his acquaintance in the breakfast-hall with great pleasure. He now related to Thyrau that the courier who had been sent to announce his arrival at Karlstein had returned, after a long absence, to Vienna, and in so wretched a condition that he had been ill the whole winter. He related that he had been fallen upon by robbers in the neighbourhood of Karlstein, that his despatches had been demanded from him, and that as he refused to deliver them up, he had been so cruelly treated that they had probably left him as dead. When the peasants found him he was entirely stripped, his clothes had been thrown again above his body, and nothing was missing excepting the despatches. The people who had found him had also nursed him, and thus he had at length succeeded in returning to Vienna.

It happened one day that Magda, with Lacy, the Prince, and Trautsohn, were at the rock-seat, and the hind and the fawns were being fed, the lively merriment of which operated cheerfully on all.

The black buck was, as ever, the buffoon, and with his sprouting horns, which made him almost comic, stood there as if he knew that he had been chosen for the merry-andrew. He had this day very much amused them by suddenly leaving his food, and bounding away through the rock-arch. He had done this several times, reappearing with equal speed. This occasioned much laughter; and now he returned with such bounds that he appeared really chased. A clapping of hands was heard, and a young lady bounded after him, who, disregarding the company, called forth exultingly, "There he is! there he is!"

But the little buck sprang over the low inclosure, and in a moment was on the mountain-slope. The lady now turned round, and all recognised the beautiful Princess Therese. Magda sat beside the white hind, and offered her food, which the Prince, kneeling before her, presented her with. Trautsohn sat beside her, and Lacy stood regarding the group with folded arms.

"What an idyl!" cried the Princess immediately, perceiving the prevailing sentiment of those before her. "Magda! dost not thou recognise me?" cried she warmly.

The young girl sprang forward, and flung herself into the arms of the Princess; her joy was so pure—so tender—it was so long since she had seen a female friend! All this Magda said, and releasing her, drew back, as if properly to admire her, then clasping her hands, she cried, turning towards the Prince, "Ah! how becoming it is to her to see her lean on

this rock beneath these trees!" The veil was withdrawn from the Prince's eyes as Magda said this, and he perceived that she was, indeed, enchantingly beautiful, as she stood there, greeting them with that arch gravity which suited her so well. "And Claudia?" inquired Lacy, approaching her—"I hope she is here, and that I shall soon be able to see her."

"If you will only turn round," said a beloved voice, and Claudia and Thyrnau presented themselves.

Lacy welcomed his wife with such warm affection, that the gentle Claudia, whose heart beat at meeting with her husband in Magda's presence, could scarcely restrain her tears, and the Princess once more exclaimed to herself, "I really believe he loves her!"

Magda also observed their meeting, and with a deep sigh thought "how happy must one become through his love!"

The etiquette which must necessarily arise where so many people of the world were assembled, soon began to exercise its outward sway over the actions of these inwardly agitated human beings, each of whom almost had some secret grief or passion to conceal.

The Count von Podiebrad, reconciled to the presence of his new guests through their exalted rank, in the great excitement of these unusual circumstances, busied himself with the sole thought of how he should most impress them with a sense of his dignity; and since his fortune was ample, and

he was in no manner restricted, he was determined to give festivals in honour of the Prince and Princess, or at all events keep a bountiful table. The Princess, who appeared unspeakably amused by the old-fashioned politeness of the irreproachable garrison corps, insisted that all invitations should be accepted, and that the gentlemen should be as much with them during the hours of company as possible. Thus this quiet abode of piety and of the deepest and most sublime vow, the most perfect sanctuary of solitude, was transformed into a stage for the exhibition of tender passions concealed beneath an appearance of gaiety, and where were united individuals of the most varied and opposed characters, which circumstance, doubtless, did not render the scene less void of interest.

Thyrnau, who permitted nothing to seduce him from his own path, had still time for every one, and the most unselfish of all the assembly, and beloved by every one for his own sake, he was ever the centre of attraction. Magda's state of mind was his constant thought. He saw her animated and gay, often as if glowing and glorified by some inward fire, as if passing through some great intellectual era of development which should exercise a mighty influence upon her youth and beauty. At the same time, she herself, as she had said of the May night, was sunk in inward activity; and he often found her busied in deep thought; the coming morning would alone bring her repose. On the morrow, when she entered Thyrnau's study, a deep and holy gravity would rest upon her features, and as Thyrnau rallied

her upon her long night-watching, she would gaze into his eyes and say, "That is necessary for me, for, perhaps, I am unable to collect my thoughts as other people do, in the midst of all that bustling life below, where people think as they speak; until I have communed with my soul, sleep will not come, and until then my devotions are disturbed." Thyraa doubted not but that Lacy's presence increased her affection for him; and he often observed how an indescribable expression of melancholy would overspread her countenance when his attention to his beloved wife would awake her from this sweet sentiment of companionship with him, which this social intercourse so readily gave rise to. Between Claudia and Magda had arisen a timid but affectionate intercourse; they often scarcely dared to shew themselves in their true light, as they desired; they were tenderly attached to each other, and yet again one would fly the other. The ruling sentiment of their bosoms they must conceal from each other; this perfect union of sentiment they neither might nor dared to confess. Whenever Magda stood in need of female counsel, she flew to Claudia, and Claudia endeavoured to anticipate and prevent whatever might distress or embarrass this beloved girl. And there were frequent occasions for this; for since Magda was the observed of so many eyes, and was ever called into notice by the archly malicious Princess, she often felt herself wounded without being able promptly and cleverly to defend herself. The humour of the Princess was such a strange mixture of kindness and petulance, of nobility of

mind and trivial gossip, that Magda was both attracted and interested by her, and often she could not conceal her admiration, although she neither desired nor would have been able to imitate her.

After a long and grave discourse with Thomas Thyrnau upon the evening of the ladies' arrival, the Prince had sunk into a deep fit of melancholy, which, however, had gradually given way to that amiable placidity of manner which made his society so attractive. There was a shade of tenderness in the Princess's behaviour towards him, which no one else could win from her; there was a slight timidity with him; a calmness seemed to fall upon her when in his immediate presence; she was thoughtful, and often said things which betrayed her exalted mind and noble heart.

It was terrible to Magda that she must now again meet Count Matthias, who excited in her mind a strange feeling of embarrassment. The morrow was the day on which the whole company were to assemble at a grand banquet given by the Governor. Here Count Matthias would appear among the others. During the banquet the young Count scarcely glanced from his sword-handle, and preserved such a reserve, that the all-observant Thyrnau, who had a word for every one, found it utterly impossible to draw him into conversation. Nevertheless Thyrnau observed that when Magda's voice reached his ear, it seemed to thrill through him, and even that, seduced by its sweet tone, he would for a moment seek her countenance, but only to sink again into his gloomy meditation. The

same evening Thyrnau besought the Prince to procure a commission in the army, which should remove him from the Karlstein.

This grand day was followed by a variety of alternating invitations, and the Princess was determined to give her festival also. After having ridden out in the morning with Lacy, Baron von Galbes, and Trautsohn, she announced that her fête should be held in the open air, and that the company must ride on horseback to it.

It would have been impossible for May more graciously to have favoured any fête than she did this one, the decorator and illuminator of which she had been chosen. The air had an invigorating freshness, the sunbeams shone joyously through the pale green foliage of the forest, and the earth was already adorned with a thousand gay flowers, whilst tender green shoots mingled pleasantly with the dark moss. A gentle breeze stirred merely as it seemed to wave the ladies' veils and the plumed hats of the gentlemen ; and as the cavalcade wound along the edge of the wood, now amidst the trees, now dancing over the near meadow, with its beautiful horses and gay costumes, it almost seemed as if May had chosen them to do her homage.

Whither the Princess would conduct them excited much curiosity and merriment, which she archly parried on all sides. But every one knew that already yesterday wagons had left the fortress for this secret place of gaiety, and that from time to time the Princess received most mysterious announcements. At length when they had entered the depth of the

ood, the Princess consigned the command of the valcade to Trautsohn, and, accompanied by Lacy id Galbes, galloped on before her guests.

Trautsohn rode close beside Magda, and next followed Claudia attended by the Prince von S.; Magda id to-day exchanged her black dress for a beautiful one of rose-coloured silk which the Princess had ought with her, and to her golden net was attached graceful veil. Her beautiful head, according to yrnau's desire, remained unmolested by the prevailing mode. Some time before, Count von Podiead had presented Magda with a gift which one of s ancestors had in a memorable expedition brought ick from China. This consisted of an elegantly rned ivory wand which supported a small screen 'gay silk, singularly painted, and this silken roof rmed a protection against the sun's rays. This resent Magda made use of to-day in honour of odiebrad. Trautsohn said, "If thou wilt hold at thing, thy bridle will be a trouble to thee, let e hold it for thee, so that no misfortune betide." us, having taken the bridle he rode gravely by r side.

"Magda," said Claudia delighted, "thou lookt like a poem which I once read, where Poesy de through a forest in winter, and wherever she peared, all the trees and flowers burst into bloom, id throughout the whole forest it was spring; for, id my poet, her eyes were life-inspiring like the n, her breath like the dew of heaven."

"It is my head-dress that does all this," said lagda, "it looks so strange here, and my little en-

chanted roof over me, and my coloured dress; thou art not used to all this, and it may well look poetical."

"But it is not that alone," interrupted Trautsohn; "I believe, Countess, Magda could do the same as Poesy,—if she only wished it, I don't think even Winter could withstand her!"

All laughed, and Trautsohn now led them along a sort of defile; the road now descended between tall pines and larches. Suddenly they turned round a wall of rock, and before them rose, upon a great mossy mount, a small grey castle, which all greeted with the exclamation of—Karlik!

The cavalcade, most pleasantly surprised, drew up on the spot whence they could enjoy this most enchanting object, and loudly they applauded the Princess, for they perceived that it was here she intended to give her fête. She soon presented herself to her guests as the lady of the castle. A moat, filled with water, separated them, however, from the castle, and the little drawbridge was only lowered when a loud flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the guests.

Nothing more romantic could be imagined than this little ruin. The wood enclosed it on three sides. The highest and best-preserved tower rose above the wood, shewing that the castle stood upon a considerable height, and commanded the forest as well the more distant country. This tower adjoined the principal building, and in it was the bay-window looking towards Karlstein. As the guests crossed the little drawbridge, they bowed to the charming

Princess, who, with Lacy and Galbes at her side, welcomed them from the balcony.

“There cannot really be any one more amiable than the Princess,” said the Hereditary Prince to the Countess von Hautois, as she crossed the bridge with Thomas Thyrnau. “This freshness of mind possesses that charm which a beautiful heart can alone give.”

“Yes,” said the old lady, with warmth, “he alone who confides in her heart can understand the whole worth of this glorious creature!” As Thyrnau assisted her to dismount, she pressed his hand quickly, and in a low tone said, “At length!”

Having passed through the Gothic gateway and a vaulted vestibule, they now found themselves in the castle court, round which were situated the apartments formerly assigned to the ladies. The graceful arches of the windows were now without glass, but ivy and creepers hung from them whilst birches and willows waved their whispering leaves where of yore had sounded the merry tongues of youth. The turf had been closely shorn, and young birches had been felled and cleverly supported by tree-stumps, formed a rustic flight of steps leading through a large window into the banqueting-hall.

At this window stood the Princess, and with the exulting gaiety of a child extended her hand to Claudia, who, supported by the Hereditary Prince, ascended this uncommon staircase.

How agreeable was the surprise which here awaited them! Every one uttered some exclamation expressive of his or her delight and surprise;

and the Princess was enchanted beyond measure that all her plans had succeeded so well.

The dining-hall, which bore evident marks of its former destination, was longer than broad, and at either end had five windows; and the middle one, against which was constructed the rustic flight of steps, must formerly have had a balcony, as it was both loftier and broader than the others. Spite of time and neglect, the walls were still covered with strong oak wainscot, and here and there were seen benches fastened to the walls. It is true the windows were without glass, but art itself could not have formed more beautiful festoons than those with which the ivy, bramble, and may, had garlanded these graceful arches. On entering you saw opposite to you this row of windows, and beyond the May-green wood on which the sun shone. On the right hand at the end of the hall, the masonry had entirely given way, and nothing remained but the arch, against which the wall had leaned; and through this arch, garlanded with climbing plants you gained a peep over meadow-land pleasantly contrasting with the rich groups of trees. On the left hand, the hall opened into the best-preserved apartment in the castle, the chamber of the Empress, with its balcony which looked towards Karlstein. But what made this dining-hall so especially charming was, that its roof had long since disappeared, and that the blue heavens formed its canopy. Beneath the protection of this deep blue roof the Princess had had the table prepared. The floor had been freed from all mould and rubbish, carpets had been spread upon it, and

n-chairs and tables had been brought hither, so at this fantastic apartment called forth at once surprise and emotion in all spectators.

Every one entered Elenora's chamber. The mantel-piece of grey marble was still there, and the carpet and floor were in good preservation, the thick walls of the tower having protected them; the windows, also, had been renewed at various times. You still saw a devotional-desk, and a cabinet without lock stood against the wall. In a niche was seen a mirror with a few rings on it, to which hung remnants of faded damask. Here had stood the couch of the illustrious lady; and only one thing evoked Magda's pleasure—and this was, that Thomas Thyrnau would remind her that Charles, the fourth had four wives, who all, one after another, had dwelt here.

"Ah! thou must be mistaken," said she, almost reproachingly; "how was it possible for so true a lover to bestow his heart so often?—he was so happy, too, with his noble Elenora!"

"And that was precisely the reason he did so," said her inexorable grandfather. "Dost thou not know that those men marry again the soonest who have been the most happy? They can no longer endure being alone in the world, and often a second and speedy marriage is a high compliment to the deceased wife;—yes, I myself believe in the purity of the heart under such circumstances. On the contrary, a second experiment will be shunned where the heart has found itself deceived."

“Ah! say what thou wilt,” cried Magda; “it is still better when this is alone possible once, no one need be miserable,—even the forsaken one need not feel lonely; but he must feel certain of having been beloved—then he has sufficient, even without the possession of the beloved object.”

Magda believed herself alone with Thyrnau when she thus spoke, but Claudia and Lacy had heard her words from the balcony, they now approached and all gazed at each other with emotion; Magda coloured, but Claudia kissed her, and led her into the hall where the banquet was being served.

The evening which followed the gay and lengthened repast was so enchantingly beautiful, that it was decided to await the moon before returning home. No kind of illumination having been provided, and it becoming dark among the ruins, the company seated themselves upon the mossy mound on which the castle stood, and there enjoyed the sunset light upon the woods, and the magic of twilight in anticipation of the sweet moon which should illuminate their homeward way.

A flourish of trumpets was suddenly heard, and it was announced that a trooper, accompanied by a messenger, desired admittance; and Podiebrad standing behind the Princess, they both commanded the drawbridge to be lowered and the stranger to be admitted.

“Is the Prince von S. here?” cried a youthful but commanding voice, and immediately there entered a youth in a trooper’s jerkin, a plumed cap, and with a sword by his side. Somewhat surprised at the

sight of the Princess, he pulled off his cap, and recognising in Podiebrad a superior officer, he saluted him with military reverence, and inquired whether he were the Prince von S.

"No, sir," said the Count, "but he is in the company assembled here; and I will not prevent him from receiving here, in my presence, the announcement which you may have to make to him."

"I have a communication for his Highness from the commanding officer at Prague," said the youth, "and this letter to give him."

"There, sir!" said Podiebrad, with ceremonious loftiness, "approach the company; my officers will present you to the Prince."

The youth bowed, and was about to advance towards the company, when the Princess Therese, having ended her observation of him, laid her hand upon his arm, saying, "Stop, my young gentleman! We have a few words to say to each other first; for, spite of the leather jerkin, your huge riding-boots, and your long sword, we are old acquaintance, and I shall give myself the honour of presenting you, for I imagine you will meet with a number of old acquaintance here."

The youth glanced at the Princess with his flashing blue eyes, and shook back his thick, fair hair from his mysterious brow.

"Yes," said the Princess, laughing, "did I not think so?—it is he himself!—so, come, it will occasion great joy."

To the infinite astonishment of Podiebrad, she took the young trooper by the hand, and approached

the company who formed a group, some sitting, others standing. All who saw her drawing near thus solemnly, yet smilingly and happily, felt that this was one of the Princess's most beautiful moments. The youth beside her became ever more rosy, his eyes flashed, and his lips were parted by a joyous smile.

Magda uttered a scream and flew towards him—he rushed towards her and fell upon his knee.

“Egon! Egon! my beloved Egon!” cried Magda. “Claudia! Lacy! this is our Egon!” They also had recognised him. He flung himself upon Lacy's breast, and concealed his tears of joy; and Lacy only released him in order that Claudia might embrace him as her son. In the midst of all this rejoicing, the Princess seemed the kind fairy who had prepared all this joy; she was in high delight, and joyous as a child. “But now,” continued she, as she perceived that the Prince von S. was become a thoughtful spectator of this scene, “now, young sir, you have your duty to fulfil;” and with this she withdrew him from Magda and led him to the Prince. “Here, your highness, I present to you my adopted son, who has this moment arrived from Prague with a despatch for you: this, my son,” pursued she, “is the Hereditary Prince von S.”

Egon seized his sword, and in military form presented the Hereditary Prince with the letter referred to.

The Prince took the document, but his eyes were riveted upon the youth who gave it to him; and as the Princess glanced from one to the other as they

stood before her, she became suddenly very pale; the mystery in Egon's features which had so deeply affected her was solved!

We know not whether the Prince's eyes possessed a magnetic power, but certain it is, that Egon could not satisfy himself with gazing at the handsome Prince, who at length, laying his hand upon the youth's shoulder, said, "Thou art called Egon? Egon!—a beautiful, beloved name! But thy surname, my son?"

Egon became crimson—he cast down his eyes and was silent, whilst the Prince, who already appeared to have forgotten his question, still gazed at him, holding him by both shoulders.

Magda now brought forward her grandfather, and said to Egon, "Look here, Egon; this is Thomas Thyrnau—my grandfather, of whom I have told thee so much."

The Prince removed his hands from Egon's shoulders, and seizing Thyrnau with exctiement, cried, "Look! look! Thyrnau,—look at this boy!"

Thyrnau did not salute the youth with that gaiety which so well became him, and which Magda had so much desired for her favourite. He shook him by the hand, it is true, and expressed his pleasure in seeing him, but he was absent, and gazed at him with pensive thoughtfulness.

Thus the company were now aware that the young cornet was a foster-son of the Countess von Lacy. This little occurrence had enlivened the fête greatly, and whilst Egon sat with Claudia, Lacy, and Magda, the Princess had recovered her composure,

and ordered refreshments to be served for the newly arrived guest. She now seated herself, and with the greatest amiability encouraged the hungry lad to eat.

Meanwhile Thyrnau and the Prince paced thoughtfully before the group, and their eyes often rested upon Egon, who was becoming ever less constrained, and whose inward happiness at this so unexpected surprise expressed itself in a thousand little attentions, which made Magda quite proud of her former pupil.

The moon had now risen into the clear heaven and diffused a brightness almost equal to that of day. Each guest now spoke a few words of thanks to the Princess in acknowledgment of the pleasure she had conferred upon them; the horses were brought forth, and the procession arranged itself.

Trautsohn led Magda's horse. "Ah!" cried she, who had quite forgotten him till this moment, "art not thou delighted that I have seen my dear Egon again?"

"What does the strange lad matter to me!" said he, peevishly. "I hear that he is not even thy brother, although thou art as affectionate towards him as if he were. I have little pleasure in it, if other young lads please thee so much, that thou can't look at one."

"Fie!" cried Magda; "how disagreeable and unpolite thou art! Always thou! just as if thou wert the most important thing. Canst thou not rejoice because I rejoice? If thou hadst a sister or a foster-sister, how much I would love her because

thou lovedst her!" She snatched the bridle out of his hand, and urged on her horse alone over the bridge. The Prince rode foremost with the Princess and the Countess Hautois; Claudia, Lacy, and Podiebrad followed them; next came Magda, guiding her horse alone; and behind followed Thyrnau, with Egon by his side, the officers of the garrison, and poor repulsed Trautsohn.

Spite of the moonlight the Prince soon perceived that he was ill adapted to discern the right path through the forest, he being somewhat in an abstracted mood of mind; a halt was therefore made, in order that a huntsman from the rear should ride on first as guide. Thus the train was thrown into some disorder, and as they again proceeded, Trautsohn was once more at Magda's side. Although both were very silent, they occasionally glanced accidentally at each other; and when both, at the same time, were forced to laugh at the antics of a squirrel which ran up a tree before them, and there sat waving his bushy tail, Trautsohn again approached close to her, and, seizing her bridle, cried, "Thy horse, after all, does not go as safely as I thought; and at night, among all these tree-roots, one must hold the bridle firmly."

"Well, then, take it," cried Magda, comfortably folding her hands. "I am weary enough, and have no desire to plague myself with the horse."

"But dost thou see," said Trautsohn, "had I been thy fine foster-brother, who is riding behind there so quietly with thy grandfather, I would have let no one but myself guide thy horse? I can't

help being very much astonished at that young gentleman."

"Only be astonished at thyself," said Magda. "There, thou canst see how fond a person may be of himself without always wishing to be the only one. That is true self-love!"

"Nay, that I shall never learn in all my life!" cried Trautsohn; "for I should like to smite in two all people who approach thee; and could I only enjoy thy presence all to myself, I would not at all trouble myself because I was the only one—and I vow to thee, that thou shouldst want nothing. And when I have once my beautiful Moravian estates in my possession, with all their castles and towers—and I believe there are six—thou shalt come with thy grandfather, and see what I can do."

Candid as this declaration was, they neither of them regarded it as any thing suspicious, but an exclamation in a hollow voice, and the prancing of a horse, shewed them that Count Matthias rode close behind.

"What has happened, Matthias?" cried Trautsohn, riding by his side; "is not thy horse sure-footed?"

But Matthias, waving him away with his hand, set spurs to his horse, and shooting past the train, vanished in the forest.

"Ah!" cried Magda, "still thou must confess that Matthias is a dismal sort of person; I am really quite afraid of him."

"Yes, I also am afraid about him," said Trautsohn, with a voice expressive of deep emotion; "but

that is because I love him so much, and know that he is wretched as but few men are; and this is partly the fault of my uncle, who has poisoned his nature, so that what others consider as their happiness, he considers as a sin. Should he perish, Magda, thou canst weep over him, for thou wilt also have had thy share in his misery; and it will do him good, as he lies in his grave, if thou wilt weep over him."

"That sounds really quite melancholy," said Magda; "but how can this be true when it is evident he hates me?"

"Ah!" said Trautsohn, with a grave and wise air, "thou dost not understand these things yet — thou hast no experience; he loves thee evidently, and considers this a sin, my uncle having made him, as well as Pacheco and Galbes, take an oath — of eternal chastity, they call it — that means that they shall neither love nor marry."

"Good Heavens!" cried Magda, "as if that were a sin which the very best people have done! But thou art free? — they have not demanded this from thee?"

"No, I have excused myself," said Trautsohn; "only think how that would suit me when I come to my great property, and must live there all alone, without a wife and a many children, who should all enjoy themselves!"

"Yes, certainly, certainly!" said Magda. "Well, when things have gone so far I shall certainly go and pay thee a visit."

Trautsohn laughed, and then said, approaching her nearer, "Yes, I swear to thee thou must be there,

if I am to have any pleasure! Only think! Matthias is always warning me against thee; he says thou art a citizen, and can't be married by a nobleman!"

Magda now laughed, and said, "Yes, he's right there; I *am* a citizen, and can't be married at all."

"Well, let thee be what thou mayst, thou art the dearest thing to me on earth; and since the Empress is so fond of thee, I know very well what I shall do when the time comes. But one thing I beseech of thee—endeavour to make Matthias somewhat easier, and don't let him consider thee any longer a real demon."

And now the train halted before the gates of Karlstein.

As the Prince von S. assisted the Princess Therese to dismount and led her into the castle, he said, "It seems to me that no one has more to thank you for than I. It seems to me that this has been one of the most important days of my life. Permit me at some future time to impart to you all that I have learned from my own heart, and, perhaps, also from outward circumstances."

During these words they ascended the dark winding staircase of the tower; the Princess was silent, and at the same moment missed her footing, the Prince caught her in his arms; a faint cry burst from her lips. "Therese!" said he, and pressed her for a moment to his breast—she was still silent; "Only one word?" besought he, in a low voice.

"I will hear you," stammered the Princess, in a scarcely intelligible voice.

The door of her apartment opened—she had

vanished. The Countess von Hautois sat exhausted in an arm-chair, the Princess staggered towards her, fell upon her knees, and, bursting into tears, concealed her face in the lap of her kind old friend.

When night had spread repose over all the castle, Thomas Thyrnau might still be seen pacing his dining-room by the side of a man evidently of the lower class. This man was of middle age, and although he wore the jerkin of the dragoon regiment commanded by Prince von S. whom he had accompanied, it was not difficult to recognise Guntram the armourer, who, hearing that his former master, the Prince von S. once more collected his brave troops, had followed his old bent, and again entered the army.

Thomas Thyrnau had employed their ride home in learning as much from Egon regarding his situation as possible; and on their return, having witnessed in the court a scene of recognition which announced great affection and knowledge of each other, he had contrived, when all the inhabitants of the fortress were at rest, to receive a visit from Guntram.

It was soon evident to Thyrnau that Guntram was perfectly acquainted with the melancholy history of his master; knew of his marriage also and of its fearful termination, although unconscious of who had been the wife of his unhappy master. "God knows, sir," pursued he, "whether the likeness formerly shewed itself so strong in the boy, or whether, foolish fellow that I am! I must first see him beside the dear, gracious gentleman; but this is

certain, that it was never clear to me before. Nevertheless, I used often to look at him and wonder whom he resembled. Mrs. Mora, however, never shewed herself to me, but Mrs. Bábili assured me that these children neither belonged to her nor to her family.

“Mrs. Mora has vanished since the day when the children entered the Princess Morani’s house, but some way I always fancy she will make her appearance again, and clear all these things up, for she is the only one who can.”

Thomas Thyrnau had long been of the same opinion, and now dismissed Guntram, as he still awaited the Prince that night.

Both were much agitated when they met, and the little light which Guntram had been able to throw upon the affair did not discourage their excited hopes. The Prince now became so uncertain regarding many of his recollections, that he expressed a desire to visit the small country-seat which he had bought in order to protect the grave of the beloved victims. He remembered now that he had only found one grave,—that the dying servant had spoken of but *one* grave; and that he had either heard, or in his despair understood, that this one grave enclosed both the mother and her children.

“I know no other means of satisfying our inquiry,” said Thomas Thyrnau, “than that of having the vault opened; this would, at all events, assure us whether the grave contained one corpse only or three; but it will not prove that the children, whom that servant described as having died before their

mother, might not have been buried elsewhere."

"Besides the circumstance," said the Prince, "of my son having been christened Egon and my daughter Hedwiga, I have a dim recollection of having heard the name of Mora among the domestics."

"I also believe," observed Thyrnau, "that my daughter had such a person in her service during the time when she lived with Barbara in the country; but I am suspicious of our recollections, since our desire for the fulfilment of our presentiment makes us draw conclusions which, perhaps, far exceed probability. Lacy and his wife participate our hopes, and Lacy has suggested that we should make inquiries from my sister, Barbara, since it is possible that she may have possessed Mora's confidence."

Some difficulty to the Prince's immediate journey to the country-seat arose through the intelligence he had just received from his friend, the commanding officer at Prague, Baron von Prosegk, which was that the old Prince von S. had been struck with paralysis, and it was not yet known whether he would recover. "Prosegk writes me," pursued the Prince, "that the unhappy man has commanded this to be kept a profound secret. But only think," cried he, "if still at the last moment God should touch his heart, and he should wish to see me, when I have rendered our reconciliation impossible."

Thyrnau suppressed his conviction of the unlikelihood of this case, in order not to wound the son whose heart ever sought to retain this hope.

He, therefore, counselled him to await further intelligence, which would certainly not be long in reaching him, as the whole land, with but few exceptions, looked up to their Hereditary Prince with love and hope.

“But do not think,” pursued Thyrnau, “even if this fine lad be thy son, and thou should be at liberty to do with him what thou wilt, of presenting him to thy subjects as their future ruler. His mother cannot now be raised to a rank which would render him legitimate; thy subjects would not receive him as thy successor, and the most fearful discord would arise. Once more, I say to thee thou must marry and present thy land with an heir born of a mother of exalted rank; this is thy duty, and,” pursued he, smiling, “thou art now less opposed than formerly to my acting as thy negotiator with the bride!”

“So little, indeed, am I opposed to this,” returned the Prince, tenderly pressing his hand, “that with thy permission, I will to-morrow myself act the wooer?”

The next day the Prince despatched a messenger with a letter to his friend Baron von Prosegk, and at the conclusion besought him to leave Cornet Egon with him, as he was desirous of placing him as lieutenant in his own regiment.

“Be he who he may, I will not part again with him!” said the Prince to Thyrnau. Now followed a long interview with the Princess, who had appeared at breakfast. He disclosed to her all earlier connexions with which she was already a

quainted, but which she willingly again heard him speak of, and at length besought her hand.

With noble candour she consented, and now with deep emotion on her side made a confession of her past life. "By this confession," said she, "I free myself of the burden of my former follies, and," added she, with the sweetest smile, "you may blame me very severely if they should ever occur again."

They were now betrothed! The early betrothed — the long separated! they were very happy.

Lacy had proposed that they should send for Hedwiga, seeing that the Prince was unable to leave Bohemia, but Claudia rather objected to this proposal, suggesting whether, after all, Hedwiga's presence would confirm more than what they already knew — that she was Egon's sister. The Countess did not wish to remove her from the quiet of the school where she was pursuing her necessary studies, and the sojourn of the Prince at Karlstein being so uncertain, all soon concurred in Claudia's opinion. The letters to Barbara and to Mrs. Bábili, desiring them to search after Mora, were despatched, and their replies must be received before further steps could be taken.

The Prince was soon recalled to Prague by his military duties, whither Count Matthias attended him as adjutant, Egon as lieutenant.

Lacy now devoted his whole soul to Thyrnau's great work, and laboured with all the more zeal, as he no longer desired to spend the winter at Karlstein, Claudia having confided a hope to him which made the comforts of their own home neces-

sary for her on the approach of winter. After Thyrnau had learned this intelligence, he seconded him in all his plans, and was still more firm in his refusal to gratify his young friend's inquiries upon a certain point. But it was now, for the first time, that he felt Magda's happiness and fortune were irrevocably lost, and he was astonished to find that, spite of his candour with himself, he had nevertheless kept the secret hope in reserve. Magda was now no longer unhappy, she felt no real loss whilst Lacy was present, and gradually an unrestrained intercourse had arisen between them in the society of others. To see and hear him, and to feel certain of his sympathy, was all she desired, and she said to her grandfather that now all was as she desired, they were not separated from Lacy, but near to him; all formed one family.

He did not disturb her happiness, but with what anxiety did he look forward to the time when Lacy would leave her, and she would learn the mighty difference there was between her and Claudia's connexion with him! But he must not alone regard Magda's fate, he feared that Lacy was in equal danger. "Oh, my God! mayst Thou guide all things with Thy fatherly goodness, and teach me which paths lead to virtue!" was the termination of his anxious meditation.

Meanwhile, the Empress had despatched the most gracious announcement of her consent to the Princess Therese's betrothal, but at the same time required her to return to the court at Vienna until after the celebration of her marriage. The Princess

was obliged to comply with this command, which she did all the more willingly as she hoped the Prince would soon be summoned likewise to Vienna.

Thus the gay life led for the few months of this beautiful summer by these distinguished persons, who in such an unusual manner had been here united, gradually ceased, and at length Claudia and Magda found themselves the only ladies, their society consisting of Thyrnau, Lacy, and Trautsohn ; Podiebrad, after the departure of his princely guests, having again retired into his haughty solitude.

CHAPTER IX.

WE now find the land in which the events of our story have hitherto developed themselves agitated by the breaking out of the memorable Seven Years' War; and although it does not accord with the task which we have given ourselves in this story, to cut up the great historical tableau to the small dimension of a romantic tale, yet it will be impossible for us to continue our narrative without having reference to the war which, of necessity, must have had an influence upon the existence of every one who was near the theatre of its operations.

Thyrnau and Lacy remained, spite of their apparent retirement, well informed of what took place; and Thyrnau doubted not but that Frederick the Second would begin the war, as he really had no better allies than the unresolved mass of his enemies, which, however gigantic their united forces against him might have been, still were deficient in that which would have been their supremest advantage,—a united will. Not unlike the great giant snake when it lies with its body distended from plundered flocks,

its power annihilated by the very means which betokens its strength, thus lay the encumbered allies, checked in their movements, trusting with indolent pride to their outward strength, and deferring the moment of attack or of defence or overlooking its importance. The exclamation of the great Empress, the only person, perhaps, who could have governed these masses, and brought them into activity at the right moment, "Oh, that I were a man!" was often uttered by her heart at this portentous period.

From the very first she had a presentiment of what so daring a hero as Frederick the Second would accomplish, and she felt that hers was the mind which was able also to counteract the warrior.

The apparent neutrality of Saxony deceived not Frederick the Second. The measures which policy at that time considered allowable had opened to the great king a view into the archives of the Saxon cabinet, and he lost not a moment in deliberating on the immediate punishment of the meditated but not determined hostile intentions of Saxony, and thus opened the bloody Seven Years' War with the victorious inroad on Saxony and the conquest of Dresden.

History has described to us the tremendous commotion which this hasty action of the hero-king spread through Europe. A cry of horror and of wrath resounded in a long peal.

But the great power of genius is this — to act where others consider, to see through every difficulty, and to know and seize upon the true time for be-

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"It is our Empress alone which fills my heart with pain," said Lacy, "for she stands opposed to him who alone is worthy to stand by her side, and say what you will about the exception which policy permits to truth, with her a lie can never become sacred; neither her understanding nor her heart deceive themselves, and yet if she pursue this course, her heart closes, and she perhaps may be the only one to whom may attach the stain of this bold king's transaction, for she would feel it as such, and would always regard that advantage as small which was gained by treachery."

"These sentiments are mine," said Thyrnau; "and we may thank her mind which has published these noble opinions for being, perhaps, a hundred years in advance of its age; or rather," added he, smiling, "we may thank Kaunitz, who made these declarations, and which she permitted where she herself will not act. Yet just consider, my friend, if this Dresden affair is a pleasant and necessary beginning to the King's undertakings, still Saxony is to him only the road to Bohemia and Moravia, and we need have no doubt about his being here before our friends. He is already with the camp at Pirna, and he will soon have finished there; and there the sword will not have much to do, for, if the object had been to introduce, in the shortest given time, famine into a camp, the conduct pursued at Pirna might have been taken as an example! Believe me he has already laughed at

this in Dresden, and we shall soon have him nearer to us. Think now about your wife taking a long and difficult journey before the enemy is on her heels."

"And thou, my old friend?" cried Lacy, and Thyrnau felt in the tone how the thought agitated him, "and Magda, shall I leave you in a fortress without defence, and only kept by these fantastical fools?"

"Do not abuse my Karlstein and its commander," said Thyrnau, laughing. "The Prussians have views very different to that of besieging Karlstein, and the old fortress is, after all, strong enough to resist an attack, and I would answer for Podiebrad being such an undoubtedly bold heart, that he would permit himself to be buried under the ruins rather than give up the defence as long as one man lived. Confess," added he, as Lacy remained silent, "that thou hast thought the same!"

"My great consolation," replied Lacy, "is that King Frederick will be of thy opinion, and would hardly break up his forces for the conquest of Karlstein. And yet separation at such a time is fateful."

"Pah!" said Thyrnau; "neither more nor less than when we part at night for our different tower-chambers. We have neither the next moment, nor the next year in our power, and that keeps my mind fresh. Thou thinkest me quite a pagan, I know," added he, smiling; "but of this be certain, an immovable belief exists in me that we are all

here united for some great purpose that will be accomplished beyond the limits of this beautiful life; that our spirit comes thence, and our knowledge is only of value inasmuch as our conviction of that becomes firm. See, my son, life is to me a glorious accomplishment! I have known it with its supremest happiness, with its holy sufferings. I have gone through the combat with my passions; I have known the torments of petty adversities which must be borne quietly—the bitter cup of life, where the wickedness and the depravity of mankind poison our hours and derange our best plans. But the power which God has implanted in my soul, has made me capable of feeling a wonderfully deep and inward compassion for all these states. I—I belong to them all. I am a [part of them, whatever may be their errors! Ill-will, and bitterness, that offspring of darkness and self-deceit, which only leads to isolation, in which at length the heart becomes hardened, and arrogance increases. Oh, by this means how far were these enemies of man removed! Often have I lain, like a shipwrecked man cast up by the sea which had swallowed up his best possession, on the desolate shore, and when I awoke from unconsciousness I found myself abandoned and bereft of all. But the strong-minded suffers not long; and the spirit to which he looks up from his deep bereavement consoles the patient mourner! Ha! when we for the first time feel that we, newborn, can offer to life yet other powers than those which we have just lost, how rich, how great, how

divinely beautiful, becomes the world to us, in which, as in a temple of God, we advance onward, and in which our steps become ever firmer, because we learn to forget ourselves and our petty interests, and place the goal of our desires no longer upon this earth."

"Oh, Thyrnau!" said Lacy, with emotion.

"Hush!" returned he. "But thou who yet standest as it were in the porch of life, promise me never to think meanly of life! Never to exalt thyself above thy brethren; never to measure thy virtues against their errors and mistakes. Thou art, without doubt, in the most dangerous of by-ways if thou detect one or the other in thyself. Thou hast become remiss, and hast fallen into sensual inactivity if thou despise life. Thou hast fallen into arrogant self-deceit if thou look down disparagingly on thy brethren; and thy virtues will be nothing else but stiff-necked obduracy which makes thee blind, so that, if thou stand erect to-day, thou wilt to-morrow fall, and because of this blindness! Oh! I tell thee, no man has any right to deplore over that which he has to bear, for an honest examination shews how great is our own part therein. No event can excuse bitterness of feeling, for it is the sorrowful sign that we are far from God. And for what does man become old, if it be not at length that he may come into spiritual harmony with all his circumstances, and release himself from oppressive, material communion with that which misled his youth, and gave birth to inconsiderate deeds

and deceitful wishes. Thus, at length, is the gold vein released from the hard stone which locked it in its bosom."

"Neither will life be all sunshine to me," said Lacy, gravely; "and of this be sure I will present a courageous brow to its storms. I have already borne—more, perhaps, because my hair is not grey. But the strength, the knowledge which is given to me, is given by the spirit upon which I call, for I myself am too feeble; and the strength which I receive is the true strength, because it diffuses peace in me and around me. We have a great enemy in our imagination; the heart is in league with it; they have both of them much to say, and, if we listen to them both, the first is the stronger. She dresses up the secrets of the heart like irresistible images, which take us captive, and the betrayed heart is no longer her own mistress! But I long since knew this softly insinuating power, and set my foot upon it as on a poisonous worm.

"Oh, Thyrnau, there are many things, as ambition, hatred, revenge, to which it is easy to make a manly resistance—but to resist the person who seizes upon you by the charm of his virtues, whose image bears the stamp of God, to whom, with entire justice, you would admiringly resign yourself; to withstand that person, when with his image he occupies your imagination, and, like your shadow, reminds you every where of your dearest self—him to withstand, because you *must* do so—that is a gigantic labour, and the strongest may grow weary in such a combat."

After a pause, Thyrnau with a glowing countenance

“ Watch and pray ! ”

They then parted.

At this time Claudia's For hours she remained in was almost always with Claudia's most urgent part into the fresh air. Lacy be confine herself so much w daily with his wife, and w she returned. Magda and consent, appeared to avo sadness seemed to have s each. They but seldom before long, however, they which again drew them c this was their love and anxi

Letters from the Prince that Guntram had receiv telligence of Mora ; and, al Prince his father was raj sides came to them rumour Podiebrad, as is said of season for the blossoming began to work and to foar Karlstein in order for a sieg

After a long councillin after many a sleepless nig document, which was to be War in Vienna ; and, as he of the older officers would l

defence of Karlstein, and as none had replaced Thurn or Pasterau, he elevated, in a privy session, his Serene Highness von Trautsohn to the honour of adjutant, and announced this to him in public, with instructions to convey this important rescript to Vienna, with the before-mentioned announcement to his Excellency the Commander-General Brown, who headed the army for Bohemia.

“What have I told thee?” said Thyrnau, laughing, to Lacy, as Trautsohn came mournfully to take leave of his friends; “this old falcon will defend his nest. In case of need we shall see Podiebrad, mounted on his good steed, with drawn sword in his hand, at the gate of his impregnable fortress, challenging to combat all who may dare to approach it with any hostile intentions!”

Trautsohn, on the contrary, was but little inclined for mirth; his heartfelt tenderness for Magda, who of late had avoided meeting with him, had acquired a sort of passionate solemnity, and he thought of nothing but of war, defeat, defence for life or death, in which he hoped to die at Magda's feet, or at least to free her out of great danger, and thereby to touch her heart, and win her to himself again. The inglorious, nay perhaps the laughable errand of his uncle was, therefore, to him a thunder-stroke, and it required much time, and some resolution, to compel himself to obedience which he dared not refuse. In order, therefore, not to sever himself from his desires for Magda, he determined, also, that this journey should subserve his plans for the future, and that, through Kaunitz or the Princess

There, he would solicit an audience with the Empress, and at once beseech of her to elevate Magda to his own rank, so that, when he should obtain his company, he might be able to obtain her hand without the opposition of his proud family. He collected, therefore, as many letters to the Princess as his friends in Karlstein would give him, and requested, also, a letter from Lacy to Kaunitz, from whose interposition, seeing that he knew Magda, he expected a great deal. This made the journey endurable to him; and at last his mood was even cheerful, and Magda had a great deal to endure from his confused speeches, which, being full of hints, were wholly unintelligible to her.

“Good Heavens, Trautsohn!” at length she exclaimed, “do get a clear head for thy journey, for such foolish nonsense thou never talkedst of as now, and I can no longer recognise thee, who otherwise art such a dear, reasonable creature!”

“Some time or other thou wilt know why I only tell thee half now,” returned he, merrily, “and then thou wilt see that, exactly for thy own sake, it could not be clearer; but when thou thinkest of me, then think of me with kindness, and when I come back, when think that, let me have experienced whatever I may of happiness and prosperity, the sight of thee will outweigh every thing, for no one loves thee better than I do!”

“Oh, yes,” said Magda, “my grandfather loves me a deal better than thou, and I love him more than thee, although thou art a very good fellow, and deserving to be loved! Otherwise truly thou art

right." Her voice died away, and hot tears filled her eyes.

With this poor Trautsohn's adieu was ended with Magda, for she gave him her hand to kiss, and then rushed away to hide her tears, which, however, had not reference to Trautsohn, but to that wayward sadness which of late had hung heavy on her heart. But the poor youth, who had no idea of the cause, said to her, as she turned away, in quite a determined voice, "Wait only, good Magda, till I have my company, and till we are married, and thou art in possession of all my castles and beautiful estates, then thou wilt soon learn that I love thee better than thy old grandfather, as sure as my name is George Trautsohn! Thou shalt never weep then, but laugh and be merry the live-long day!"

This resolution consoled him very much, and he set off the same day in good humour with himself and all the world.

The summer went on. Lacy was devoted to his wife; no wish of her heart remained ungratified, and she gave herself fully up to the magic of receiving so many proofs of love from the being whom most of all in the world she loved. She believed in the truth of his affection for her, for she had a noble heart. If she had no doubt but that he might have felt the youthful poetical happiness of love for Magda, still she knew that he perhaps loved her with the same affection with which he had wooed her, and she might dare to say, that she had done nothing to decrease this love; she had made it easy for him to preserve it! Thus did this connexion con-

time free from mistrust. Lacy shewed to her as much affection as he could, and that was not little; nor did he ever gainsay or seem ashamed of these demonstrations by a cold or mistrustful word, which might make his honest heart a liar; and thus they both obtained what they ardently longed for—confidence in their happiness.

What Lacy had next to determine upon was Claudia's journey, and the comfortably establishing her in his beautiful palace at Prague, for the physician who had been called in on her account declared positively, that the longer journey to Vienna could not be thought of in the then state of her health.

The day of their departure came, and the carriage which conveyed them away was now gone. Magda stood in the balcony, looking along the high-road towards Prague. Her eye caught the figure of an old peasant woman which stood opposite, and who seemed to wave a white handkerchief to her. She endeavoured in vain to recognise the woman from the height at which she stood, and yet there seemed something familiar to her in her appearance. Suddenly the woman fell upon her knees, and raised her hands beseechingly; this determined Magda, and hastening down, she met with Bezo in the court. Him she took with her to Mother Grimschütz; and obtaining from her a basket of provisions and wine, hastened to the spot where she had seen the woman, and whom she supposed to be suffering from hunger.

In a thicket of young birch-trees they found the poor woman cowering together; Magda saw that

her suspicions were just, and, spite of the visible traces of misery and want, she recognised in her at once Mora, the faithful nurse of Egon and Hedwiga.

“Oh!” cried Magda, transported with joy and surprise, “what angel has sent thee back to us? Mora! Mora! how needful art thou to us! How have we been endeavouring to obtain traces of thee, and have been so unhappy that it was in vain! Oh, speak, poor Mora; where hast thou been so long, and why has it gone so ill with thee as I plainly see it has?”

“Ah, Magda,” said the poor woman, sobbing, “I knew well that I was needful, but that wicked man knew it also; that was a misfortune, and therefore thou seest me in this misery before thee as a beggar and half famished.”

“Half famished!” cried Magda. “Great God, how dreadful! But eat now,” said she, placing before her bread and the whole contents of Bezo’s basket,—“eat, poor Mora, and drink, and then thou shalt go with me and have plenty; I will nurse thee myself, and my grandfather will do all for thee!”

“No, Magda,” said Mora, “thus cannot I present myself to thy grandfather, to him who knows me well, and to whom I have something important to say. Give me first of all to eat!”

Mora ate and drank, and was refreshed. She refused, however, to see Thomas Thyrnau in the condition in which she then was.

“Thou must enable me to look like a human

being," said she, "before I meet thy grandfather; for the misery through which I have gone, and have not deserved, makes people shun me."

Magda knew the proud, inflexible character of Mora so well that she did not oppose her; she resolved to indulge all her wishes.

Mora was introduced into the Nicholas-tower. Sleep, food, water, were fully enjoyed by her, and decent clothing was provided. Thomas Thyrnau was informed by Magda of the arrival of so important a personage. After Mora's first long rest she awoke greatly refreshed; Magda sat with her that evening, and prayed her to satisfy her curiosity regarding the parentage of the children.

"I will tell thee all," said Mora. "For this I am come. The young Prince von S. is their father, and they are the grandchildren of Thomas Thyrnau!"

Magda uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Be silent," said the old woman. "I will tell all that I know. I have never been any thing but a poor woman, but I once belonged to the household of thy grandfather; and when thy aunt, the beautiful Lucretia, was secretly married to the young Prince von S., and left the house of old Thyrnau, who was then from home, as I had come by chance to know all about it, I prayed her to take me with her, for I loved the beautiful angel better than my life!"

Magda here interrupted her in the greatest astonishment. She had now obtained a key to the whole history of the connexion between her grandfather and the Prince, and to his obstinate silence when-

ever the conversation turned upon Lucretia. Mora then continued to relate to her the death of Lucretia's first child, a girl, of the preservation of Egon, and then of the birth of Hedwiga, and, lastly, of the horrible catastrophe of Lucretia's death.

“That disgusting old gentleman had fallen in love with thy aunt,” said she; “and he had people in his service who were ready for any wickedness that he devised. However much poor Lucretia kept herself in concealment, he had found out where she was. Ah! never shall I forget that dreadful day, when he first, all unexpectedly, entered into the little garden-parlour where the children were! How heavy I must make thy heart! Although I went out of the room with the children, I heard what the poor mother had to suffer, how shamefully he called her, and desired that she should return his wicked love. But, as she repelled all this with abhorrence, he threatened her with his revenge, and told her that he would give her fourteen days to consider of his proposals, after which time he would return, when she need not hope to escape from him by flight. Ah! flight was not to be thought of; Egon that same night sickened of the measles, and so the unfortunate mother nursed the child. War was raging at that time, and she knew not where the Prince was; and her messengers, those, at least, which she sent to the army in which he was, brought word back, that he had gone off with a detachment, nobody knew where. Thy grandfather was in Paris, and all the other relations in Bohemia were separated from her by war.

“The horrible day came already like a corpse, she saw him. I kept near; because he could easily murder her with his sword, just like a holy angel, even a saint. But he, when he saw that his efforts were in vain, and that she did not detest him, fell into the trap. If I had not rushed into the trap, I would have murdered her. He cursed his children, and swore that he would take his horrible revenge, let her have her wish.”

“From that time was the world broken; she expected her death from the people about her except her.”

“‘Ah!’ said she often, ‘he has already had the death of me. I should have been the death of me.’”

“She was right.”

“He determined to kill her. Mora; “the gardener was the man which he one day brought to the city since the death of the first man suspicious, and always kept in the hand of Providence, that they were playing with their little dog and yet in this case it was the hand of Providence, that they gave him some of it to play with and soon after, foaming round in circles, and then they heard a cry in the next

children were both sick and deadly pale ; and, as I was bending over them full of despair, I heard not the bell with which thy aunt summoned me to her. She then staggered into the room, her countenance was awfully distorted. ‘Mora!’ she stammered, ‘the fruit was poisoned! I die!—save the children!’

“Her already closing eyes saw what was passing, and it hastened her end. Let me hurry on ; such horrible misfortunes are not fit for young ears! Her corpse lay before the children, who were suffering greatly ; we had only an old servant, I could get no help. The children were deadly sick, and that was of the mercy of God, and saved their lives!

“At length, when the children had fallen into a sleep, which convinced me that their lives were saved, I took the resolve of flying with them, and destroying, as much as possible, all trace of their existence. I went to the old sick servant, whom I knew to be honest, and told him that all three were dead in consequence of eating poisoned fruit, and that now he must help me to bury them, for I did not wish to have their bodies ill-used. He left his bed, and we spent half the night in digging a grave. When it seemed to me deep enough, I went back to the house, wrapped the corpse of the poor mother in the coverlet of the bed, giving it out to him that the corpses of the children were there also. When we had done all this, and, as far as we were able, had concealed the grave with turfs, I conducted the old servant back to his bed, and after I had got a little girl out of the neighbourhood to

nurse him and put every thing by, together with a little money which I slipped into his hand, I went about my own great work, which the remainder of the night would aid me in accomplishing. I made up as large a bundle as I thought I could carry, hid about me all the money I could find, and then woke the wearied children, packed Hedwiga in a wicker-basket, which I carried on my back, and took Egon by the hand.

“Through what a school of misery did we pass! But of that I say nothing. I wanted to go to the Hereditary Prince; I knew that he was in Vienna with the Emperor: time went on; at length I reached Vienna. Thou knowest how Bábili found us. The Hereditary Prince was in Italy. I thought now of nothing but how to conceal the children; I saw in every body only spies of the terrible man who would rob me of them or murder them.”

“But,” cried Magda, who had heard this mournful history with tears, “why didst thou not reveal thyself to Barbara, the good great-aunt of these children?”

“Barbara knew me not, nor did I know her. I belonged to the estate where she dwelt but for a short time with Lucretia, and first came as kitchen-maid to the house, at the time when Mrs. Hülshofen was gone to Prague, at the time when thou and thy mother lay ill of the small-pox. At one time I felt so much confidence in her, that I said to her that she must help me in the care of the children’s education, that they were of high birth, but that a deep mystery involved their fate. She did, to be sure,

that which I asked her to do, but she had a proud, scornful manner towards every thing that was mysterious ; she looked, I fancied, still more haughtily than ever upon the poor children. That put an end to my confidence, which was not at any time easily excited, and I did not wish that the children should have to thank her for any thing. After that, I once heard thee mention thy grandfather, and I could not help thinking it might, perhaps, be the same who was the grandfather of my poor orphans ; yet still I would not pray for protection from him as they had their own rightful father, who was more powerful than all ; and besides I did not know what the old gentleman might think about the children, seeing that he had disapproved of the marriage,—and to have seen them despised, and me perhaps sent away, taken among other people who would have treated them unkindly—that I could not have endured ! and yet I should have had no right to have prevented it, if they had been taken by one of their relations.

“ Then came the time when the Princess Morani and Count Lacy made their friendly offers. This I considered befitting for the children, and I gave them up, firmly resolving, as soon as I knew them to be in safety, to return to the Princedom of S., and to seek for the Hereditary Prince myself.

“ But, as it always happens to poor folks—it needs a great deal for them to avoid misfortune—I was too simple to see the danger into which I went,—I thought by this time that wicked man must have forgotten the poor woman : but it was not

so. Inconsiderately I wandered about the castle, for every body was saying at this time that the young Prince was expected. I saw him not; but the old fellow had a window through which he listened, half-hidden by a curtain, to all that went on. And there had I, poor, stupid woman! placed myself, and he pondered so long upon my daily return and inquiries, and my strange behaviour, until at last he knew me. I was then decoyed into the castle, and as I with this inquired again for the young Prince, I was suddenly conducted to the old man. That was a horrible meeting! I was nothing but a poor, mean woman, and he a rich, powerful prince; but, for all that, he stood there the meaner of the two, and was forced to bear seeing me hide my face in abhorrence before him, and tell him 'that God's lightnings of retribution would strike him yet!' I then collected myself, and determined not to betray to him that the children still lived, not even if he put me to the rack. But I had nothing to fear; they who had served him had, for the reward's sake, represented to him that all had succeeded. He believed them all to be resting in one grave."

Mora then related that she had been subjected to the most rigorous imprisonment in the castle, that she had escaped, and had suffered incredible hardships whilst secreting herself in forests and caves. In one village the news of the old Prince's illness met her, in a second that of his death. She now ventured to present herself openly, and again returned towards the capital to await the arrival

of his son. But here she was met by a party of ruffians from S., who had been sent in pursuit of her; the old Prince was not dead, and again she fled for her life. She now travelled only by night, and, through untold difficulty and hardship, she reached Bohemia. Here she learned that the young Prince von S. was in Prague; thither she went only to learn that he was at Karlstein. To Karlstein therefore she came; her strength was exhausted, she believed herself ready to die. She lay down in the wood in despair, and thought that her secret would die with her. Awaking, as from a swoon, she lifted her eyes to the tower of the fortress, and saw a figure which she recognised as Magda; hope revived within her, and a voice seemed to say, "There is thy protector!" She made her signal, and Magda came to her side.

It is, perhaps, almost needless to say how warm a welcome Mora received, both from Thomas Thyrnau and the Prince, who came over from Prague to see her. Her narrative was carefully taken down, and authentic news having arrived of the death of the old Prince von S., all difficulties and impediments seemed at once to be removed out of the way.

CHAPTER X.

THE unfortunate battle of the fifteenth of October, in which Field-marshal Brown was wounded and conveyed to Prague, terminated the campaign of this year and relieved the Prince von S. from active service. This being the case, he seized with energy the reins of government, and that more willingly because the Empress, who had become greatly attached to him, would allow neither him nor any one else to neglect their duties as rulers. He summoned, therefore, to his court his most distinguished subjects; and, in unison with his ministers and councillors, formed a convention agreeably with his views.

He opened this with great solemnity, and in a clear explanation of his connexion with his country, nobly sparing his father, he revealed his own private circumstances so far as they had reference thereto. He declared his first marriage with Lucretia Thyrnau; he laid the ecclesiastical record of this marriage before them, and had it confirmed by the

clergyman, who still was living, and who was summoned there for this purpose.

Without revealing the sorrowful manner in which his father was concerned in this affair, he announced, with great emotion, to the assembly the death of his wife, and, at the same time, that God had given him children by this marriage, who were educated conformably with their rank.

Further, he made known to his faithful subjects his betrothal with the Princess of D., and his intention, before the re-commencement of the war, of being married to her with that degree of privacy which the decease of his father and the mourning of the country demanded. He remarked here, that this marriage should be closed with the words, "After the decease of his first lawful wife, Lucretia Thyrnau, again married to her serene highness the Princess Therese of D." Egon and Hedwiga, his legitimate children, were to be elevated to the rank of counts, with the title of noble, it being left to himself to endow them as he thought well. The rank of these children should be subservient to those of the second marriage; and only in case of this marriage remaining without heirs should this, the eldest legitimate son, Egon, have any claim to the right of succession, which should be regularly authorised by the imperial sanction. From undying reverence and love to his deceased wife, these, his beloved children, should bear the name of their mother, and through them should a new race be founded as Counts von Thyrnau. All these decisions had, through the favour of the Emperor and

Empress, received entire legal validity, and being communicated to his faithful subjects, a document, containing them, should be signed by all present and preserved in the archives of the country, and thereby it should not merely become valid, but all who signed it should be obliged to maintain it in case of any unlooked-for opposition.

This declaration, which was made with the calm certainty of a firm resolve, excited not alone no opposition, but the greatest sympathy and the most lively endeavour to second these communications with as much devotion as possible. The deceased prince had enjoyed the esteem of no one, and his unnatural and cruel behaviour towards his virtuous wife, and then to his son, had excited the most universal dislike, and it was a natural consequence of this that the young man's secret marriage, of which many had heard, was easily excused by them. They looked upon the affection with which the Prince regarded this connexion, now ended by death, as one of the highest proofs of his honourable feeling, and were all the more willing to gratify him, as the announced betrothal with the Princess Therese left them no reason to fear the want of legitimate heirs.

The Prince immediately sent a draught of this document to his now openly acknowledged father-in-law, Thomas Thyrnau. At the same time he sent for Egon, and, after he had communicated to him what had taken place, he presented him to the above-mentioned convocation as his son, the noble Count of Thyrnau.

These duties being ended, which seemed to the heart of the Prince a tribute, without paying which he believed he could never be joyful in his new position, he set himself about becoming acquainted with the present condition of the country, in which it was a consolation to him to find at least that his unfortunate father had been an excellent manager, inasmuch as he had placed business, in all cases, in good and experienced hands; and spite of the misery which the war of the larger states of necessity spread over the lesser dominions lying within their district, he found the treasury supplied beyond his expectation.

After he had arranged all that was needful, he sent Egon to his grandfather, whose name he now bore, and hastened with all speed to Vienna to his princely bride.

Although the Empress, as was universally known, was oppressed by great and heavy cares, the effect of which was not to be mistaken in her somewhat altered exterior, still she was so perfectly possessed of the great quality of the monarch, that she was able to give unabated attention to whatever affairs came to her knowledge, and never permitted her distressed state of mind to have any influence upon them.

Both she and her husband received the Prince with the greatest kindness, and both of them listened with interest and attention to the relation of his earlier connexions, and to his wishes relative to them; and in the end promised to second, by their supreme authority, the resolves to which, as an in-

dependent prince, he had come, and which accorded with every thing that candour and good feeling could require, and to command such ratification as was necessary.

His next step was to obtain the consent of the Princess to their speedy and, considering all circumstances, unostentatious marriage.

It did not accord with the candid character of the Princess to oppose the well-grounded wishes of the Prince by petty considerations. His meeting again with her was very affecting and infinitely consolatory and happy, from the fulness of love with which his bride received him,—her delight in his children,—in the affection with which he still remembered his late wife; all this was true in her, and the Prince felt it to be so. It was to her a triumph that Thyrnau had in this respect satisfaction, although late, and she determined, on her wedding-day, to beseech, as a favour, from the Empress, that he should be fully acquitted, or at least set free from Karlstein. Nothing seemed to her more natural or more agreeable than that he and Magda should be placed within their principedom. The Prince was delighted with the plan, and left her to request from the Empress the naming of the day, and permission that the ceremony might take place in any church which she would mention, and with as much privacy as possible. The Empress, full of regard for the Prince, selected the church of St. Stephen, and the time immediately after matins, and proposed herself and her husband as witnesses of this holy ceremony.

The evening before it took place she had a large party, and the marriage-eve was tacitly celebrated; all knew of it, but no one spoke of it. On this evening she was most gracious and kind; and after she had left the card-tables, she assembled in her little boudoir a few persons, among whom, besides the bridal pair, her husband and Kaunitz, was the young Prince von Trautsohn, who, to his unmeasured vexation and for reasons unknown to him, was still detained in Vienna, whilst the noble Count von Podiebrad had long ago received for answer, "That the empire had now much more important demands for its revenues than the defence of a castle now no longer used as a fortress, which no one would attack. The Empress had, therefore, determined to give up the possession of it, together with all its revenues, to the Female Convent in Prague for its property; and at present nothing was needed but to see that this was accomplished."

Trautsohn knew nothing of this reply, and just as little did he know that the Empress was treating with his guardian for his entering the army; Trautsohn had made so little of a secret with the Empress regarding his intentions towards Magda, and his romantic proposals for her assistance, that she determined the enamoured youth should see something of life and the dissipations and troubles of war, and afterwards with better knowledge see what of these his views remained.

Generally speaking, she was wholly averse to such unequal marriages; but still she could not deny the extraordinary impression which this girl

had made upon her. She spoke of the whole meeting with Thomas Thyrnau and Magda as a romantic episode in her life, and perfectly understood and could excuse a lively youth like Trautsohn being thus affected by her.

The young Prince von Trautsohn had prayed the Empress that he might be permitted to wear a black crape round his arm, and that he might confide to her alone the cause. His countenance also, at this time, was peculiarly melancholy, and the Empress rallied him upon it.

"You wished to tell us," said she to him, "why you wore this token of mourning, and I will now listen to you."

The Empress smiled, and then, turning to them around her, said, "I have seldom had so many secrets with any one as with the young Prince. We must be always quite alone to hear his confessions; and brevity is not his fault on these occasions!"

"When an Empress is the mother of all her subjects," said the Princess, who, through the whole evening, was between laughing and crying, and as often as she could kissed the hand of the Empress, "she should not readily complain of this." The Princess could scarcely speak these words for tears, and the Empress, bending to her, kissed her, and said sweetly, "Neither will we, cousin, but merely beg of the young Prince to shew to our dearest friends as much confidence as to ourselves."

Trautsohn was kindled up by the behaviour of the Princess. He knelt and kissed the dress of the

Empress, and then said, "I will then! And I remember that the Prince and his bride knew and loved him, and they will honour his memory, which I beseech that his Excellency von Kaunitz will do likewise."

Kaunitz bowed somewhat ironically; the youth continued: "Matthias Count von Thurn fell in the last unfortunate battle of the fifteenth of October, by the side of Prince Piccolomini, after combating like a lion, and gave up his brave life pierced with ten wounds."

"Ha!" cried the Empress, sympathetically, "the youth was mentioned in the day's report with especial honour! You have reason to mourn for him, if he were your friend; we honour your grief, and will aid you by our grateful acknowledgment. Give us the crape rosette from your arm," continued she, with animation; "we have it no longer in our power to reward him, and will wear this rosette for this evening as an acknowledgment, which you can mention to his parents, if he have any."

Trautsohn knelt once more, and heavy tears rolled down his cheek, which no one saw, for all eyes were filled. Princess Therese took off the crape rosette from the arm of the youth, and fastened it to the left shoulder of the Empress.

"That shall be his monument," said Trautsohn, and gazed with enthusiasm at the Empress; "and now I will tell you all about him, and you all will honour him; and it will, besides this, shew to your majesty that I am not the only one who felt unto death that of which I spoke to your majesty."

"Listen to him!" said the Empress, almost beseechingly, turning to her husband.

"The parents of Matthias von Thurn died long since," continued Trautsohn; "he came when young to my uncle, the Count von Podiebrad, to Karlstein, for they were related. It needs a great deal to warp a naturally upright character; and he was, spite of his fanaticism, a glorious creature, reconciled to his position, and wholly devoted to it. Magda Matielli came to Karlstein, and from that time peace left him. It was as natural as the sun in heaven, that he could not see such a glorious girl without loving her, and yet, owing to certain twists which had been given to his mind, he regarded it as a sin in himself, and he could not have attempted more anxiously to escape from the Evil One than he did from this passion. And yet every day he experienced a fresh defeat, for he could not live without seeing her, even at a distance. I had a deal to bear with in him! I had good reason, as your majesty can easily guess—I could very well understand what he felt, and I wished, at least, to persuade him that his love for this angel was no sin. But the best thing for him was that the Prince von S. persuaded him to enter the army; his mind was there diverted, and I hoped that he might have been saved."

"Well," said the Empress, "that girl has caused a deal of mischief with her handsome face."

"God forgive those who let it turn to mischief!" exclaimed Trautsohn, "for they spoil the greatest blessing of their lives. I swear to your majesty,

that if I have her, or if I have her not, which God forbid! Magda will continue to be the happiness and the blessing of my whole life!"

"Trautsohn! Trautsohn!" exclaimed the Empress, smiling, "stop! stop! where are our secrets?"

"Well," said Trautsohn, "it is out at once, and so much the better! All whom your majesty here calls your friends know that miracle of a girl, and I will ask you every one, on your consciences, whether the princely crown of Trautsohn be not almost too small for Magda's angelic head? If I had not the heart in which I can confide, and which she herself has called good, how could I have had the courage to offer myself to her?"

All smiled well pleased, the illustrious pair the most kindly.

"Now," said the Empress, "that is what I call true love!"

"Ah," said Trautsohn, "and yet it is poor against Thurn's love! He loved her like a saint!—and bore upon his heart a relic, the only thing which he possessed of hers. This was taken from his cold, pierced bosom!"

He held forth a folded sheet of paper, and gave it to the Empress. It contained a few withered field-flowers, and upon it was written, "To Magda, after my death, the only memorial which I possess of her."

Trautsohn told how these flowers had been dropped by Magda in the chapel, and after that had rested on the heart of poor Matthias, until they had been taken from his corpse.

The Empress returned him the paper with a very grave countenance. Every one felt that she wished this should be treated with respect, and this was difficult to no one.

“Dost thou know, Trautsohn, that for the future Magda will be my niece?” said the Princess Therese to Trautsohn; “she is the niece of the first wife of the Prince von S., who was a daughter of Thomas Thyrnau.”

Trautsohn became crimson, and then looked very inquiringly at the Empress. As the Empress made no remark, he could no longer contain himself.

“See, your majesty,” said he, “we have already one foot in the stirrup; a little favour on your part cannot make it very difficult to concede just the little bit of nobility which is necessary for the Trautsohns.”

“My good Trautsohn,” said the Empress, “I was well acquainted with thy parents, and loved thy mother very much. That gives me the inclination, instead of her, to have a maternal oversight of thee. First of all, I will see both feet firmly in the stirrups, that is to say, thou shalt, first of all, endeavour to do something or other great in the world, and for that, alas! our poor country now gives much opportunity.”

“If your majesty will make a soldier of me in the open field, then you have won the gratitude for my soul by so doing; on Magda’s account also, for she requires something from people, and is not easily satisfied. It is so charming that she is the niece of the Prince von S.! and yet she will think

very little of it, just as little as she did of my princely rank ; and I may say it would be easier to woo a crowned head than Magda, who is always sufficient for herself."

All laughed at the tragical humour of the youth, and the Empress offered her hand to her husband, who conducted her to the supper-table.

The next morning after matins, the Count von Trautsohn, at that time Archbishop of Vienna, joined the hands of the betrothed in the Church of St. Stephen's.

The Princess Therese was driven thither by the side of the Empress, and the Prince enjoyed the same honour with the Emperor. The ceremony was witnessed only by Kaunitz, the first minister of the Prince, the brother of the Princess Therese, the young Prince von Trautsohn, the Countesses von Fuchs and Hautois, and, at the express wish of the bride, Mrs. Gutenberg, enveloped in grey silk and Brussels lace. When the ceremony was over, the illustrious party adjourned to the chapter-hall, where the parting was to take place, whilst the travelling-carriage waited before the door of the cathedral for the newly-married pair. After the usual congratulations, the Empress stepped with the bride behind a curtain, and Mrs. Gutenberg had here the great honour of taking off the diadem, and the rest of the apparel of state, and of putting her on the magnificent travelling-dress, which was a present from the Empress, and with which the Princess was astonished.

The illustrious lady was filled with maternal

kindness, and as the moment of parting approached, her emotion increased more and more; and the Princess, bursting into tears, threw herself, with all her passionate vivacity, at the feet of the Empress, and, in the most glowing words of gratitude, expressed her love, which almost reached to adoration.

The Empress embraced her with unusual tenderness, and repeated ever the words, "As long as I live thou hast a mother in me! Tell me, hast thou yet a wish?"

Then did the Princess Therese venture her prayer for the release of Thomas Thyrnau.

"It is beautiful of thee to think of him!" said the Empress; "for to-day thou must especially feel how much thou owest to him, for he in truth saved thee out of great danger. But have no anxiety on his account; he has been already cared for, and thou wilt find that I myself am only too much disposed to shew no severity towards him."

She then conducted the agitated Princess to the Prince von S., and after a general leave-taking the Empress, with her husband and attendants, left St Stephen's, and the travelling-carriage bore away the newly-married pair to their home.

CHAPTER XI.

It was with an exclamation of joy which was not to be suppressed that Magda, in February of the following year, 1757, received the tidings that the Empress had exchanged her grandfather's imprisonment in Karlstein for a residence in Prague, whither he was to remove as prisoner on his word of honour.

Thomas Thyrnau had intended to choose, according to his own wishes, his dwelling in Prague, but he found that his friends Claudia and Lacy had destined for him a part of the Wratislaw Palace; and on this they insisted with such friendly earnestness that refusal was impossible.

Claudia, with great danger to her own life, had given birth to a little daughter, and this gift of Heaven seemed to have diffused such an increased happiness—such a fulfilment of love between husband and wife, that Thyrnau could see nothing wanting to their earthly happiness. And yet Magda's arrival among them seemed to increase even this. She sat in the apartments of Claudia, who now, on account of the increased delicacy of her health, was confined to the house, with Lacy and

the happy mother rocking the cradle of the child and attending to its every wish.

Thus passed the winter amid household love and the intercourse of a small social circle, which, on account of Claudia's health, could not be increased.

The state of his wife's health filled Lacy with anxiety. Her recovery after the birth of her daughter appeared for a time complete, but now a short cough, which disturbed her nights, seemed to diminish the efficacy of medicine. The spring, from which all had hoped much, under these circumstances, was an unfavourable one; a cold wind kept back vegetation, and the invalid could scarcely be defended from its influence in her chamber. Magda, who devoted herself to nursing both mother and child, confided her fears of Claudia's condition, in this instance, to her grandfather. Neither was the child strong, and recovery and relapse operated injuriously upon the suffering mother. Lacy, on the contrary, seemed to avoid all avowal of Claudia's condition; he often drew favourable conclusions from that which made the others uneasy, and Magda left him willingly to his hopes—what good could the knowledge of the truth do?

In proportion as Claudia's physical health declined, did the beautiful, spiritual harmony of her inward being increase. With more heartfelt affection did she attach herself to Magda, who revealed her whole innocent heart, and exercised over her a beneficial influence, of which both were aware, for each had the highest opinion of the other.

In the middle of April the Countess was so much worse that she was confined to bed. Deep anxiety for her life was felt by all the inhabitants of the castle. At this very moment Thyrnau was summoned by the Empress to Vienna. She ordered him to repair thither in the profoundest *incognito*, and to take possession of the apartments formerly occupied by the Princess Therese, from which, in her moments of leisure, he could be summoned to make her acquainted with the progress of his labours.

Magda's wishes were, in part, accomplished. The Empress had summoned her grandfather to her; they would take counsel together; they would hear each other speak; they would understand each other.

“ Now will thy great work be accomplished with honour!” said Magda; “ now can I part from thee with pleasure. Besides, grandfather, how could I have gone with thee? how could I leave Claudia, who required me the whole day long—at least as a messenger between her and the child? and Lacy, how could he spare me, he who must be absent, and who only can find comfort in knowing that I am with them? Thank God! He who clothes the lily of the field has ordered all things for us!”

Thomas Thyrnau's departure was a great grief to Claudia. All strikingly saw with what foreboding she looked to the future when they witnessed her sorrow in parting with him.

Before he left Prague, she had a long conversation with him alone—a long and grave conversation.

After it the Countess, on that day, saw no one; and Thyrnau's head was bowed, and his countenance pale, which often were with him the only symptoms of great agitation of mind.

Thyrnau departed. Outward events looked neither peaceful nor tranquillising, and the approach of spring cost thousands of hearts heavy sighs, for the monster of war was merely fettered by the winter, and now with spring burst forth with renewed violence, and all eyes were turned upon Frederick the Great, who had withdrawn into winter quarters. Already, on the tenth of April, had war forced its way into Bohemia; on the one-and-twentieth of the month was fought the victorious battle of Reichenbach; and now, on the fourth of May, close to the city of Prague, the Austrian army was opposed to these troops accustomed to victory.

The inhabitants of Prague saw with indescribable emotion the unavoidable catastrophe of a battle at hand, which must of necessity involve them, and felt, alas! a well-grounded mistrust of the resistance which the victorious king would meet with, and this expectation gave rise to mournful terror.

The thunder of cannon woke the inhabitants of the capital on the morning of the sixth of May, the commencement of the decisive battle of Prague.

Although the commencement of the fight seemed unfavourable to the Prussians; the infantry, nay, even the grenadiers being beaten, and Frederick the Second losing his renowned general, Field-marshal Schwerin, then three-and-seventy years old, at the

very moment when he was again leading his regiment into action, still the watchful eye of the hero prince discovered the weak point of his enemy. The right wing of the Austrians separated themselves too far from the centre, in pursuing the enemy's right, and Frederick threw several regiments into the wide gap. This wing was pursued as far as Beneschau, and then compelled to throw themselves into Prague. Forty thousand men, with the Prince of Lorraine, and the mortally wounded Field-marshal Brown, were thus shut in the city.

The condition of Austria, after this day, was desperate. Bohemia was as good as lost; Moravia and Austria were menaced. There was nothing left to oppose to Frederick but the remnant of the defeated right wing; Daun's corps of from twenty to forty thousand men posted in Moravia, and the scattered recruits in the empire, which had not yet borne a musket. Notwithstanding this, troops were actively levied in Hungary and all the hereditary states, and thus, in four weeks, seventy thousand Austrians were assembled, and put under the command of Field-marshal Count Daun; and in this force lay the last strength—the last hopes of the monarchy.

In the meantime Prague was bombarded in a fearful manner by the Prussians, and so closely shut in that all approach to it was impossible. The fortifying of the city had, it is true, been thought of, but not the victualling of it; and the provision of which it was possessed was all the less effectual, as

the number of the inhabitants by forty thousand troops. tible in every article, and nor the rich, whose money for bread or meat.

Misery increased to a hausted soldier, the dishes with hunger and its contagion, saw their houses ruin, and the laboriously day afresh attacked by suffered want of nothing of ruin, hunger and sickness themselves despairingly against those as happy who fought. Before long the troops had Field-marshal Brown, summoned the men of Prague to add to the daily demons included the noble and among these the Countess, dressing this might before him.

The horrors of a battle whose cannon approached ended with the stormy had produced a violent Claudia, and especially the latter; so much so, a blood-vessel had taken had been stopped, and apprehended, still the in

her bed, and the fearful circumstances of the time made the repose necessary for her impossible.

This increase of danger, this accumulating misery seemed, instead of enfeebling Magda's mind, to give it power and stability to meet that woe which was no longer to be shunned. When a bomb-shell destroyed, without setting fire to that wing of the castle which her grandfather had inhabited, she threw herself on her knees, fervently thanking God that the beloved man was no longer with them, and then hastened out to enliven the terrified domestics with her courageous and strengthening words.

The male domestics were now under arms, and Lacy often, after night-service, came home so exhausted, that Magda began to fear for him also. The most awful famine was now felt in the family, and several of the female servants died; others left the house, not again to return; and many a human life was ended in the streets, either by the flying ball of the enemy or by sickness.

Before long there remained in the large and formerly animated Wratistlaw Palace only the nurse of the child, Mora, Bezo, and Magda, for Gertrude was already dead of rapid disease, and Gundula had not followed Magda to Prague, but had again taken charge of the Dohlen-nest.

Every day the condition of the Countess became more serious, and Magda and Mora devoted themselves to nursing her. But that which made their office so hopelessly difficult was, that no food which would have been nourishing to the sick woman was

to be obtained. Bread there was none, and the small store of flour in the house was doled out with miserly care by Mora, to make into small cakes for the Countess and the child's nurse. Milk there had been none for a long time, as every cow had been driven to the public slaughterhouse; and now no flesh-meat was to be had. Poor Bezo was of infinite service to them at this time. He often vanished for hours, and returned often weary to death, and bloody, but he always brought something with him, which his instinct had enabled him to discover,— a bird, an egg, or a few wood-berries. He was possessed of a wonderful talent in decoying the pigeons which often circled about the old city, either singly or in scattered flocks, to find out their dwellings from which they had been terrified by the horrible noise of the bombardment; and what a joy was a pigeon to the wholly exhausted means of poor Magda!

Lacy had at length confessed to Magda that he performed the duty of an officer. He never would take any thing from Magda's little household stores; he declared that he received out of the house the portion of a soldier; on the contrary, he would often bring with him food which he compelled her to eat in his presence. But, for all this, with what bitter pain did he see that she suffered daily, more and more, from want, without his being able to help her!

One evening Lacy and Magda, who had left Claudia for the night, walked out on the terrace together. The evening was mild and balmy, and the trees and flowers lay before them in deep repose

which a momentary pause in the attack on the city diffused over all.

“Magda,” said he, “I must go away this night, and perhaps may not return to-morrow. I must assist in maintaining a distant outpost, which is not very much exposed, but which may still prevent my return to-morrow. I feared that it would disturb Claudia’s rest if I told her—keep from her the tidings as long as thou canst.”

“Oh, Lacy!” said Magda, unable to restrain her emotion; and he understood the anguish of her voice.

“And thou!” exclaimed he, almost violently seizing her hand, — “thou must bear all! I do not spare thee, I cannot help thee—I see thee perishing, and cannot save thee!—I see thee in anxiety and danger, and can do nothing for thee!” His voice was agitated—he covered his face with his hands, and the long-suppressed agony of his heart found its way in tears.

They said no more; each clasped the other in a long embrace, and wept together. It was a long embrace, one which the purest angel of God might have witnessed. Lacy was gone, and when Magda recovered her full consciousness, the moon stood high above the terrace, and Mora was standing beside her.

“Are the others asleep?” asked Magda.

“Canst thou bear to hear of new sorrow?” inquired Mora, in a sorrowful voice, and without replying to her question.

"All sorrow is of God!" said Magda; "He will not lay more on us than we can bear."

"Hold fast by this belief," said Mora; "the child is dead."

A dull coldness seemed to go through Magda's heart—a cessation of suffering, a stupifying insensibility! She slowly went back to the castle, and passed the chamber of the dead child.

She and Mora sat in sorrowful, dull thought in the sleeping-room of Claudia. This charming boudoir was furnished in a luxurious style, which united magnificence with the most cultivated taste. Valuable paintings covered the gilded walls, beautiful groupes in marble stood in recesses; and exquisitely carved cabinets contained the implements of female occupation. And this palace, which had scarcely been inhabited nine months, and of which the general furnishing corresponded with this room, was now empty, and the few persons who remained there saw their death by famine at hand.

Neither Magda nor Mora spoke; sometimes they both of them slept; sometimes they awoke with a sudden horror which shook their nerves, an anguish from want of food, which paralysed their limbs and stupified their brain.

Towards morning, before sunrise, some one knocked at the door. Mora slowly rose to open it. The physician entered—he carried a small parcel in his hand, and sat down, for he too was exhausted. Magda went towards him, and told him, with an air of terrible indifference, what had happened. The

physician listened to her in silence — how much misery did he not witness! “It will cost the Countess her life,” said he, coldly.

Magda shuddered; she then felt that apathetic dullness again creep over her, and seated herself, without a word, beside him.

At length the sound of cannon rent the air.

“Have they begun again?” said the physician; “to-day will decide the fate of us all. Daun comes nearer—perhaps God will give him the victory, else we are all lost. Brown has sworn not to consent to the dishonourable conditions which were offered to him by the Prussian King when he would have given up poor Prague. Now to-day every one will press to the ramparts for a last resistance, and people say that Daun will at length give up his irresolution and offer battle to the King. Who, therefore, can survive to-day may, perhaps, hope! Magda,” said he, now raising himself up, “Lacy sends thee here his allowance for to-day — a comrade has shared his with him — he thinks that he shall have enough for to-day.

The physician unwrapped a large piece of hard bread. “He says,” continued he, “that thou hast yet wine—give me some, that I may take it back with me.”

“Yes,” said Magda, “now that the child is dead, thou mayst have it. I washed the child with it, and Claudia also, — but she too will soon be dead.”

She took, before she went to fetch the wine, a piece of the hard bread, which she swallowed eagerly. The physician looked at her sorrowfully—

when she was gone, he picked up a few crumbs which she had dropped, and swallowed them; he then fixed his eye so hungrily upon the bread, that at last, unable to resist the impulse, he broke off a piece. Magda came back with Mora and Bezo, to whom immediately she gave the bread. The physician drank a glass of wine, and compelled the others to do the same.

“Take this full bottle to Lacy,” said Magda; “there is yet another in the cellar.” The physician dropped it into his pocket. At that moment a screeching sound whistled through the air—a bomb-shell burst through the roof—doors and windows burst open, and all sank insensible to the ground.

After the first shock was over, a mournful voice was heard exclaiming, “My child! my child!”

One after another raised themselves. Magda was the first who recognised the ghost-like form of Claudia leaning against the door, which, torn from its hinges, hung upon the floor. Magda threw herself towards her, and anxiously caught hold of her. Claudia, however, tore herself loose, and endeavoured, but in vain, to reach the opposite door. All eyes followed in that direction—the whole apartment was full of smoke and dust, and it was easy to see that here the shell had fallen, and destroyed the ceiling of the room, which lay on the floor.

“Thank God!” said Mora, “that the child died last night.”

“Died!—dead!” and with this cry of agony Claudia sank down. They bore her with difficulty to her bed. The physician gazed on her pale coun-

tenance without making any effort to recall her to consciousness ; perhaps he thought it cruel to wake her from insensibility to a consciousness of her sorrows.

Magda also sat silent and immovable. Mora alone, with the help of Bezo, had made a fire on the hearth, and began to cook a pigeon which he had brought.

On all sides raged the fearful attack of the city with which Field-marshal Keith accompanied the memorable battle of the eighteenth of June, when the strength of Daun's reinforcement was measured against that of the victorious Prussians. The siege of the city, through the violence of these attacks, was carried on with such fury as had never been experienced before ; glowing balls and bursting shells caused fires to break out in all quarters, which raged without opposition, because the exhaustion of the women, old men and children, almost the only inhabitants left in Prague, made them unable to extinguish it. Bomb-shells struck the Wratistlaw Palace three several times that day — the first destroyed the entrance-hall and flight of steps, and raised a mound of rubbish before the unprotected door. The second struck and carried away the bell-tower, and the third fell upon the terrace before Claudia's chamber, and carried away a portion of the outer wall.

Long before this desolation had the physician left the palace, and hastened whither his duty called him. It was impossible for him to reach Lacy, who was now involved in the middle of the battle ; and the

dying and the wounded and the bottle which had been

In the midst of all this wearied to death, and sunk in a brooding state which is the long want of food. Some turned to Claudia, who was certain was deprived of clear colour, but they had yet spoken.

Towards noon the attack abated, but horror rose higher of the fire which was spreading, increasing violence. Although day, yet at noon it was in the night, for a heavy cloud-mist, hung low over heads, and a horrible motion by the rumpustuous burning, which shook the mass, and by its fiercer more its horrible appearance, stifling with its heavy concentration, suffering which each one made it seem as if each room, this was still more increased, windows being generally destroyed, free from this stifling

Resistless as had been the storm towards evening after a storm had somewhat cooled, she turned to Magda, and she bed, took her cold hand, and length she heard her own

“Magda are we two alone left in this fearful life?” asked she, in broken sentences; “Is Lacy dead? or where, where is he?”

To this question, which was all that on this day had moved Magda’s paralysed heart, she could not answer. At length she told Claudia the truth, and then God gave them tears; she sank upon Claudia’s bed, and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

Night again sank down. The firing had ceased outside the walls, and through the city spread tidings of victory, of the retreat of the Prussians to Nimburg, and of the raising of the siege. Brown, at the point of death, but ever filled with a sense of his duty, now commanded the extinguishing of the fires in the city, and that the proprietors of the houses who had been actively employed on the bulwarks should be released. Already had a communication been opened between the city and the troops of Daun, who were victoriously forcing Marshal Keith from one position to another, and Daun now sent a company of pioneers, which during the fight was not wanted, to the unfortunate city in aid of the fire-brigade. The news of victory and the release of the city animated in a moment the sinking strength of the unhappy citizens, and it now seemed to every one worth while to save himself and his property; and as want would cease with the next morning, every one seemed to suffer less. Nor did fortune intoxicate the noble general who was the first to win the immortal renown of conquering the hitherto irresistible King of Prussia, and the magnanimous joy of being the Saviour of

Bohemia gave him at the same time the deepest sympathy with the sufferings it had already endured. His first measure was to send to the unhappy, famishing city a drove of oxen and calves, and tower-like heaped-up wagons of bread and dried vegetables; and then, after this first greeting of peace, he hastened himself to the city, where the magnitude of their need seemed at least to be forgotten for the moment in which they poured forth their thanks to their noble deliverer.

By the side of Daun sat a young man, who, like the whole of the Field-Marshal's corps, was covered with dust and blood, but in whom the signs of the fatiguing day of battle shewed themselves all the more, as he had brought to it powers already exhausted by famine and grief. It was Count von Lacy, who, after the parting which we have already described, hastened to his perilous enterprise, which was, if possible, with a small company of picked men, to make a sally, and bring help to the city. This desperate undertaking could not but fail from the watchfulness and superiority of the enemy. But with lion-like courage, however, Lacy and his companions succeeded so far as to escape being taken, and then formed the resolution of joining Daun's troops.

Darkness favoured their flight, and conducted them to the great day on which the battle was fought between Collin and Planian. When two of Daun's adjutants were shot, and two others wounded, he accepted without any hesitation the services of Lacy, whom he knew, and thus the mighty enthusiasm of

a day of battle seized upon him, and his boldness and lightning rapidity escaped not the notice of Count Daun even in the confusion of such a day as this. When victory had decided for them, he elevated him to the rank of captain on the field of battle; and as he, the Field-Marshal, had been rescued from danger during the battle by the coolness and energy of Lacy, he made known this important service publicly, and Lacy made his entrance into Prague by the General's side.

Daun first drew up his horse at the door of the dying Field-marshal Brown; he came to receive his blessing, and then to close his eyes. Lacy asked leave of absence from his general, and after he had laden a few horse-soldiers with provisions, he rode as fast as the weary horses could carry them to the Wratislaw Palace.

His eye sought to penetrate the heavy, oppressive atmosphere which concealed objects until within a few paces. He recognised as he reached the middle of the square, opposite to the palace, the heavy form of the roof, but he immediately missed the tall bell-tower which had arisen above it. With almost a cry, he set spurs again to the side of his stumbling horse, and now stood before the palace-court in which he immediately perceived the destruction which had taken place, and the exhausted fountain.

Almost beside himself, he leaped from his horse, —almost beside himself, he rushed to a flight of steps, but here heaps of rubbish prevented his progress. He flew from one demolished door to another; at

length, so much consciousness returned to him, that he passed through the uninjured side wing, and entered the corridor into which Claudia's apartments opened. Here all the windows and all the doors were destroyed, and presented a melancholy view into the interior of the rooms. He felt ready to drop; and as he stood before the chamber of his child, which was changed into a heap of ruins, he was obliged to hold by the door-post to prevent his falling. A dark, uncertain sentiment of misfortune filled his soul. The thought was firm in his mind, —A few steps farther, and thou wilt find Claudia's chamber the same. As silent as death was this scene of desolation, not a sound met him. "All — all are buried here; thou art only with their corpses!" was the cry of his breaking heart.

At length, almost against his will, he advanced a few steps. The next room was in a state of better preservation, and this little ray of hope animated him; he rushed forward, and his first glance went through Claudia's room to the garden, for the outer wall had been carried away. He entered — the large curtained bed stood uninjured, but it concealed great part of the room. He stood and listened; he fancied that he heard sounds — a sobbing voice — then a low bird's whistle, and then, all at once, the old jackdaw cry.

"Bezo!" cried Lacy, it was to him the song of an angel; he rushed forward, and saw at a glance what remained to him. Claudia lay in bed; whether dead or sleeping, was not to be decided. Magda half hung over the bed, and half lay on the floor in

the same state. Mora lay upon her face by the door as Lacy entered; Bezo alone raised himself. He sat upon the floor before Magda, and amid bitter tears sent forth the old cry by which he had formerly excited her mirth or her smiles, and in which the whole power of his mental activity consisted. He strove the while to thrust an egg into Magda's hand, and was endeavouring to close her lifeless fingers over it.

Besides the four horse-soldiers who had accompanied Lacy with food were two of his own people. He commanded one of the horse-soldiers to take a led horse, and ride back immediately to the house of the Field-marshal Brown, and return with a physician, and to bring with them the means necessary for the re-animation of these exhausted sufferers. His two servants, who having been well fed, were capable of exertion, lifted up Mora and carried her into the adjoining room, which, uninjured, was only covered with lime and dust. They busied themselves to recall animation to her, and poured wine down her throat, which after some time had the desired effect. Yet it was some hours before consciousness fully returned, and that only after food had been very circumspectly administered.

In the meantime, Lacy had lifted Magda, whose still pliant and still partially warm body gave hope of life still remaining, to a sofa which stood not far from Claudia's bed, and after he had ascertained that there was reason to believe that his wife also was living, courage again returned to him.

He had a fire kindled in the next room, made

wine hot, and covered their hands and faces with napkins which were steeped in it; and as Magda's lips parted of themselves, he poured, drop by drop, into her mouth wine and strengthening bouillon. Unweariedly he continued these efforts, and when, after some time, Mora came to his assistance, it seemed to both of them that a slight breath was perceptible, which had also been for some time visible in Claudia, and when at length towards noon the physician appeared, and had applied his skill, she opened her eyes and that with the full use of her intellect.

At sight of this Lacy fell upon his knees, and raising his hands to Heaven, could do nothing but exclaim, "I thank thee, my Father! I thank thee!"

Claudia smiled on him like an angel, but she was unable to speak; the world of her thoughts and feelings seemed to be bounded by the sight of Lacy and the happiness of recognising in his first sound the expression of unalterable love, gave to her half emancipated spirit the bliss of a saint.

Lacy's next thought was to change their rooms in order to remove them from the immediate scene of their extreme suffering. The right wing, which contained the guest-chambers, was uninjured, and formed a suite of rooms, which lay towards a chestnut wood; the windows were entire, and therefore the air of the rooms was comparatively fresh and pure. Here the sick were carried; and this measure had its full recompense, for Magda likewise awoke, and immediately bursting into tears, the cause for which she could not understand, as her

consciousness had not yet returned, received from them, nevertheless, a beneficial relief.

The physician, however, desired that they should be separated, and that they should be spared all excitement. Thus Lacy was obliged to consent to leave them; and it was given in charge to Mora to recall by degrees their minds to the past, and to prepare them for Lacy's return.

The Wratistlaw Palace began the same day to be animated by its returning inhabitants; and these were not alone such of the male servants as remained of those who had been ordered out to the defence of the ramparts, but also a part of the female servants, who had fled] in blind terror of a report which spread, that the Wratistlaw Palace, on account of its height and its tower, would be a mark for all the bombs which were sent into the city.

Food was now brought in in abundance, and soon hollow eyes and feeble limbs began to tell of the change.

Lacy consented to Claudia's first wish, who soon became aware of his over-excited state; and a bath, regular food, and sound undisturbed sleep, were beneficial to his inward and outward being, and restored his full powers of mind.

These, however, only convinced him that he had new sorrows to undergo. Claudia's life hung on a weak thread, and the calm stillness of her soul, the glorified repose with which she thought on her dead child, convinced Lacy that life lay behind her, and that only the strength of her love to him bound her to the world.

Lacy's next business was to set labourers at work to clear away the rubbish and ruins from the castle, and, above every thing, to clear out the chamber where his child had died. The melancholy remains were found, and then were laid quietly in the old burial-vault of the Lacys.

On the third day after this, the physician no longer concealed that Claudia had but a few hours to live. Lacy walked in the garden to collect his mind; and, on his return, Magda lay in the arms of the dying lady. She herself had summoned her to her bed, and now, with feeble arms, clasped the beloved being to her breast.

When Lacy entered she extended her hand to him. "Lacy," said she, "think with calmness on my death! Think of me with the consciousness of having made me so happy! Yes, Lacy, thou hast kept thy word to me, and every day I have felt how happy thou hast made me, and have thanked God that I was thine! Also do I thank thee, Magda, for the treasure of thy love. Give my last salutation to Thomas Thyrnau; I have confided my last earthly wishes in his breast!"

As she spoke these words her voice, though intelligible, became still weaker. After she ceased her countenance changed strikingly; but when she saw the distressed looks of the two, she attempted to smile, folded her hands, and died without the faintest struggle, as if her spirit had passed away in that smile.

Lacy left not the room even after he had heard her death confirmed by the physician. Sunk in a

calm sorrow, he himself held the first watch beside the beloved dead ; and, in the deep stillness of the night, with only her gentle, smiling countenance before him, he reviewed with manly firmness his whole life, and looked forward truthfully to the future, and with the firm faith that God would lead and protect him, and that he should receive from Him strength for the accomplishment of His will.

They had quietly removed Magda from the bed of death. Stupified by this new sorrow, she sat alone, in the dusk of evening, in her large chamber ; she heard the rustle of a silk dress behind her, and felt herself gently embraced by a pair of soft arms. " Ah, Therese ! " cried she, " is it thou ? "

" Yes, it is I, " said the Princess, with tears in her eyes. " I am come to remain with thee until thou canst remove with me. "

The Prince von S. had been in the battle of Collin ; and his wife, full of anxiety for the dangers which menaced the lives of all, had followed him so nearly, that she joined him on the third day after the troops had entered Prague.

She came too late to witness Claudia's last moments ; but instantly seeing the situation in which Magda was left, determined to take up her residence in the Wratisslaw Palace, and devote herself to this beloved being, and, as much as possible, attach her to her.

The remains of the Countess von Lacy were, as far as the melancholy condition of the city would permit of it, laid, with all the honours due to her high rank, in the vault of the Lacys, beside her

child ; at which solemnity the Prince von S. and his wife were present.

A few days after this Lacy obtained, through the instrumentality of his friend Thyrnau, permission from the Empress that he should enter the corps of Field-marshal Daun with the rank which had been conferred upon him on the field of battle ; and the next morning he left Prague as adjutant of Count Daun.

Magda received a letter from her grandfather, which desired her to put herself under the protection of the Princess von S., and to accompany her home, until he should be in a condition to take her again to himself ; at the same time, he informed her that Barbara had died peacefully in a convent in Milan, whither she had removed.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE came with the artillery from Breslau a small division of cavalry, of which the Field-marshal had been greatly in want. The captain of horse who had brought this division from Hungary requested that his arrival might be made known to Daun by his adjutant, Count von Lacy. Lacy received the ceremonious announcement of the foreign officer with an equally formal military bearing, and inquired whom he should announce to the Field-marshal.

“Be so good,” returned the other, speaking in a well-known voice, “to announce to Count Daun thy banished giddy friend, who now comes in night and mist to thee that he may not shew his face.”

“Pölten! Pölten!” exclaimed Lacy, and both in a moment had fallen into each other’s arms.

“So, then, thou receivest me again, dear Lacy!” said Baron Pölten, and snatched the Hungarian cap from his head, that he might gaze into the face of his dear friend; “and thou, at least, hast forgiven me!”

“I pray thee,” said Lacy, “do not think about

that folly! Do not forgive me for the cause to complain, still I suffer for it was thy affection for me that really put the idea in my head.

"It is very pleasant to me that thou canst look on the affair with much more than I do. Much is certain, that if I were in my head, I should think it worth peace, but, as it is, I fear that my grey hairs will give me the very gout itself! Hoping his friend gently on his duty now, adjutant, and afterwards you shall have your consolation, console me!"

This being done, the two returned to their little temporary dwelling in the immediate neighbourhood of

Pöltzen had already been the residence of the Countess, and the words to her memory did Lacy's

Whoever could have seen the scene would easily have perceived the truth about the subject which I have mentioned neither of them as yet had mentioned either of Thyrnau or Magdalen.

Lacy invited his friend to dinner, which occurred to him since then. He had remained totally ignorant until he answered a single letter of

"Forgive me," said F. He remained obstinate silence. "After what

felt that I must learn again to have faith in myself, that for a time I must separate myself from thee — must go among entirely new scenes if I would not for ever feel the wounds torn open which I had closed with force that I might benumb the pain which they occasioned! Lacy!" said he, "it became a crisis in my life; I have been severely punished, and so severely, because I was obliged always to say to myself, 'Thou hast deserved it!' That old man, with his ardent eyes and his Jupiter brow, crested with its white ambrosial locks, as he rent the falsehood out of my soul, seemed to me like a messenger of the Divinity. It seemed to me, that, then, for the first time I understood the word *honour*, that word which we are accustomed to pronounce with our lips whilst it prevents us not from committing all kind of actions, which, if we understood the true meaning of the word, would be impossible to us. And what a providence of God it was to me, that wherever I went I found traces of him! In France, Pompadour is at this moment so enthusiastic about him that she is always talking of him — she always makes us concede that he is no German — he, at least, was educated in France — the German land of bears could never have produced such an ornament of social life."

"How?" said Lacy, "hast thou been in Paris?"

"Do not forget that it is more my native land than Germany! My revenues were in good condition, for I had come into possession of my inheritance in Hungary. It was too solitary for me in Hungary; I had not the heart to return to Austria;

the magic of the home of my childhood and youth drew me towards it; I felt that there lay my strength and my consolation, and I was not mistaken. But you can believe that what Pompadour told me, for I had free access to her boudoir, about our old friend Thyrnau, only increased my admiration of him; so high, indeed, did my admiration grow, that at length it seemed to me that before such a man every body must be humbled. But tell me now, dear Lacy," said he, suddenly breaking off, "how does it stand with thy affairs? I venture to ask this now because I am rich, and have much to make up to thee."

"My affairs!" said Lacy, astonished; "you must think that I have a much greater income than I can consume. My property greatly increased in value during Thyrnau's stewardship."

"Art thou speaking of the Wratistlaw property?" asked Pölten; "tell me, does Tein itself belong to thee?"

"Dear Pölten," returned Lacy, "of course it does; Tein is the principal property."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Pölten, "then what have Thomas Thyrnau and his granddaughter to live on?"

"Pölten," said Lacy, rising in great excitement, "explain thyself! After I refused Magda's hand, a great deal remained in unfathomable darkness. A suspicion has often tormented me, that a great and important secret was withheld from my knowledge, but all my endeavours to penetrate it were fruitless; what dost thou know on the subject?"

Pölten related all that he knew, and which is already known to the reader.

“ I had to tell Pompadour,” he said, “ all that I knew about Thomas Thyrnau, and among other things told her of my own foolish affair, and of the occasion of it, which was your marriage. It then seemed to her as if she had heard something connected with this subject. She turned it over and over in her mind, and then at length she seemed to remember that it came to her through a letter of thy uncle’s. She shewed me in her room of business one compartment of her writing-table in which lay, in great disorder, papers connected with the business of Thyrnau and Lacy. Once possessed of an idea, she never gives it up. She seated herself in her arm-chair in the room, and made one of her women and a page bring all out, and spread them before her. By main force almost she made me her secretary. At length a bundle of letters from Count Lacy was found ; we opened them, and among many very unimportant ones lay, pardon me, a very inconsiderate letter of thy uncle’s. It was written during Thyrnau’s last visit to Paris, and after that extraordinary compact had been made between them. There seemed to be by the letter difficulty in satisfying the demands of the creditors. Thy uncle wrote this letter to beseech of the Marquise to extend anew her powerful protection to Thyrnau, who was about to part with property of his own in Prague, under most unfavourable circumstances, to raise money. He conjured her to keep this letter strictly from Thyrnau’s knowledge, and, with glowing enthusiasm, revealed

to her the whole magnanimous sacrifice which he had already made.

“She kept her word with him. Thyrnau again received her protection, and never suspected her knowledge. ‘He was,’ said she, ‘after that dearer to me than my monkeys.’ In conclusion, must add,” continued Pölten, “that I made Jocco her favourite, the next morning so angry, that he tore all the collected papers and letters to shreds whilst his mistress laughed till tears ran down her cheeks, and I at last rolled all the pieces into a ball, and threw them into the fire. Jocco bit me dreadfully, and I received the Order of the monk from his mistress in consequence, because I would not let him get the flaming ball out of the fire; but however, I prevented his valuable life being sacrificed by means of the fire-shovel and tongs.”

Lacy heard this relation with apparent calmness. He employed the whole of the night in writing, and the next morning a courier set off to Vienna with his letter to Thomas Thyrnau.

After some time the answer arrived.

“Why should we be surprised,” wrote he, “when we discover that all human works are built on an unstable foundation? Ought we therefore to think more meanly of the works for which we have honestly striven?—ought we to say that they are in vain if we should see them perish, and nothing remaining of the form which we would give them? I say no! There is something immortal in the idea which a human being conceives, and for the accomplishment of which he lives; and this idea is im-

perishable, even though it assume no real form. It is the spiritual element which nourishes the spirit.

“Do not imagine that thy tidings were painful to me; that which I had concealed from thee often appeared to me so mean that I was often ashamed of it, and, perhaps, I might even have taken an opportunity of telling it thee, had it not seemed too unimportant for the agitated time in which we live, and for which thou needest all thy powers.

“What now has happened? Thou knowest how the old folks indulged their enthusiasm, and built castles in the air for their children. Was not it beautiful? Is the spirit of love which we nourished lost to us? Dost thou not love me with a strength which, like sunshine, glows upon my grey hair? Have not all of us—Claudia, Magda, and we two—been united by a purer and holier spirit of love, and all our outward relationships derived from it their character and their worth? See! the last of my plans is this day destroyed before my eyes, and a warm-hearted joy penetrates me; I see it, and it seems to me that nothing has been taken from me, and I can exclaim, ‘Thou wert, nevertheless, of the pure sort, for there breathed in thee the imperishable breath of love, and this survives and remains to us yet.’

“I have nothing against it, if thou desirest that the property should belong to me; still all the documents are destroyed, and it would be very difficult for thee to prove that they were mine. But thou art right, the whole lordship of Tein belongs to me, nothing remained to thee but the small estate on

which thy cousin died. But what extraordinary advantage have we obtained by all this, or what change is to take place because of it? Was there not a community of feeling amongst us which somewhat did away with individual property?

“Thou wilt not desire that in my present condition I should undertake the management of this large property. For a long time I was thy steward, be thou now mine! In a year's time, if we live so long, I shall claim a conversation with thee in Claudia's name; not until we have had this will we form new plans for the future; until then I demand of thee, by the authority of a father which thou hast granted to me, that thou maintainest the profoundest secrecy regarding what thou hast just learnt, and that thou remain entirely master of these my possessions.

“It, perhaps, may be as well for thee to know that Claudia on our last parting, which we knew to be for life, received my fullest confidence on this subject also, and that I received her last wishes for thee.

“And so may God bless thee, my dear son. Now there is no longer any mystery between us. I feel peace and joy, and thank God with equal fervency for that which He destroys and for all which He preserves.”

When Lacy had read this letter of Thyrnau's, all the importance of the occurrence which he had felt so deeply seemed wholly to have vanished; it seemed actually a matter of indifference to him to whom Tein belonged. Every word of this fatherly letter

had fulfilled its purpose; it had overcome him through the might of love, which alone as principal cause, as the substance, as the whole being of their connexion had been recognised. But his thoughts riveted themselves with much greater agitation of feeling upon Thyrnau's words that he required him in the course of twelve months to hear the wishes of Claudia than he had experienced even at Pölten's tidings.

With determined force of mind he tore himself away from his thoughts, and hastening to Pölten, who had become renewedly dear to him, he communicated to him Thyrnau's letter, and the young man swore, with almost religious solemnity, to aid the wishes of the noble old man by an unbroken silence.

CHAPTE

IN the autumn of the two youthful figures upon gardens of the Castle von saloon in which were ass court festival. The doors but these two young ladies who did not stand up of etiquette, and had very fresh evening air. They markably beautiful, and yet hardly possible to fancy difference of age were not

Magda, one of the young the age of maidenly beauty reached its full bloom. She was one of those transparent early youth, in which on the rapidly developing youth lest Nature should overhaste able to make lasting the vealed. Hedwiga was now tion had been pursued w

since she had been removed from her existence of poverty and had been surrounded by favourable circumstances she had grown so surprisingly that she would have been taken for sixteen, and in height she exceeded her cousin Magda. With this her form was slender and of great delicacy, and her skin and complexion, which was a dazzling fairness, fine and transparent. Every feature was extremely beautiful; but before every thing was it her wonderfully intellectual, large, dark blue eyes, which fascinated all hearts, and gave her that high claim to beauty which was universally allowed to her.

Hedwiga at this moment exhibited that playful tenderness which so charmingly characterised youth. She related something to Magda with great merriment, now danced a few paces before her, now embraced her, and now with great vivacity endeavoured to imitate something which had wonderfully excited her fancy. All this while her lovely face was beaming with laughter, and between the full red lips the white pearly teeth were ever visible.

Magda, on the contrary, walked with her head depressed, the arms hanging down, and the hands clasped before her. She was, perhaps, more lovely than ever, for a rich toilette was very becoming to her, and she was as tastefully as expensively dressed; a charmingly gentle smile rested on her lips, but her brow was impressed with a deep and grave expression of thought; and when at times she paused in answer to Hedwiga's movement and raised her dark eyes to her there was no mistaking in their beautiful glance a sentiment of melancholy.

“ Now I kept beseeching her all the time to be calm,” continued Hedwiga ; “ for, after all, the good drunken Frenchmen would do nothing more to us than come close to the carriage and peep in again and again, and throw flowers to us and exalt me to the skies, because they thought I was so handsome ; but the poor Countess Hautois trembled like an aspen leaf, and kept saying, ‘ It will not do ! it will not do !’

“ Now thou canst fancy what need there was for me to beg and pray that she would not make the merry people angry with her violent speeches ; then I could hardly help laughing when she vowed that she would escort me to the end of the world ; that she would rescue me out of a whole army ; and even if King Frederick were my postilion, she would guide the horses just where she liked. ‘ Now,’ cried I all at once, ‘ do my will ! Go home ! I drive to head-quarters, and Count d’Etrées has given me safe-conduct !’ Now this was nothing ; these were all of them officers who had just come thence, and had drunk too freely at the table of the Field-marshal, and that was received with loud acclamation. They raised a shout for the Marshal, and in their drunken courage were convinced that they should be rewarded by him. All, perhaps, would have gone well if they had not in their folly determined to oblige our postilion and servants to dismount and to take their places. With this poor Hautois fell into such despair that she now ceased to cry for help, and we were not very well off, for the roads are bad, and these crazy coachmen seemed to get more fuddled than ever ! The carriage jumped

up and down, now flying this way, now that, until a ditch, which was cut straight across the road, made an end of all the fun. These good cavalymen would insist upon it that the horses should go over, and forgot that a great, heavy coach was behind them.

“Thou canst fancy what a job there was! In a moment we were all of us shaken off the seats; the Countess sat upon poor Mora as if on a saddle; I had the waiting-maid’s cap in my mouth, and we all screamed out as loud as we could.

“How long that lasted I do not know; but we soon saw that none of us were either killed or wounded, so we raised ourselves up and listened a little, and then all at once I heard the dear, never-to-be-forgotten voice! See, Magda, when he speaks one hears it at one’s very heart! The sound of his voice makes such a rejoicing within me always,—and then! oh, I could either have sung, or cried, or laughed!”

Magda stood still and gazed into Hedwiga’s face; she had been pale, but now a sudden crimson flushed her face. She smiled with almost ineffable sweetness on her companion, who, clapping her hands, laughed aloud, and then continued,—

“‘It is Lacy!’ cried I, instantly, and, letting down the window, shouted his name. He spoke warmly to the officers. Thou knowest, Magda, nobody can be so dignified as he can, and look so commandingly. He stood before the French officers, and I saw how he, with such polite gravity, made them aware of their conduct; for our people had told him

every thing. I should like to have seen those who could have withstood him. Magda, hast thou ever seen him since he was a soldier?"

Magda shook her head.

"See, Magda," continued Hedwiga; "if the Empress would make him her general, he must be victorious every where. He is, I fancy, grown; he seems to take such a deal of room. His eyes are so large and dark blue; then his complexion is of such a beautiful red and brown; one can see that directly when he takes off his hat, for his forehead, on the contrary, is as white as my hand. He has not a deal of time now for powdering, and thou shouldst only see what beautiful light brown hair he has, which seems as if it would curl of itself; and, now, guess what he has besides!"

"Nay," said Magda softly, and smiled, "how should I tell thee who have not seen him for so long?"

"Why, he has the most beautiful moustache, just the colour of his hair, on his upper lip,—so handsome!" said Hedwiga, again clapping her hands, and laughing.

Magda nodded and smiled, but this time did not look up.

Hedwiga continued, "The good Countess Hautois kept shouting out of the carriage, 'Sir Count von Lacy, save us! for Heaven's sake, save us!'

"At length he very politely bowed to the officers, and then sprang to the side of the carriage where the Countess sat, and, bowing very gracefully to

her, he prayed her to be calm, as the pleasure of escorting the carriage to head-quarters had been conferred upon him by Field-marshal Daun and Count d'Etrées. This he said so rapidly, and with such sweet kindness, as I cannot give an idea of. But only think of the fun; he did not know me. 'After all, ladies,' said he, looking across the Countess to me, 'all this mischief has been occasioned by your incomparable beauty; and I can, now I have the happiness of seeing you, more readily excuse my poor comrades for having quite lost their senses.' Magda, if I were to live a hundred years, I should never forget these words. I do not know why I should have been so glad that he did not know me at first, and thought me so handsome. I kept looking at him, and he at me; and then all at once he exclaimed, 'Those eyes! Good Heavens! those are Hedwiga's eyes!' 'Lacy—Lacy!' I exclaimed, 'yes, I am thy Hedwiga!' And all at once, I don't know how it was, he stopped his horse, and the carriage stopped, and the door flew open, and we were in each other's arms."

Magda seated herself under an orange-tree; her dark, wonderfully expressive eyes glanced to Hedwiga; and she said, softly, "Go on, love!"

"No," said Hedwiga, seating herself beside her, "I cannot give you an idea how glad he was to see me. It was a long time, he said, since his heart had felt the joy it then felt,—never since Claudia's death. He thought me so grown, so much more so than he expected. Oh, Magda," said she, "is it not a pleasure to please those one loves in any way?"

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CHAPTER XIV.

A YEAR had passed since the death of Claudia, and Thyrnau wrote to Count Lacy, that the time now approached in which he must learn, through him, her last wishes. The military movements of Field-marshal Daun for the present made it impossible for Lacy to accept this summons. This Thyrnau knew ; but he had fulfilled Claudia's wish, and they now waited for the first moment when their meeting could take place.

Thyrnau's condition had in the meantime changed. He had, with great industry, and a rapidity which was peculiar to him, so far completed the great work which had been intrusted to him, that it now needed nothing more than a few oral propositions to complete and ratify it.

It had been the intention of the Empress when she summoned Thyrnau to Vienna to add this ratification ; but when Thyrnau laid before the Empress that great work in the completion of which he had been aided by the labours of his whole life, the state of public affairs was such as to demand the full force of the Empress's mind ; and, although she had

through the progress of the work devoted to it her attention with all the powers of her intellect, still she now delayed the coming to those final decisions which would have put the plan in full operation until peace should secure its entire success.

“Ah, peace! peace, my good Thyrnau!” said she. “Then will I close the temple of Janus with three double doors, and then will I take Bohemia to my maternal heart, and bind up her wounds! God will preserve your life until then! You have been an industrious labourer; and, although on account of your former youthful deeds, which, however, concern my ancestors more than myself, I do not exactly see how I can now publicly distinguish you; still I wish to give you some intelligible mark of my regard; and as you have finished your work—a work not unsuited to your mild imprisonment, which was not shortened for this very reason—we will no longer withhold your freedom; and Count von Kaunitz will communicate to you our will on this subject. It seems to me,” continued she, “that the best thing will be, in order to withdraw you from public attention, that you should make a little journey into the country, for which a late love-letter from the Princess von S., our cousin Therese, seems to offer an occasion. This letter gives us great pleasure, as it invites us to become godmother to her first child, a daughter; and with it adds a request on your account, which I think very bold in the Prince, who warmly seconds it! Now I have determined that you shall take the letter in which I consent to accept the office of godmother to the

Princess, and which I think I can easily incline you to do!"

This address, in which alone her benevolent heart expressed itself, was still more delightful from its being accompanied by that rare smile of merriment, shewing that she had wholly forgotten the present, which had so often furrowed the brow, and which was mostly the melancholy subject of her conversation.

After Thyrnau had thanked her with deep emotion, she suddenly interrupted him by saying, with animation,—

"But stop! Tell me, as an honest man, what sort of a history this is about Trautsohn and your granddaughter, Magda Matielli? How could you, as a wise man, allow it?"

"Not as a wise man, your majesty," said Thyrnau, smiling, "but as a prisoner. The acquaintance began as a matter of course; I had no power over it; and no efforts of mine to check it succeeded, on account of the peculiar position of the youth to his guardian, who only bowed in the first place to the will of your majesty. Besides, this was the only thing to be done in the case to keep the youth away from Magda; for she had very little regard for his love, and only treated him as her playfellow."

The Empress smiled, and, turning round to Gutenberg, said, "That is the strangest girl that ever I saw! Her father was a sculptor; but the Matielli were only honest citizens of Florence,—Were they not?" she asked.

"So they were," said Thomas Thyrnau, "and

Magda has a certain pride in this citizen descent; enough—she grew up under my eyes,” added he, smiling.

“Hem!” said the Empress, “I know very well that the dear God does not look out for all the cradles with escutcheons on them in which to lay his geniuses; but it is rather better that some attention is paid to rank in life, and that such marry among themselves, and thus avoid unequal marriages, which always bring with them difficulties.”

“I think so too,” replied Thyrnau, candidly, “and Magda is of the same opinion! Against my will has my whole life been filled with such marriages, accomplished or projected. But still, when I had adhered to the above-mentioned principle, it has always seemed a very mean reason for separating two noble beings who have become attached to each other through true affection, even though, generally speaking, the principle is right. But these, however, are very far removed from *unequal marriages*.”

“Yes! yes!” said the Empress, “my good Thyrnau, you have a beautiful flow of words for every thing which you would defend.”

“If your majesty is of my opinion,” returned he, “then I may hope, as a matter of course, that I judge the subject rightly, and not according to my own interests or feelings merely. I must also remark here, that whatever the plans may be which the young Prince von Trautsohn may have submitted to your majesty, still they are opposed to my wishes and interest.”

“Of them we have nothing more to say,” replied

the Empress; "Laudon has received the young gentleman into his academy, and we always have good reports of him. But before a man knows what life will make of him, he should not prematurely promise to be every thing to a woman, and for this reason we wish to give him something else to think of."

She parted from Thyrnau in the kindest manner; and with all the knowledge and the calmness of character which was peculiar to him, still he felt a wonderful delight in being in the possession, once more, of his full freedom, and on the way to his beloved Magda; and this with the feeling of greater liberty than he had ever known before, for nothing now lay cowering, as it were, in the back-ground of his life to threaten his future repose.

It is impossible to describe the rapture with which he was received at the court of the Prince von S., where every one of the principal persons was bound to him in some peculiar, heart-felt manner.

The happy family-circle met in the apartment of the Princess, who, as yet, had not gone out publicly since her confinement. Lacy only was wanting to make this party complete, and such of the party as spoke out their minds freely wished he were among them.

The Princess Therese was the most amiable step-mother in the world; when she shewed Egon her little girl, she said to him with an affectionate smile, "See, this time I have pleased thee by giving thee a sister! But tell me candidly, if it had been a little hereditary prince, wouldst thou have loved it as much?"

"Oh! mother!" exclaimed Egon, taking the

little sister with great apparent affection in his arm "only give me six brothers, and thou shalt see whether they will find a more loving brother or more faithful subject than me! Grandfather had told me long ago that it would be a deal better if thou hadst a son, and I can believe him in everything!"

"Thou art a brave fellow!" cried the Prince with tears in her eyes; "do not, however, out of brotherly love crush my little Maria Theresa to death for she is as dear to me as an hereditary prince, and it will never trouble me if thou continue to be the only one."

Egon obtained permission from his father to select such a situation as he thought proper for the future home of old Mora, who was so tenderly beloved by both the children. Not far from the gardener's house, therefore, was a little cottage built for her in the castle gardens, and near to this lay a poultry-yard, a flower-garden, and a shed for a goose. The cottage was furnished by Hedwiga and Magda with linen, beds, and such furniture as she needed. Close to the great curtained bed, and near to the fire, stood an arm-chair, well lined, and before it her wheel. And in the window-seat, which commanded a view of the garden, lay such a store of wool for knitting all kinds of hanging-pockets and slippers as she had wished for all her life, but never possessed.

Magda conducted the vigorous old woman to her own dwelling, where both the children who had been saved through her love received her. Th

had laid a dress ready for her, such as she wore, of warm, coarse, woollen stuff. Egon went into the yard and split the first wood for her little kitchen, and Hedwiga fed the goat which looked out so merrily from its nice little stable. The sight of all this was almost too much for the poor woman, and the children did not restrain their feelings; they rushed towards her, and wept amid the most tender embraces.

They then led her all through the house, into the kitchen and cellar, and every where; they opened all the presses and shewed her the good store of linen which they contained, and every thing was her own! and there was, besides all this, a young servant girl to wait on her, who had a little chamber of her own, "But I shall wait best upon thee," exclaimed Hedwiga, "I shall come and visit thee every day!"

They were all very merry. Egon insisted on making the fire himself, and would have no nay but that Mora should set on for them in the little kettle that hung close to the hearth some of that bread-soup with which she so often had appeased their hunger.

All four of them were sitting round the table, eating, and telling a thousand stories out of their past life, when the door suddenly opened, and Thyrnau, the Prince, and Lacy, presented themselves before the happy company. A cry of joy burst from all, and such a meeting as this easily led all of them into the old track of love and confidence. The Prince had settled a pension upon the old woman, in which Thomas Thyrnau had his share, and thus she

was abundantly provided for for the rest of her days.

Lacy, in truth, answered to Hedwiga's description. His perfect, manly beauty had only revealed itself through the full use of all his powers and the activity consequent upon it, and this had made of him a really handsome man. At the same time there was in his state of mind a something so elevated, such animation as if the result of inward happiness; he was so devotedly attentive to all the dear ones whom he found assembled here that every one was joyful to be near him, and no one felt himself favoured at the expense of the others.

Thyrnau and Lacy both felt in the meantime, and that with deep emotion, that whilst they had gone through much that was greatly important, still that something more important was yet before them, and Thyrnau smiled as he saw that his young friend, between hope and fear, longed for, and yet almost shunned, any explanation.

At length, one early morning, the two, as if by mutual agreement, linked their arms together and wandered out into the quiet autumnal garden through the almost leafless trees, whilst the sun shone upon the rising ground and warmed the vigorous pedestrians.

"Father," said Lacy, after they had walked together some time in silence, "wilt thou, now that thou art at liberty, receive into thy hands that property which I unjustly hold?"

"Of that presently," returned Thyrnau; "for it then will decide itself when we have arranged what

is more important. First of all, I must speak of Claudia's last wishes—of her last greeting of love to thee.

“When I was at that time going to Vienna and she had a private conversation with me, she had no doubt of her approaching decease, and, perfectly reconciled to this idea, thou wert the only earthly care which she knew. With all that fine feeling which was peculiar to her, she detested death-bed scenes, in which those who remain behind are often compelled by the dying to form, perhaps, unfit determinations for their future lives. She firmly resolved not to wound thy feelings at that moment, and she, therefore, wished that I—and that not until a year had passed, that thy heart might have time to give to her memory what thou wouldst feel to be its due,—that I then should make known to thee, that the warmest wish which she left upon earth was thy future marriage with Magda!”

“Oh, Thyrnau!” exclaimed Lacy, with emotion, and seized his hand; they gazed at each other for a moment, and then Thyrnau continued,—

“She besought of me to tell thee once more, that thou hadst made her very happy,—that she was firmly convinced that thy love for her had neither changed nor lessened!”

“She was right!” exclaimed Lacy, interrupting Thyrnau. “She was right! I only felt how much there is room for in the human heart!”

“Those were her words,” continued Thyrnau; “she said, that it had greatly distressed thee that thy heart had given way to the beautiful, youthful

enthusiasm of love for Magda. That she never expected, because of the vow which she had received, that she could become the mistress of thy whole being. 'I had entered into wedlock,' said she, 'against my own conviction, but from the warmest love of my heart, and with true humility. I had the happy feeling of living by his side, and some presentiment I had that events might occur which I might help him to bear. On the morning after our marriage, when he imparted to me the result of his journey to Tein, I knew that his heart had experienced a shock which, perhaps, his first meeting with Magda had prepared him for. I will not deny that it caused me pain, but not for long; affection conquered it. I thought of nothing but how to tranquillise him. I made myself a participator in his concerns, and awoke in my heart the same interest in them that he had. He felt himself not alone and deserted; and that was the true bond of matrimony which I formed with him. I was in all things his companion and his sympathising friend.' Those were her words, Lacy," said Thyrnau, deeply affected; "and we both of us must confess, that seldom was a human life more perfectly in accordance with its professions than was Claudia's!"

"It was so!" exclaimed Lacy, with enthusiasm; "and her true greatness consisted in this, that she never allowed me to make any confession on my side; that she never gave rise to any scenes between us; that, with the most heartfelt confidence, she always kept me in doubt of how far she had penetrated my feelings; and by this means gave me a

barrier behind which so to conceal my sentiments, that I was hardly conscious of them ; and they always were able to preserve a measured character."

"She made inquiries from me," continued Thyrau, "relative to thy uncle's arrangement with reference to thy and Magda's marriage, and I explained all to her. I left it, then, to her to inform thee of it, or not; for, as I said before, our connexion seemed to me to have too noble a foundation for there to exist any fear of its being shaken or changed by the paltry question of pecuniary possession. But she declined mentioning it to thee, although she was of my opinion, and she wished the natural course of things not to be changed, which would, with the future possession of Magda, give every thing uncontestedly into thy hands. Neither would she, at the moment when her life was visibly wearing to an end, wound thee by a conversation from which thou mightst easily conjecture that thou hadst not been able to conceal thy sentiments towards Magda from her."

"Oh, angel of God!" exclaimed Lacy, raising his hands to heaven, as if he sought for her there; "Oh, triumph of female wisdom and goodness! Oh, how hast thou done me justice! Yes, I may say that the feeling with which I wooed thee was not weakened, but became stronger, more beautiful, the longer I knew thee; and, whilst I became acquainted with the youthful enthusiasm of love, I have yet loved thee still better, and have felt thee so necessary to my happiness, that, as long as I live, I shall feel a holy mourning for thee!"

Lacy had forgotten the present. He spoke to Claudia ; he felt that she was near ; she bent herself, with smiles, towards him ; the bond which united them was not injured on earth,—had not been rent by death.

They walked for some time in silence by each other. At the end of the avenue stood a building of one story ; it was called "The Solitude." Its centre room had been constructed for a library ; on one side lay a cabinet in which were contained some exquisite pictures ; on the other was a room the same size, containing four beautiful statues in marble ; in the middle, fell into a dazzling white marble shell a small fountain, the low splash of which was the only sound which entered here, for plantations surrounded the building, and short moss formed the green carpeting of the path up to the very marble steps which led to the glass-door.

The two men mechanically directed their steps to this building. Both of them knew whom they had to expect there, and neither of them shunned the meeting, which was to decide all.

In the little library sat Magda before a small reading-desk, upon which lay an open book, but she read not ; leaning back in her chair, she sat, sunk in deep thought. Her beautiful countenance was uncommonly pale ; the black, heavy plaits of hair drooped lower, and seemed to contract the fine oval of her countenance and to increase its paleness. She wore the ample, long black dress, which lay in rich folds around her, and upon her bosom that delicately fine lace handkerchief which gave such a

charmingly modest appearance to her whole form. She rested her chin upon the fingers of her delicate hand; whilst the other, as if wearied, hung by her side, holding a white handkerchief. Both men had approached so softly, that they observed her some time before she was aware of their presence.

At length they came nearer: Magda perceived their shadows as they entered the door; she looked up, and recognised them both; they stood at her side; she gave her hand first to Thyrnau, and then the other to Lacy, and, after a hasty glance at both, smiled and blushed. Thyrnau drew a chair close beside her.

“Do not leave me!” said she to him, with inexpressible affection.

Lacy bent upon one knee before her, and looking up to her with his handsome, glowing countenance, and keeping firm hold of her hand, he said, “Magda, Claudia has sent me to thee; to-day I must unburden my heart to thee; and she has blessed this hour. Thy grandfather has brought me to thee. May I speak, and wilt thou listen? Dost thou know my wish?”

“I know it,” said Magda, in a low voice; “God be gracious to us all! But rise!”

“Magda,” said he, taking a seat just opposite to her, “I saw thee on the day on which I was betrothed to Claudia! Never shall I forget that moment. From that moment I loved thee; but I belied it to myself, and was almost angry with thee, and contended with Claudia about thee, and tried to persuade her out of her love for thee! I then saw

thee in thy full beauty by the fountain of St. Christopher, when I went to fetch the children; and then in Tein, on that fateful day which left me no longer in doubt of my love for thee! From that day I have loved thee knowingly; but as saints are loved in the inmost sanctuary of the heart, brought into no communication with the world, so only could my heart continue worthy of thee,—so only avoid making the dearest of human beings, Claudia, miserable and unfortunate in the twofold pain of betrayed devotion and deceit in the husband to whom she had given her love. Claudia has spoken to me from heaven; she has told me this day, that I accomplished that which I determined—the making the noblest of human beings happy. And thou, Magda, Claudia guessed my love for thee; I knew it, although we both were silent, and to-day I have received her confession from thy grandfather. Her last wish is, that my virtuous love to her be rewarded by the possession of thee, Magda. I now kneel before thee, and beseech of thee to fulfil the dearest wish of my heart—be mine! Claudia has blessed us, and thy grandfather has brought me to thee!”

“Ah!” said Magda, and clasped his hands in hers, “I know all that thou wouldst say to me, and how much easier has it been to thee than to me; for thou hadst only to give thy heart leave to speak in order to make both thee and me happy!”

“My bride!” said Lacy, slowly; and the deep regard and the intense love which were concentrated in those words filled Magda’s soul with a bliss which she had never experienced before.

Tears fell from Thomas Thyrnau's eyes. Magda had sunk in Lacy's arms, and the old man, without a word, laid his hands upon the heads of both, and his trembling lips and his uplifted eyes besought the blessing of the Lord upon them.

When they had again seated themselves, Lacy contemplated Magda with a feeling which almost bordered upon reverence. That quiet, holy tranquillity,—that angelic repose of love,—that mature, maidenly beauty, in which smiled the innocence of a child.

“My sacred treasure!” said he, and kissed the hem of her dress, “believe me, my youth now begins for the first time, and I will accomplish something great! Oh, Magda, how can I tell thee the excess of my happiness? Because Claudia brought us together,—because Claudia defended the innocence of our love, I may therefore love thee now with all the power of my soul, and that is very great!”

Magda smiled on him with a look of inexpressible tenderness.

“Come,” said Thomas Thyrnau, rising, “we will walk on, my children.” There was a tone of deep emotion in his voice; he was thinking of his old friend, Lacy; and, with his head somewhat bowed, and his hands behind his back, he slowly walked forward down the mossy path which led from the Solitude.

The next morning, which was one of unusual freshness and beauty, the Princess determined to breakfast in a little pavilion which stood on the sunny side of the park looking into a cheerful valley.

To this breakfast only her husband, Thyrnau, Lacy, and Magda, were invited. Thomas Thyrnau, who looked as bright as the morning in its autumnal beauty, stuck a little nosegay into his button-hole, and then in the most cheerful manner led Magda and Lacy to the princely couple.

They expected what had taken place, and the accomplishment of it delighted them. Happy married people take the liveliest interest in a happily betrothed pair. Thus was it on the present occasion.

Nothing comes more charmingly, as a matter of course, after a happy betrothal than the forming of plans for the future.

Lacy asked permission from Thyrnau to communicate to his tried friends the secret of the will.

"I have nothing against it," said Thyrnau, "especially as I am intending immediately to make a new will by word of mouth, for I, and you all, must not forget that Egon and Hedwiga are as nearly related to me as Magda. Say, therefore, what thou hast to say, and I meanwhile will take a little walk through the valley."

The Prince took advantage of Thyrnau's absence, when Lacy had concluded his relation which had deeply affected them, to ask for the assistance of all the rest in excluding Egon and Hedwiga, who already were richly provided for by himself, from any share in the grandfather's property.

"You will not succeed in doing that," said Magda, "for there would be something unjust in that, and with injustice my grandfather has nothing in common?"

“Well said!” exclaimed Thomas Thyrnau, laughing, who had been watching the whole party through a window without their observing him. “For the rest, of this be sure, dear friend,” continued he, addressing the Prince, “I am not going to elevate as the goddess of justice an obstinate old man with bandaged eyes, who, according to the barren degrees of relationship, intends to make a circumscribed equality in the division of his property? Every one shall be well weighed in his place, I shall stand with my property in my hand, and where the scale is light I will throw in something. In any case Magda retains uncontested possession of Tein, and from the property of the Lacys I am at length free. I have nothing more to do with it! Stop!” cried he as Lacy started up to speak, “revere the shade of thy uncle! Revere the enthusiasm of my age! Are not these of as much value as the lordship of Tein? Besides, Magda is the heiress, I have nothing to do with thee! If she be of so little worth that thou wilt give her up for the sake of miserable Mammon, all very well! I will then take her to-day as heiress of Tein, and will soon find her another wooer!”

The laugh that burst from every one did every body good; it prevented the excess of feeling, it shewed the fixed determination of Thyrnau, for all knew that he always gave a jocular turn to things where he was the most resolute. What was the use of setting oneself to oppose a determination which had cast off all appearance of seriousness, and only preserved that of mirth.

“On the contrary,” continued he, “if thou art resolutely determined to marry the heiress of Tein, I shall plant my foot firmly upon thy domain, and you, both of you, must give the old ancestral castle of the Thyrmans, the Dohlen-nest, to me for my own property! After my death this shall descend to Hedwiga, and if she marries into another country, still she shall, from time to time, return there, and with Egon and all of you hold a family congress!

“Of my personal property Magda shall receive nothing; this all shall go to Lucretia’s children; and that it is not so much as the lordship of Tein troubles me not, because all that is wanting will be made up to them by their father.”

The whole of this testamentary address had been made to them through the window of the pavilion. When it was ended he lifted his small, cocked hat from his head, and bowing with his merry smile was about to turn away; but with this a loud cry arose, first of all, the Prince and then Lacy sprang out of the window after him, caught him in their arms, and held him until Magda and the Princess joined them. Thus they again drew him in, and now he sat among them smiling cheerfully and rejoicing in his heart that all opposition had ceased, and that the difficult moment when wills and property must be discussed had passed so easily and without any tragical scene.

Thus it happened that sitting here full of happiness and affection they never heard the dinner-bell sound, and all at once the Princess’s chief lady made her appearance at the door, and with many curtseys and quite out of breath, informed the Prin-

cess that she would not have time to dress for dinner. As the whole party was full of consideration for every one, Therese apologised and led the old lady to an arm-chair to rest herself, and then, accompanied by the Prince, returned to the castle.

As all outward circumstances favoured so pleasantly at this time the reunion of these dear friends, this seemed to Thomas Thyrnau the happiest time of his life; and the winter which had also laid to temporary rest the horrors of war seemed to pass with dream-like rapidity to all.

At the beginning of the new year, 1759, Lacy obtained his wishes, and his betrothal with Magda, which very few of the court had any doubt about, was made public.

Announcements of it were also now sent to Vienna to the Empress and Kaunitz; and the latter assured his young friend, in a letter of the most polite congratulation, that their Majesties had received this intelligence with great interest.

Not a word passed between the betrothed, nor even between Lacy and Thyrnau, regarding his intentions on the recommencement of the war which was confidently expected with the early spring. This, however, was decided by the Empress herself, A letter dictated by her seemed to place her at once in the assembled circle of her adorers in S.; it was in her exact mode of speaking, and all felt as if she were there. The letter was as follows:—

“ To my faithful Count von Lacy Wratistaw.

“ At the same time that I offer my kindest con-

gratulations upon your second marriage, I would express my approbation of your choice ; for although Magda Matielli is not of your own rank, which in many cases would be very objectionable, still it seems to us that in this instance it is of little importance on account of peculiar qualities in this your said betrothed, with which we ourselves became acquainted in a somewhat romantic manner. In many respects objections were to be made against your first marriage, but we have learned with satisfaction that during the twelve months of its continuance it was a very pattern of what a marriage should be, which I regard as a great honour both to you and the deceased, and perhaps to you especially, on account of your youth, which so willingly gives way to folly. As you are now by this projected marriage, as a matter of course, become fully acquainted with circumstances which had been kept secret by that noble man, Thomas Thyrnau, and as you are by this marriage placed in the possession of your old rights, it seems to us much more suitable that you should return to your rank, which is answerable to your circumstances.

“After the death of your wife, and during the time of your proper mourning for her, I would not refuse my consent to your wish of entering the army: and, therefore, until now it had our permission. But as you now have shewn by this your second marriage, which, as I hear, is one of love, that as a widower you do not need any further diversion of mind, we withdraw our permission for your further engaging in the service of war. And hereby we

announce to you our wishes that as the possessor of a large property you should so live as to set a good example to your equals in Bohemia; and that the estimable Thomas Thyrnau, who, as we presume, will also accompany his granddaughter, who has given such a fine example of faithful affection, should continue to instruct you fully regarding his work on Bohemian law, which he has completed to our entire approbation.

“After your marriage, which had better take place before the commencement of the next campaign, I should like to see you here, and then by her marriage there will be no difficulty in admitting your wife to court.

“We remain, graciously disposed towards you,

“MARIA THERESA.”

This letter seemed to decide every thing, and every one in his own way derived joy and comfort from it. Magda unrestrainedly declared her rapture at the idea that Lacy was not again to enter the army; and Lacy, after he had confessed his willingness to act according to the wishes of the Empress, lost no time in making Magda observant of her next wish — that their marriage should take place before the re-commencement of war.

“We will ask my grandfather about it,” said Magda, “for he knows best what is right; and, as a matter of course, I can have nothing against his opinion.”

The grandfather was of the same opinion as the Empress, and as the affair was talked of in the pre-

sence of the princely couple, they insisted upon that the marriage should be solemnised at (and then that the young people should go to Vienna to the Empress. Thomas Thyrnau also, who saw by the letter that his exile was at an end, determined upon going to Tein before them, and then being able to receive them there on their arrival from Vienna.

“ But how in this world shall we be merry enough on Magda’s wedding-day?” said the happy Therese, who was always the happiest among the happy.

“ I thought of that,” said the Prince, laughing. “ Oh, how well I know thee, my dear Therese! There will be a day on which thou wilt laugh and cry on the same breath — on which thou wilt bend thy knees in prayer, and dance on the grass! But I would not have thee different to what thou art — thou fairy! And now, as we are alone, I will give thee the programme for the day, which I drew up quietly myself, that thou mightst be spared any fatigue and then let us all see how we can complete together.”

After Therese had thanked her husband in the sweetest manner, the Prince began with a smile. “ My poor court must see something of it, for fancy that after thee, Magda will be the most beautiful bride in the world, and the Countess von Harthausen has said too much about her splendid toilette for me to be justified, as a good father of my country, in letting my ladies see nothing of it.

“ Thou wilt also find that the castle chapel has had

fire in it for several days ; that a lovely green grove of orange-trees has slowly grown up around the altar, and the floor having been covered with crimson carpet, will make us forget somewhat of the still remaining cold of winter. Thou wilt find also that the gallery from the chapel to thy audience-hall is covered, too, with the same carpeting — so thou now understandest the plan which I think of proposing ! On the morning of the twenty-second of February we shall breakfast together in thy boudoir, in our usual morning dresses ; I then allow two hours for the performance of the toilette, and at half-past ten the whole court is to assemble in full dress in thy audience-hall ; we conduct the bridal pair in, and from thence the procession sets out to the chapel, where Father Hieronymus awaits us !”

“ Father Hieronymus !” exclaimed the Princess, delighted.

“ Yes,” said the Prince, “ to-morrow he comes here, and that is a surprise for Magda, which I and Thyrnau have planned ! Our clergy have kindly consented to it, and will merely appear *in pontificalibus*. But do not interrupt me, and listen further. After the marriage the whole procession returns in the same order to the audience-hall. Magda stands by Lacy’s side until all have entered — she then receives congratulations, and with that all the constraint of etiquette is over. We shall be in thy apartments. You have then time again to undress, and then four carriages are ready drawn up at the door. Into the first, we two and the Countess von

Hautois enter; into the second, Father Hieronymus Thomas Thyrnau, Egon and Hedwiga; the third is for the bridal pair; the fourth will contain a gay company — and yet we must not be without them. Now hear! Mora and Gundula on the best seat, and opposite to them, Veit and Bezo!”

The Princess clapped her hands and embraced her husband.

“Do not disturb me!” exclaimed he, and yet he held her fast. “The little castle which, with its grey tower and its little whimsical façade, looks out from a wood of larches and Weymouth pines, I have had secretly prepared for four weeks, and it is now the most comfortable, the warmest, and the most habitable for loving mortals. Thither drive our carriages; it has only one eating-room, and there is arranged our merry wedding-dinner, which is only spread for nine persons. My other guests of the fourth carriage will be served on the ground-floor — and thus we remain together until after supper; thou wilt then conduct Magda to the chamber prepared for them, and then we shall all drive back to the capital, where a great dinner will be given the next day; and in the evening we return to the little castle, where we shall find chambers prepared for all of us, and where, if thou wilt, we will remain until Magda and Lacy set out to Vienna, which we will neither hasten nor retard, that in our joy we may not fail of moderation, that requisite in all that is good and delightful!”

What now have we to add to this happy twenty-

second of February? The programme of the Prince was received with undivided joy, and not a single person added any thing to it.

Magda's wedding-dress was devised by Thomas Thyrnau and the Princess Therese, and it was made under the direction of the Countess Hautois. There was some violation of the mode in the style of Magda's costume, her plaits of raven hair were bound under the golden net, which was almost a net of jewels, tied together with rubies. Her boddice was fastened with brilliants above her dress of silver brocade. Her veil was of Brabant lace, the bill for which Thomas Thyrnau burned with a smile, and which, like a web of moonlight, seemed to veil her whole person without concealing it. But she herself was the most glorious jewel of all, and at sight of her every one was filled with rapture. A deep and quiet thoughtfulness shewed that she felt the sanctity of the day, which gave a lily-like fairness to her countenance, and a repose to the features which was only interrupted by the lifting of her eyes and the glow of religious power and inspiration which beamed from them, and which breathed upon her cheek the fleeting glow of the rose. Her composure of mind was unbroken even by emotion. All saw that she dwelt, as it were, in the presence of the Supreme, and all the others were only second to Him—she was withdrawn from all, feeling all united in the great communion.

Hedwiga, who needed no correction from Lacy, bore Magda's train.

To conclude, the next evening when they re-

turned to the little castle in the wood, and all round the flickering fire in the comfortable salo the programme of the Prince was read through and it was found that every thing had been done according to order, "Excepting," said Thomas Tinnau, "that Bezo pressed his way through all grand company to the very chapel, where, placing himself on the floor, he contemplated Magda."

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN we see those whom we love obtain the happiness after which they longed, and for which they have entered into a struggle with life, and have come off victorious, it gives a beautiful termination to our acquaintance with them, and we are inclined to leave them to their fate without any anxiety regarding them. And yet, even in the midst of the delight with which we regard a condition of attained happiness, sadness so easily mingles itself—the sadness for which we have to thank experience, and which whispers to us admonishingly, at the gay commencement of a new epoch in life, that the dear beings who advance towards a future equipped with so much happiness cannot escape the common lot of humanity; and upon the bright plain which now lies levelled before them, difficulty, by degrees, will cast up little hillocks which, covering them with dust, will depress their Psyche wings. Still if we cannot deny these melancholy whisperings of experience, we may receive from them at the same time the consolation that the fire of earthly tribulation tends to the true development of the hopeful union, and as

the temple of the Lord is the place where we mourn and weep, and shout for joy, and that all great and important events of life always unite in Him and with Him — thus may we console ourselves for the future of the beloved who with pious hearts take hold upon a beautiful life! Their hearts and the family which they found will become a temple of the Lord, in which they will mourn, and weep, and shout for joy, in the great confidence of its eternal communion!

But what can equal the satisfaction of the sympathising friend, when, after years, he returns to those whom he left, and sees them perfectly established in the happiness which only then had its beginning; finds them diffusing around them their allotted blessings — finds, to continue the simile, a temple in which the spirit of love abides, where the happy and the sorrowful pass out and in, and find reception for their needs, and in whose circle are assembled those whom love draws hither, and who, if they go forth or seek for a home, will again found a family of love animated by the spirit of example.

We will thus, after four years, in the spring of the year 1763 — after peace had chased the monster of war out of the desolated land, return to the beloved ones whom we have hitherto accompanied.

It was in May. The beechen walls of the garden of Tein, after having been subjected to the shears of the gardener, were now covered with that bright green which only the tender leaf of the beech, edged with its white fringe, is able to present, and which, like a tapestried hanging, covered the gigantic

walls of the avenues. Above lay the sky in a purity and fullness of colouring which we are only accustomed to describe by the blue of the ultra-marine ; and the breezes of spring, so peculiar, so soft, and impetuous, were not wanting to snatch off the little winter caps of the dreamy flowers, and help the bees to swarm, and waft the moths and the flower-like yellow butterflies on their flight. He whose heart is joyful becomes in spring again a playful child ; the unhappy finds it easier to weep ; he leaves the walls which hemmed in his grief, and the unpretending antithesis in nature which shews so blissfully in spring instils a consoling sympathy with himself, gives a gentle diversion to his thoughts, and takes out of them the bitterest sting.

It was approaching dinner-time, and a moving life spread itself on all sides of this beautiful old seat. The circus was occupied by noble guests ; all the windows were open, and now one, and now another remarkable figure stepped forth upon the projecting balconies. Many servants in splendid liveries were standing about ; others were running here and there. A pair of sedan-chairs of velvet seemed to be in waiting for ladies whom they were about to convey to the castle. The inhabitants of the castle were pacing along the terrace in front of it, looking towards the beechen walls in the fresh, breezy air, and, as it seemed, in expectation of their guests.

Magda was now three-and-twenty, and her beauty had attained to its full maturity. Whether she had grown, or whether the loftier carriage of her head caused it, we cannot tell, but every one believed

that she had become tall
still its transparent clear
delicate colour made it
been in the days of maide

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She wore her hair in
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How charmingly did
this lovely creature as, sp
moved along! Three ge
her graudfather, unchan

and vigour ; his lips animated with the fine smile of graceful raillery and jest ; the commanding Jupiter-brow with the white ambrosial locks, as Baron von Pölten said, and to which not one wrinkle was added !

This ardent admirer of the old man now walked by Magda's side, and, reconciled to his friends and to his own follies, unfolded the whole treasure of graceful manners and innocent frivolities which he had learned at court, and which he had always endeavoured to conceal under the elegant fashions and sparkling wit of the court of Louis the Fourteenth, but which now, with prudent consideration of the place, and in company of the unconstrained Magda, he freely indulged in, and thus always kept the two lovely dimples in her cheeks rounded with laughter, whilst her grandfather and Lacy bantered him in the most merciless manner, and she had to keep them all in order.

Lacy's whole appearance must have been a great surprise to any one who, knowing him formerly, had now seen him. He had lost every trace of a pensive, dreamy youth, and his look was that of perfectly developed manliness ! He was become stronger ; his chest expanded, he carried his handsome head more loftily. His gait was quick, elegant, and energetic ; his eye had that keenness of glance which only black eyes are accustomed to have—his head a proud grace in its action ; he was, in the fullest sense of the word, a high-bred man, and inspired towards himself a deep respect and perfect devotion. His speech, also, had become more rapid

and occasionally louder; used quite another gentling of the proud neck, and humble. He had undertaken the management of his estates with now with a security of knowledge and oversight.

Besides this, during the time he spent at Vienna, with Thyrnau his country seat, he was a statesman, and a place in the world was offered him by the Empress. He remained faithful to his duty, and Bohemia had the firm assistance which, thus he could render to the Empress, offering, and with not the intention on that account; and the Empress, for of all things she was well acquainted with, and, well acquainted with she was secretly pleased that to that which he had called forward being now fully before her subjects which occupied her mind of his own inward self-regard overlooked, accorded with the power in which power and good childlike truthfulness.

During this merry stroll winding along the linden-trees with great pleasure we saw one of the before-mentioned ladies of the train. She had

since we saw her last, but was remarkable for just the same youthful freshness as ever.

Father Hieronymus walked beside her, and she knew how to make her conversation suitable to the reverend gentleman. Magda had at length conquered the old friend of the family; he had left the Premonstratentian order. He now dwelt in a small house which had been built for him in the middle of the castle garden, not far from the hospital, and near to a chapel which Magda had erected, and which was connected with the hospital by a covered way. He was Magda's assistant in the new erection and extension of the hospital, he was at the same time chaplain and physician, and in the highest degree was made happy by the active and useful life which he led with the people who were dearest to him in all the world.

The old Countess von Hautois was carried behind the Princess; the charming little Maria Theresa was seated in her lap, and she seemed to have inherited the liveliness of her mother and the beauty of both her parents. The old Countess, who endured every inconvenience in order not to be separated from the darling child, was obliged to bear a little cloud of powder flying every moment out of her friseur into the air, which amused little Maria Theresa, who laughed at it with Egon and Hedwiga, who went on each side their little sister, performing many a small service of love amid a thousand jokes, and thus calling the sweet child now to the left, and now to the right, of the sedan-chair.

Egon was the slenderest young captain in the

Imperial army ; his super warrior." He strikingly every one who knew him and honest, and had with happy practical talent, w for the difficulty he had education, and in which able.

Hedwiga had now a year. She was a Hebe, poet had found her. She like countenance, the inc now a most fascinating yo

Behind the train came arm leaned George Prey, summer, and of Prague engaged in cheerful conveyend gentleman now and absent, for Hedwiga was friend ; and as she to-day her first acquaintance with spray of the delicate pale a charming gambol in spray upon the full-dress gentleman.

He then threatened her amid peals of laughter, before she got at liberty.

The Count von Lacy on terrace to meet this train made a charming tableau the whole of the guests w

continued either to stand in groups, or to walk about, as if to occupy the time; now and then glances were cast towards the iron gate of the long avenue behind which ran the highroad. At length Lacy, who had kept a sharp look out, hastened up to Magda, bowed low and pointed towards the entrance of the avenue.

Every body hastened to the edge of the terrace; the iron gates were opened, and a stately cavalcade of gentlemen turned into the avenue. The most lively pleasure exhibited itself in every countenance; Magda waved her white pocket-handkerchief, and the gentleman who rode at the head became thereby very lively, gave the word of command, and the whole troop put their horses into a short gallop, and soon had reached the foot of the terrace at which the gentlemen had all assembled to receive the riders. When they had alighted, and the servants who had accompanied them had led away the horses, first of all ascended the steps by the side of Thomas Thyrnau, his Excellency Count von Podiebrad, the former governor of the invincible Karlstein. Freiherr von Galbes followed him by Lacy's side, and after a warm, soldierly embrace, George von Trautsohn, with his beaming eyes, stood beside Egon, and they, mounting the terrace at two bounds, followed the others.

Magda stood, taken captive as it were, by the long speech which Count von Podiebrad had got ready for the occasion; but as he was very much delighted with this visit, and actually affected by the cordial reception he had met with from every

one, it so happened that his emotion suddenly short his speech, and really ended it better than own words could have done, but he was obliged bow very low to prevent this embarrassing circumstance from being observed.

“Ah!” said Magda, taking in hers both agitated hands, “how much have I wished for which I to-day enjoy, the seeing these dear friends once more all together! If you, Count Podiebr had not consented to accept our invitation, should have failed of much out of the most important period of our lives; and the same I say you, Freiherr von Galbes, and to thee, my dear playfellow—my dear friend Trautsohn.”

Trautsohn held, almost too long, Magda’s hand as he gazed at her he became crimson; tears stood in his eyes, and he exclaimed, quite lost in the gaze “Did I think that thou couldst have become handsomer than thou wert! Good Heavens! thou hast always remained to my eyes as a heavenly angel but now thou lookest like a queen of heaven.”

“Thou, too,” said Magda, laughing, “art become quite a man; and hast grown too, and so broad the shoulders; but thy pleasant countenance is just the same as ever, and that is a real pleasure to me for I liked thee thus, and now there is nothing strange come between us.”

“Yes,” replied Trautsohn, “thou mayst say so but thou forgettest that thou in the meantime hast married, and thus it will be a difficult thing for me to think that there is nothing come between us.”

"But with whom?" asked Magda, naïvely, "with Lacy!"

"Well," said Trautsohn, "he is quite enough for me! But see, dear Magda, if thou allow me to call thee so, I once on an affecting occasion, which I will not recall to thy thoughts, told the Empress how I wished it to be: the happiness of knowing thee shall never turn to a misfortune, and that I have proved since I discovered that thou preferred having Lacy to thy poor Trautsohn."

"Bravo!" cried Lacy, and embraced him cordially, "that I call justly appreciating Magda's worth. Only to know her is a happiness which will help to raise one above many a piece of sorrowful experience."

"Yes," said Trautsohn, returning Lacy's embrace, "this assurance of course cannot be difficult to thee."

"Nor to thee," exclaimed Lacy, laughing; "and I have no objection to thy placing her image in thy inmost shrine."

Dinner was now announced, and Magda secured to herself the arm of Count Podiebrad, whilst Lacy conducted the Princess; and as they now all sat well arranged around the table in the great hall of the cupola, it would not have been easy to find a merrier company of people who had become bound to each other by more important or more cheerful circumstances. The conversation was in accordance with this, and when Count von Podiebrad, in joyous absence of mind, had emptied one or two bottles of Rhine wine, he proposed a few toasts, among which

was Charles the Fourth, builder of Karlstein which nobody interrupted him, because every spoke and said that of which his heart was full.

In the evening when people began to get so what quieter, Magda and the Princess placed usually silent Podiebrad between them and pr him to give his dear friends an exact descriptio his present mode of life.

“My noble friends,” replied he, after a l collecting his thoughts, “Podiebrad’s hair has in the meantime become white for nothing: he had bitter experience. It has not been well adv I must say, that our illustrious Empress, the n descendant of Charles the Fourth, has broken jewel of her crown out of its setting, and has thro it as a worthless toy into childish hands. Mist ing the high importance of Karlstein, she has- implore pardon, if the lips hesitate to utter what i painful mistake in the House of Austria — yet it v so—even Podiebrad must learn to speak what is t most improbable thing in the world; the Karlst is dethroned as a fortress for its men of rank, t garrison dispersed, and the revenues of its lands t now given up to the little ladies of the young ladi convent in Prague, to furnish them with pins a gloves.”

Count von Podiebrad here ceased with a gr snuffing, and then waited until his painfully expr sive words had operated before he continued:—

“Deeply affected by this event in the first pla I most humbly did my duty, and as this remain without any result, except in so far as my mind v

relieved by the uprightness of my intentions being acknowledged, I declared those of the garrison who were faithful, to belong to me, and with all of them withdrew to my large estate of Podiebrad in Bohemia. To be sure there remained only to me Baron von Galbes and the Marquis Pacheco, for Count von Thurn and Count Castiglione Pasterau fell with honour in battle. Nevertheless there followed me twenty subalterns, in part aged men who could not wish to enter the army after they had served as wardens of Karlstein, the most honourable service of the country, and thereby felt themselves in a higher rank.

“There was room enough for all these on my great estate,” continued he with pride, without being able to conceal his noble action; “I established a house of Invalids, in which they received such an income as was fitting for the servants of the Karlstein; placed Mrs. Grimschütz as manager at the head of the establishment, and have made bold to give this institution, which I endeavoured to furnish with some pleasures, the name of the Great Emperor under whose banner we alone seemed hitherto to act—it is called **THE HOUSE OF CHARLES THE FOURTH.**”

“My two captains accepted of my castle, and it cannot be difficult for us, with the means which are under my command, to form our altered mode of life according to the model of that noble discipline which our illustrious founder, Charles the Fourth, has left to us. We are all mounted, our uniform in good preservation, and we hope always to

be the protectors and the country."

He finished this relation to the ladies, as if he would manifest his willingness to extend his assistance, and Magda bowed to him with gravity, and such profound respect excited the smiles of the Princess.

"God knows," said she, "but if you do take hold of the usual way, you are sure it comes right even if it is to the coat which the age wears."

Podiebrad did not at all almost thinking aloud, had perceived that it must be some secret accepted it from her with a smile whilst, at the same time, he saw the Marquis Pacheco, who had sometimes acted as captain of the guard, that, his health no longer able to support society.

This conversation was overheard by her who, with glowing cheeks,

"I pray thee, Magda, come!—See only what is a sight Thou hast never seen such a sight for thee, Magda, from dear friends."

Trautsohn followed her in very good humour, as she went to the ladies. Trautsohn, however, said to her as they went, '"

that thou art very happy; and I like thee so much that to be with thee makes me quite light and merry of heart, although I can never help thinking that I too had got all ready to make thee happy, for I have now possession of my great estates in Moravia; and I may say that if people were loved there as I should have loved thee, it would not be easy to make end of happiness—for—the thousand! it is beautiful and princely as if made for thee!”

“Ah!” said Magda, “thou must leave off, and consider that, because it was then quite unsuitable, it is better that it never took place. And it is certain that the marriage must be no joke—yes, where the love lies all on one side—and I could not have loved thee more or warmer than I do now—that is to say, as my brother, or almost as my son.”

“O ho!” interrupted Trautsohn; “that would really have been droll.”

“And then, farther. Think of the nonsense there is about elevation of rank. I must have given up my beloved family name, that they might append something to it, of which that honest man, my father, knew nothing. See, that would have broken my heart; and I never could have been induced to do it, because I think nothing of thy princely title!”

“Yes,” said Trautsohn, “that was what I always feared, and I often said to the Empress, ‘If Magda only would!’ But as I then was so unfortunate as to need all this ancestral stuff, what was to be done?—and, then, only confess, if I had been Lacy——”

Magda turned her head involuntarily round; but she was almost shocked at the treacherous movement, and was silent; yet Trautsohn had understood it, and said immediately, "Thou seest, when a person loves, the unusual seems possible, therefore do not be so hardhearted towards me."

"No, good Trautsohn," said Magda, kindly, "only thou shouldest learn to think of something besides me; then, thou shouldest marry; thou canst not live alone on thy great estates in Moravia; thou hast often told me so."

"To be sure I have," said Trautsohn; "but I always meant thee when I said so. But thou art right; if I saw all the pomp and grandeur of my domain, I should long most fervently after a wife who would bring a little bit of life into it. If I could only find one that was somewhat like thee."

"I will try to help thee," said Magda, confidentially, and involuntarily she looked round, for she heard Hedwiga, who came behind her with Thyrnau, utter a cry of delight. They, too, had come out of the castle, and were approaching the edge of the terrace, when they saw a strange procession advancing along the road.

Six strong oxen were fast harnessed to a carriage, a sort of travelling-house it seemed to be. As it came nearer, it was seen to be a little hut with a roof of moss—and then that the walls were of lattice-work, into which young foliage was twisted. It became more and more charming as it approached. Magda was full of curiosity; she drew

Trautsohn down the terrace-steps to meet the train, and every one followed them.

“Ah!” said Trautsohn, full of delight, “if it only gives thee a pleasure.”

When they were come quite close, he took a cushion from a servant, which he offered to Magda. Upon it lay a bag with broken bread, and a little silver whistle. Magda uttered a cry of joy, seized them both, and placed the whistle instantly to her lips. At the shrill sound of the whistle the green trellis-door opened, and there lay upon green moss a white doe, and around her three little fawns, one of which was a black buck.

“Ah! ah! my doe—my fawns!” cried Magda, quite transported with delight. “O Lacy!” exclaimed she, as if she would not bear her joy alone, and the happy man, who was her first thought, was at her side, and she could scarcely repress her tears; for what memories did not this sight call forth in her!

But she did not long forget the loving author of those feelings.

“Call him,” said she tenderly, to Lacy, and he extended to the agitated young man his hand. Trautsohn dropped on one knee before Magda, and she bent over him, laid both her hands upon his shoulders, let him see her tears of joy, looked at him with a heartfelt expression, then solemnly kissed his forehead, and said, “Trautsohn, thou art really the best kind creature that I know—and thou must be very happy—and the girl who will be thy wife may thank Heaven.”

“O, Magda!” said he, and, still kneeling, covered his face with her hands.

“Now let us have done with emotion,” said grandfather, and all recovered animation from cheerful voice.

They went now up to the little hut; and laughter, astonishment, questions, mingled in a confusion of sound.

Just as she had done formerly, the lovely lay quietly, whilst the black buck, as it must have been his nature to do, came snuffing within bounds to the entrance, ready to dare the leap; as it seemed, it knew the bread-bag very well, which Magda held in her hand.

“They are hungry,” said Trautsohn; “thou shalt have the fun of feeding them.”

Magda stepped nearer and threw in a piece of bread, and immediately a scene of merry animation began; the fawns threw themselves towards the bread, the buck foremost of all, whilst the doe watched them from her place with very aristocratic tranquillity. Magda now stepped near to the doe, and shook some bread before her; but at that moment the bag was torn out of her hand, the black buck had caught it upon his horns, and carried it off with him to the farthest corner.

The peals of laughter, in which even Podiebrad forgetting himself joined, seemed as if they would not cease.

“But,” said Magda, laying her hand on her brow, “how is it, dear Trautsohn? Confess now thou really hast imposed upon me; it is many long

years since my fawns were little, and my buck so unmannerly. I fancy those are grown great creatures, and are no longer so pretty as these?"

Trautsohn laughed. "Yes," said he, "I must give thee credit for so much knowledge of venery; but thou knowest that stories of the chase have always an inexplicable and wonderful coherence, which make extraordinary demands upon people's faith. Allow it this prerogative then. I desire for this once that thou shouldst believe that these are thy doe and fawns from Karlstein; and in this I make no greater claim on veracity than most huntsmen's stories do; and now, besides, I must ask thee, canst thou, in all these dear animals, see one strange mark?"

"Ah! no, no!" cried Magda, "they are my dear companions. I will drive the years quite out of my head, and will believe nothing but that thou hast hit upon the very best scheme of giving me a real pleasure."

The next morning when the whole company were taking their breakfast together in the open air, Lacy and Magda agitated the important question of where the charming hut, with the doe's family, should be located, and at length they decided that it should be placed in the pleasant sylvan nook by the lake opposite to Magda's marble seat. Every body now hastened towards the avenue where the little family had remained for the night, and here it was discovered that Trautsohn and Hedwiga had crept into the sylvan hut, and, in their glee and laughter over the merry creatures, had not remarked

that they were sitting close together, feeding the fawns upon the ground. The party suddenly stood before the entrance out from her concealment. The Princess, who pitied her, pulled the loose moss out of her dress, and threw it into the path along which she had come, and every one now accords her a new solitude.

On this day the whole party, at the nest, where Thomas Thyrer and his merry company set out on their journey, took chairs. They went through the tender green foliage did not touch the trunks of the trees, and the green turf, whilst a murmur of water fell over the mossy stones.

Magda rode by Lacy's side, and never without thinking of the time she had spent in gratitude to God who had preserved her all.

"See!" said Lacy, and pointed to the company of the birds. "The birds like a glance over our path, and when they attach an important object, accompanied it, shared it, and every one has upon it a share. We acknowledge, as it has made their worth, and verified their worth, and are more inclined to do what we can to relieve the perplexities which we get

oftener bear witness of small than great sins; that we, therefore, should not plume ourselves upon being no great villains, of not having followed any evil intentions,—for the unpunished sliding on of our little follies, faults, and passions in the end, may have exactly the same prejudicial influence upon the lives of ourselves and others, which we are erroneously inclined to ascribe to the actions of the resolutely wicked.”

Thomas Thyrnau had ordered the table to be spread under the shadow of the lime-trees upon the soft moss of the woodland turf before the Dohlen-nest, and received his guests with that charming gaiety which, at the same time that it places every one at his ease, calls out the very best qualities that he possesses.

Veit stood already in full dress before the table, the artistical arrangement of which was his own. Under the pretence of making the aged servant house-steward, he was excused from all active service, which was now placed in younger hands. In the interior of the Dohlen-nest, also, more vigorous frames were in activity around Gundula, who now, always cleanly apparelled, sat beside the hearth, and maintained rather by her voice than by her hands the most excellent order.

As soon as Magda arrived, Bezo uttered a loud jackdaw cry. Magda, as usual, went through the whole of the old house, and in her own peculiar way, amid jest and laughter, filled every one with joy and satisfaction. She, however, entered with a

serious and almost devotional emotion her turret-chamber, in which she recalled that evening when she believed herself to be betrayed by Lacy to Pölten, then mounted her little horse and rode to Tein, to take the decisive step, and whence she never returned, until years had passed fraught with such important events.

It was late before the company could induce themselves to leave this interesting place and their amiable host, who was never weary of delaying the departure of his guests, and who actually succeeded in keeping them till late in the evening, when the moonlighted their return.

Magda, as usual, rode at the head of the cascade. As she was thus going at a foot's pace, Trautsohn suddenly brought his horse to her side, took hold of her bridle, which Magda gave up to him. Both laughed, and both remembered the same thing at the same moment.

"Dost thou recollect," asked Trautsohn, "thy return from Karlik?"

"Yes," said Magda; "and when thou took away my bridle, I thought of it."

"Would to heaven," said Trautsohn, "that I had formally proposed to thee then, or that I had run away with thee, and then all would have succeeded! Now I have been frustrated, and the longer I am here the more sorrowful I become. The more I see the happiness which must accrue from such a marriage as thine and Lacy's, and the Priam and cousin Therese's, it makes me actually long to

thus happily married, when I, too, would shew on my side that Trautsohn knows how to make his wife happy.

"Well," said Magda, smiling, "with such resolutions I have no doubt whatever but thou wilt gain thy object; and I must tell thee that if there be a young man whom I think fit to be married, it is thou; for if I had not loved Lacy from my very childhood, so that there was no more room at all in my heart for another, I most certainly think that I should have learned to love thee; because thou hast such a right good heart, and thou hast for everyday use such pleasant manners, and all those charming fancies which are so well calculated to win a female heart, and to make its happiness lasting."

"Now," exclaimed Trautsohn, letting the bridle fall to clap his hands triumphantly, "with a testimony like this from thee, I will go a-wooing; and if I cannot get a wife, why then I will go without. But tell me, dear Magda," resumed he confidentially, and again took her bridle, "dost thou know no wife for me?"

"Ah!" said Magda, laughing, for she had her own thoughts all day, "look out for a wife thyself; there are handsome and good girls enough in the country! Come to us, in the winter, to Vienna. There it will go on famously, and thou wilt see plenty of lovely maidens."

"That is all very good!" said Trautsohn; "but, in the first place, consider it is a long time till winter, and I would not willingly live so insipidly all summer on my great estate; and then, if I had one in my

mind, she should somewhat be something like thee—of kind of manners, or should and love thee, and, perhaps

Magda bent down to her and then said, "Yes, I shall help thee; for, in the first secondly, even if in the good were still Matiellis, yet of to thee?—they, again, would

Trautsohn was silent, a time; he then began again. "Hedwiga," said he; "she, with the hind and the fair the little things this morning as joyful as an angel, I could thee! Of a truth, there is never that reminds me of thee looks so like thee, that sisters!"

Magda burst into a laugh which Trautsohn, with pleasure, heartily joined.

"Well!" cried Magda laughter; "never did I hear than that! that I should see a blond nymph, whose golden rosy cheeks, are such a perfect

"Nay," said Trautsohn, by line she was just like thee and love thee as I do likeness, that thou mayest

“ Ah rogue !” said Magda, and turned her horse quickly before him ; “ I am to tell thee, am I, what thou wantest very much to hear ; and, therefore, thou art circling about me with thy crazy talk about Hedwiga’s likeness to me. Well, then, I will do thee a pleasure ; for I have long imagined that it would be so. If thou, then, wishest to have a wife like me, and Hedwiga pleases thee, what hinders thy wooing her ?”

“ Ah, Magda !” said Trautsohn, “ nothing is hidden from thee. Yes, thou art right ; Hedwiga does please me amazingly ; and I think, if she could only love me a little, she would be the right one ; and we should be the third happy married pair, and we should all be related together, and the grandfather would be amongst us all, and we should belong to him, and we should all of us often meet together as now !”

“ Yes,” said Magda, “ the plan is not a bad one ; but I would just say a word to thee—do not be over-hasty ! Thou hast yet a few weeks’ time, for thus long do we remain together ; even Podiebrad has promised me this to-day. Pölten remains the whole summer with us, and thus thou seest the company is sufficiently large for thee to occupy thyself with Hedwiga unobserved of them.”

How much time Trautsohn took, in consequence of this advice, it is not possible to tell. It was not quite his way, either to conceal very carefully any thing which occupied him, and thus it was not very long before the greater part of the com-

any were aware of his intentions. But as the parties most immediately concerned in his wooing saw it with pleasure, and as, besides this, Hedwiga had a perfect passion for the hind and fawns, and was always hasty and absent when Trautsohn was not at her side, the others smiled, and Therese and Magda formed their plans for the future.

We will now part from this circle. After we have followed the several characters of our story through the great and influential events of their life, we will rejoice that we have conducted them into a haven of repose; and, whilst we may be easy respecting their outward circumstances, we will regard the steadfastness and consistency of their lives hitherto as a guarantee for them in their future trials by the world.

There are still, however, a few particulars which we may give briefly, and which might seem superfluous, if we had not a pleasure in hearing of old friends.

Trautsohn actually presented to the Empress, during the next winter, the noble Countess von Thyrnau as Princess Trautsohn, and spent, together with the Prince and the Princess von S., the greater part of the winter in the Morani Palace.

The Princess Therese gave birth to an hereditary Prince, and Egon kept his word! Until the latest age there were no more sincere friends than these two brothers. Egon never married. He continued in the Austrian service, and attained to high military honour. His property was divided after his death,

according to his own appointment, between the children of Magda and Hedwiga, which last were extremely rich.

When the families came in the winter to Vienna, the convent dairy-woman, Mrs. Bábili Oberhofer, had the honour of a visit from them all, and of regaling them in the refectory with the products of her dairy. Then wandered they all, who had been so wondrously conducted hither as by the hand of Providence, through the little demesne, to them so affecting and so full of reminiscences; and they went to see whether the old hut was still in good condition, for all wished it to remain as a well-kept memorial of the past.

Guntram had been advanced by the Prince from the office of huntsman to forester, and at the same time keeper of the little castle in the wood. As he grew weary of the solitude there, he once accompanied the family to Vienna, and visited Mrs. Bábili. They soon found that they had too much to say for one visit. The Prince had long been thinking of commencing a dairy-farm on the beautiful meadows in the wood—enough! the proposal was made by the noble visitors to Mrs. Bábili, on the above-mentioned occasion, that she should undertake the management of this according to her Swiss experience.

Mrs. Bábili took four-and-twenty hours to consider of it, and in this time had brought her mind fully to accept of the proposal, and even more—that in four weeks' time she should remove to her new home as Guntram's wife; and neither of them ever repented of this step. The little dairy-

farm in the wood became quite a model of good management; and let people go there where they would, they found Bábili and Guntram, the whole house, even down to the stables, in most brilliant order, and even with a certain degree of country elegance about them.

The Empress remained ever most graciously disposed towards the three families, whom she always held up as patterns of virtuous life, and she conferred upon them as many favours as their independence permitted.

Thomas Thyrnau to the end of his days continued to be the centre of the circle of those affectionate hearts who called themselves his children; and such great value did they consider the assembly together around him, that when he expressed a wish not again to leave the Dohlen-nest they all renounced the winter pleasures of Vienna, and met at Tein. He attained to a great age, and that without any diminution of his powers of mind. He was the handsomest of old men, and his carriage erect and his brow cheerful to his last short illness.

His connexion with the Empress and with Kinitz continued to be very important, and yet very peculiar. He corresponded with them both; they consulted him, and very seldom was any thing undertaken with reference to Bohemia which was not first submitted to his judgment; and he derived the satisfaction of seeing that his advice was overlooked or his experience lightly esteemed.

Still Thomas Thyrnau never received any public acknowledgment or mark of honour; and he

when he heard a slight observation of this kind from some one of his family, he smiled, ordered the little, well-known pocket-book of the Princess Therese to be brought to him, from which he took some letters of Kaunitz and Maria Theresa, as also the copy of a letter of his own to the Empress.

“As you are inclined,” said he, with a smile, “to be unjust to my noble-minded friend the Empress, it is high time that I communicate to you that which has passed between us on this very subject.”

He took out a note to Kaunitz in the Empress's own hand, in which, whilst regulating her private affairs after the peace, she desired Kaunitz to take into consideration the best mode of evincing her gratitude to Thomas Thyrnau. In her great vivacity of mind, however, she had not waited for the reply of her prudent minister, but had herself, as Kaunitz asserted, made verbally all possible proposals to him; amongst which were “a title, without any office, but with an income;—nobility—or an order of merit!”

These proposals were made to Thyrnau, and he acknowledged that this zeal of the Empress had pleased him the more, because she had been thus evidently carried by them so far beyond her prudent moderation; and thereby he was certain how entirely she had in her great mind acquitted him of all guilt, and now wished to make a sacrifice to this conviction.

From this cause, therefore, Thyrnau felt the most perfect security in declining every outward

token of her favour, for he needed, for his own satisfaction, nothing but the certainty of possessing it. He himself, with all submission, made her aware of the misconstruction which might be put upon the public reward which she should confer upon a person who was very widely known to be the leader of the party which had earnestly striven for severing of the kingdom of Bohemia from the imperial crown. He expressed to her candidly his fear that such a transaction on her part might be regarded by the more ignorant portion of the public — which alone is to be dreaded — as a confession of weakness, which they might avail themselves of on other occasions; and that, as the motives for the Empress's conduct could not be understood by the mass, it was more prudent to keep them from their knowledge.

After having stated these considerations to her, he thanked the Empress most respectfully, and declined every kind of public distinction for himself, beseeching, at the same time, with all reverence, for her continued good-will.

In reply, he received a short note from the Empress's own hand, written, as Kaunitz told him, immediately after the receipt of his. The note was as follows :—

“ You are a man of honour, my faithful Thyrnau, so God help me! And if I had given you a count's title it would have been superfluous. Many subjects have I who have never volted, and yet who would not have the unheartedness to warn their Empress were she a

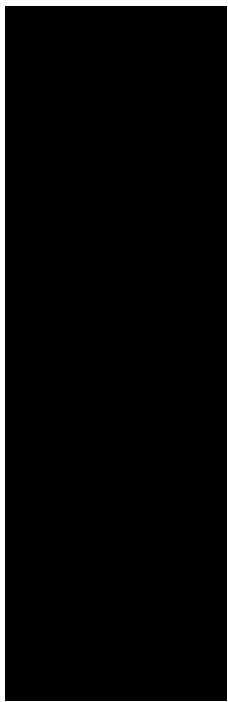
to confer favour upon them which would be manifestly to the detriment of all.

“Thus you shall have your wish: but your Empress will always see in you a noble man—although not a nobleman; instead of an order she will acknowledge a heart in which dwells a nobility that needs no outward sign; and the lesson which you have given on this subject to your Empress will remain beneficially in her memory during the whole of her life.”

After this no one belonging to him wished for any public favour from the Empress; and Thomas Thyrnau, in the late evening of his days, lay in his coffin with his cheerful, glorified countenance, but without any order on his breast.

They who were dear to him, and who had assembled round his death-bed, dared hardly to shed a tear, so holy and sublime had been his close; and when Lacy announced it to the Empress, she said,—

“That *was* a man! we shall not find a second like him.”



11

LONDON:
GEORGE BARCLAY, CASTLE STREET, LEICES







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